AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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NOVEMBER 1984 • $2.95*

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THE GIRLS OF MELBOURNE!

BETTINA ARNDT • SURVIVING THE CRIME WAVE • JAMES REYNE
SIDECAR SUPERHEROES • GREG NORMAN • HOLLYWOOD HUSTLERS

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PLAYBILL

AWARD-WINNING current affairs show *60 Minutes* changed the face of current affairs in Australia and won an average weekly audience of five million. In a country of only 15 million that's a staggering achievement. Having just wound up its sixth and biggest year, it seemed like an appropriate time to talk to the man who makes *60 Minutes* tick. For this month's interview, Associate Editor **Paul Mann** spoke to Gerald Stone, the face behind the ticking stopwatch, about what it means to make television history.

For Paul McCartney fans who were hoping to catch an interview with the ex-Beatle in this issue, have no fear, Paul has been rescheduled to appear in January's Australian PLAYBOY.

November is the month when the nation stops whatever it is doing for one day, then proceeds to get drunk, either celebrating or damning the winner of that overblown horserace. This month, with our pictorial The Girls Of Melbourne, we have a better reason for the nation's men to turn their eyes to that great southern metropolis. After photo auditions of 223 girls, we feel we have selected those destined to become true favorites. **Rennie Ellis** did the camerawork and says it was much more fun than taking pictures of the Melbourne Cup.

The roughneck sport of sidecar racing is undergoing an extraordinary revival in Australia. It's been with us since the '40s but new bike technology, lighter, more powerful engines and specially designed sidecars have made it the 1980s answer to chariot racing. **Robert Reid** quit his comfortable family life in Cairns to go on the road with the sidecar racers to detail their special world — a world spattered with plenty of mud, blood and beer.

With burglaries, muggings and acts of random violence on the increase it often seems as though society is out of control. The best way to defeat the lawless is to avoid becoming a victim. **Diane Armstrong** tells you how in Surviving The Crime Wave.

You think it's tough making a living in Australia in the '80s? You ought to be in pictures. In Hollywood pictures. Now there's a tough place to make a living. Yet two hustlers from Tel Aviv, Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, have turned Hollywood upside down by making hit movies on the cheap and teaching the motion picture capital of the world a few new tricks along the way. **George Feifer** tells their incredible story in How To Be A Hollywood Mogul On The Cheap.

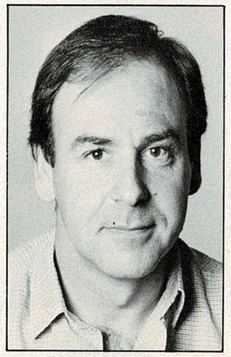
November also happens to be the month the golfing world focuses its attention on the Australian Open. Aussie champion Greg Norman is the stuff sporting superstars are made of. The only trouble is the big wins on the international circuit continue to elude him. Sports writer **Bob Cresta** followed Norman around the US circuit during the northern summer and reports that the shark is hungry. . . for the big meal tickets.

What can you say about Rodney Rude except that he is. . well, the rudest man in Australia? Associate Editor **Paul Mann** asked Rodney 20 questions and you wouldn't believe the stuff he got back. Hang on to your hats, trendsetters, Rodney makes rude reading.

Recession chic had to inspire a backlash and it has arrived with The New Elegance. If you haven't got a white dinner jacket you just haven't got any class. James Reyne threw on a few sleek threads to show how easy it is to look like a million bucks for a night on the town in a fashion special by **Vitek.**

With summer's hot breath already on our necks it's time to consider a few cool alternatives in recreational alcohol. **Susan Kurosawa** invited bartenders from some of the world's great hotels to recommend their favorite summer drinks and their thirst-quenching recipes are offered here for your appreciation.

Rob Luck's preview of one of the world's finest exotics, the De Tomaso, sexpert **Bettina Arndt's** wit and wisdom, tips on looking good and feeling good combine to make November a month when our cup truly runneth over.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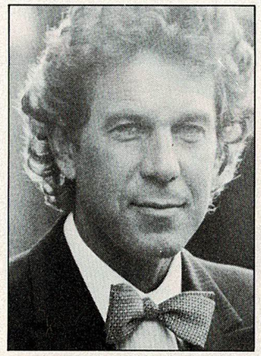
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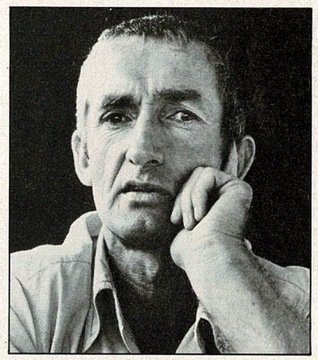
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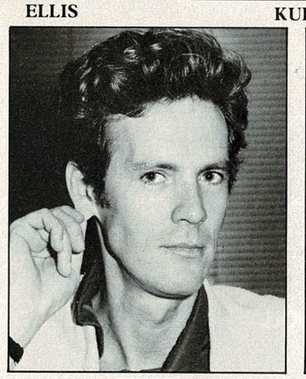
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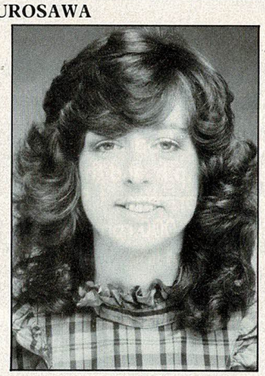
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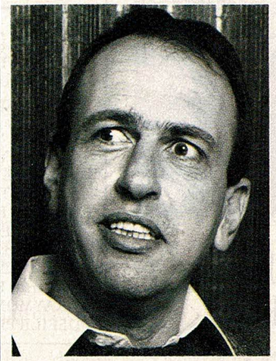

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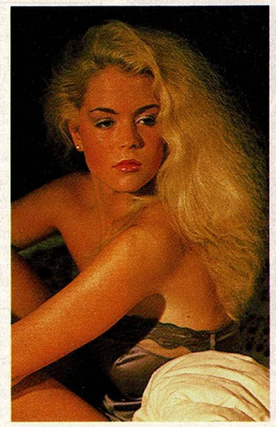

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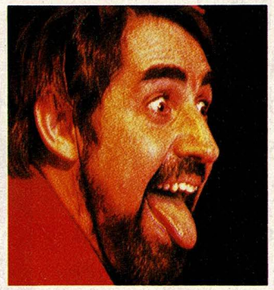

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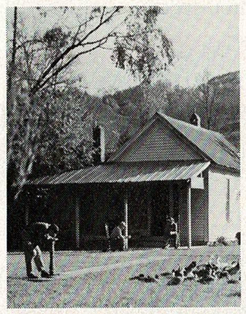
ONE SMALL DISTILLERY, in Lynchburg, Tennessee, still has the time to make the world's smoothest whiskey: Jack Daniel's.



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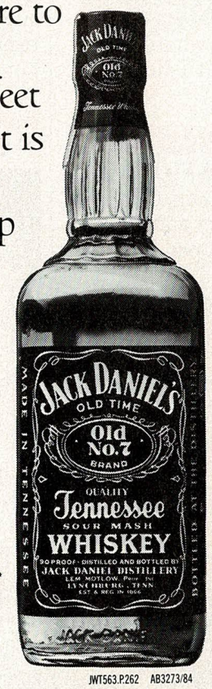

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Get Set Typesetting Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 5006), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone: 02 268 0666).

© 1984 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd © 1984 PLAYBOY as to material published in the September and October 1984 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Price in Australia $2.95. New Zealand $3.50*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $35.00; Overseas, $A45 (by surface mail).

CREDITS

Girls of Melbourne pictorial: Angel Kennedy photos shot at The Club, Collingwood; hair and make-up by Mish Pulling. James Reyne fashion shot at The York, 5 York Street, Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

SEX RITUALS

It would seem that Richard Neville's new respectability (Playboy Interview, August 1984) is clouding his judgement. Although couched in somewhat churlish terms, his original assertion in *Playpower* that the way to a girl's mind was through her genitals is nothing to be intrinsically ashamed of and needs no apologies on the basis of some imagined sexism.

The fact is we do share our most intimate moments after making love. For a brief space of time we become as close as it is possible for two people to be — if that is what we were seeking from the outset. Remember it is the mind which is the ultimate destination, not in some sense of power-play or thought control but as a civilised meeting place for two human beings.

It certainly cuts through a lot of the bullshit of courting.

Really, we would probably think a lot more highly of a man as an individual or males as a sex if we could say the way to our minds was through our pricks.

It says much more for the depth of feeling involved.

Paul Moore,
Virginia, SA.

LUCY'S NUMBER ONE

It's not easy for me to hold on to my copy of Australian PLAYBOY each month because the blokes at work keep on swiping it. There's no way, however, that I'd let them get their hands on your July issue. I want to hang on to Lucy Gill myself!

I had been hoping that she'd be featured again after her stunning appearance as a centrefold last year. She is far and away the best woman you've ever had in Aussie PLAYBOY. Thanks for the return performance.

Laurie Carruthers,
Parafield Gardens, SA.

I must compliment you on the cover of your July issue. Lucy Gill makes a wonderful cover girl (as indeed she did a Playmate).

The pink background is very soft and sexy, too. Good one, Australian PLAYBOY.

A.D. Merewether,
North Sydney, NSW.

AN ASIAN AFFAIR

I really like Asian women and must congratulate you on your choice of Grace Parr as Miss March. I have been hoping that another Asian beauty might appear in the centrefold position but no luck so far.

Please consider another Filipino (or perhaps Chinese) beauty for a Playmate soon! Otherwise, I commend you on the editorial content and stylish feel of your very enjoyable magazine.

Thomas Foster,
Red Hill, ACT.

MOVIE BUFF

Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY, for the extra page of news and reviews you now give my second favorite hobby — movies. Your movie reviews have led me to discover some great celluloid that I might otherwise have missed (like *Never Cry Wolf*, highly recommended) and the movie news keeps me up to date on what's coming up on screen.

While I'm at it, thanks, too, for a story you ran some time back on the making of the Aussie movie, *Undercover*. An interesting read and very informative of what goes on behind the scenes.

Richard Conrad,
Miranda, NSW.

FROM THE WILD WEST

Thanks a lot for featuring the very sexy Susan Dean as the September centrefold. I had thought it was about time you had a Playmate from the West and you couldn't have made a better choice.

A second look at "cruisin' Susan" in the letters page would be appreciated by me and, I'm sure, a lot of other sandgropers.

Ken Madigan,
Fremantle, WA.

We had no trouble persuading Susan to cruise on by for a return appearance — Ed.

TWO TO TANGO

Your Men and Women columnists are worth a mention. They're a down to earth, sensible bunch, those people. It's the first time I've seen any magazine try to explain things from a non-sexist point of view, while celebrating the difference between the sexes.

They provide genuine insight into the workings of male and female sexuality with wit, compassion and, most of all, humanity.

All may not be lost between the sexes after all, despite the efforts of the Germaine Greers. As the old saying goes, "It takes two to tango."

Tara Berenson,
South Melbourne, Vic.

COMING HOME

Congratulations on a great report by Frank Robson on the Vietnam vets in your September issue. It's a frightening account of men who could have been great men, but have been reduced to less than zero by events that up to now have been considered to be the ultimate male proving ground.

It's disgusting that any government can send its people off to war and, once the troops come home, conveniently appease its conscience with monetary compensation.

Sooner or later those men and women who are still fighting their own wars will turn their pent-up frustrations and anger toward some petty administrator sitting in a cosy little ivory tower somewhere in Canberra. . . and then the innocent victims will be judged as crackpots and remain society's victims forever.

Maybe a report like Robson's will spark a few pangs of guilt in the hearts of those who sent our boys to Vietnam. Maybe the fact that some of those boys still have no control over their lives might pose enough of a threat to scare the hell out of our defence experts.

John Creagh
Dandenong, Vic.

Thank you for a thought-provoking and well-written report on Vietnam vets.

It was all the more pertinent in view of the horrific massacre near San Diego in July. I pray that something like that never happens in Australia.

Peter McGinn,
Mitchelton, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to us at the above address. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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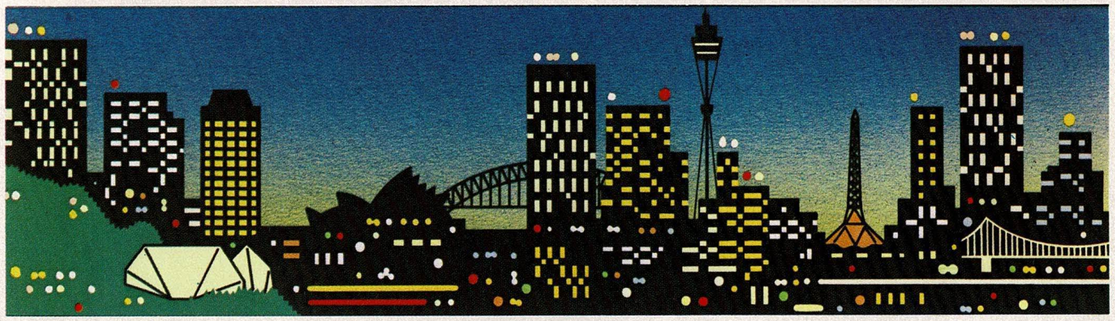
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



RADIO GAGA

How stupid are you? No, really, we'd like to know. And just to make it easy, here's an instant IQ test. Cop a load of this and see if you believe it.

It seems Perth talkback radio personality Bob Maumill, who has manoeuvred himself before the broadcasting tribunal on more than one occasion because of on-air mischief, allowed some wag to tell this old groaner over the airwaves.

If you can believe it, the caller told a story about his mate who was fiddling with the TV set after just coming out of the shower. The family cat, intrigued by the spectacle of his owner's dangling naughty bits, took a swipe which caused the victim to leap forward and bang his head on the TV.

According to our source, Bob Maumill then quipped: "Ah . . . The Cat's Revenge by Claude Balls."

Do you believe that? We don't believe that.

UP, UP AND AWAY

Gosh those feminists do have a naughty sense of humor. A women's group released 84 helium-filled condoms during the opening of the New Zealand Parliament, one for each, uh, member of the House.

What do you think they were trying to say? That politicians are all silly pricks? No, nothing so entertaining; merely that politicians should be aware that males also should assume responsibility for contraceptive protection against sexually transmitted diseases.

Perhaps it's a message you can read whichever way you like.

SUDDEN IMPULSES

If the bleeps of the digital watch brigade can turn an ordinary crowded room into a Space Invaders arcade on the hour, wait till a new miniature French gadget catches on.

In typically Gallic fashion, an ageing madame has designed a private bleeper that can be switched to any wavelength, indicating, among other things, the carrier is hetero, homo, or even . . . a wife or husband swapper.

When another carrier who is switched to the same wavelength passes on the street the bleepers go off with a racket like a police siren.

Now that really is matchmaking in the technological age.

P.S. GET STUFFED

Work in an office where you have to take phone messages for people you don't like? Get your revenge by leaving notes which come printed with rude or ambiguous messages. A company is retailing memo pads that come with their own messages such as: "Your doctor called with the results of your VD test."

BARE-FACED CHEEK

In the backwoods hills town of Gympie (Qld), local women are furious over an all-male council decision to ban a troupe of male strippers from the civic centre. Mayor Mick Venardos put the kybosh on an impending show by The Cheeky Chaps with the edict that the civic centre wasn't the place for male strippers to expose themselves to women.

But to Mayor Mick's dismay, the women responded with a protest rally outside the hallowed institution. Mrs Sharon Connell accused Venardos and his lads of keeping the civic centre "as a little temple just for them". She said: "Most of us are married women. It's not as if we're likely to see anything we don't already know about!"

HAPPY HOOKERS

The Victorian country town of Quambatook held an intriguing contest recently to find the Hooker Of The Year and Puller Of The Year.

Relax, you didn't miss the sex event of the century — it was for tractor drivers who had to complete a record number of sled hook-ups and weight pulls.

Good idea though, wasn't it?

BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES

The *Sydney Morning Herald* reported the theft of a briefcase from a parked car in the inner-city suburb of Balmain and added that police were most anxious to find the thief. Though why anyone would be in a hurry to nick a bloke who had made off with a briefcase full of AIDS beats us.

That's right. . . *those* AIDS. It seems the briefcase was full of medical instruments just dripping with AIDS virus plus, for good measure, hepatitis B. The instruments had been used in medical experiments and belonged to a bio-medical engineer who obviously believed in taking his work home.

HURTS SO GOOD

The Age in Melbourne reported the case of a certain Mistress Lee who had invested considerable time and energy not to mention $50,000 in equipment for her dungeons. Seems recreational dungeons are all the rage in Melbourne. Must be the weather.

Initially the Melbourne City Council refused to issue a permit for her North Melbourne bondage and discipline centre but Mistress Lee wasn't going to take that sort of punishment lying down. She fought back and the Planning Appeals Board duly granted her a permit to open what is believed to be Australia's first legal bondage centre.

We think it's nice to see somebody getting a fair crack of the whip.

FAST BREEDER

This item featured in the Stop Press column of an English newspaper and refers to a recent incident at the Kennedy family home in America. We reprint it here without comment: "A woman wandered into two unlocked homes in the Kennedy family compound in Massachusetts. She crawled into the bed of Patricia Kennedy Lawford. She has been admitted to hospital and charged with breeding and entering."

IRON MAIDENS

British policewomen are being issued with bullet-proof bras. The bras are constructed of thin layers of plastic and are reported to be strong enough to repel pistol fire while adding only millimetres to the policewomen's bustline.

MUSIC

You'd think country singers would miss out on most of the problems with which pop stars have to deal, but two country greats, **Slim Dusty** and **Chad Morgan** (pictured), both admit having to face the battle of where the line is drawn between their public and private lives.

Slim Dusty celebrates 30 years on the road this year and instead of taking his travelling country band around the traps, his film, *The Slim Dusty Movie*, is doing the touring for him.

In their own time, Slim and his wife, Joy McKean, actually enjoy travelling because in most cases they can get around without being recognised. "When I take off my hat, the costume comes off," says Slim, who's shorter than expected despite his stature as a record seller. Without his hat he is almost in disguise, but a metal-tipped shirt collar, a buckle that yahoos COUNTRY MUSIC and embossed cowboy boots give him away.

"In a way I'm two people," he explains. "Once I put on the hat it completes the costume and that's the way people expect you to be. But in our private lives Joy and I like to be really private. Once you've done a show it's quite healthy to take off your hat or make-up or mask and forget about it."

It's the sort of image his fans would like to see: Slim and his wife fishing and camping in their spare time, singing with their family show when working. The notion of him as a wild boy just isn't in the scheme of things.

His detractors in the country music industry say he's holding back the genre, that he doesn't progress. "Everyone does it their own way in their own time," answers Slim, typically. "My style is bush ballads and rural music and if people want to hear that, I'll still give it to them."

There must be plenty who do because Slim still has to wear the title King Of Country Music and still collects his share of industry awards. "I don't like to think about the title too much," he adds. "I try to keep my feet on the ground and stay in touch with people. I like to feel I'm sincere and I think people can pick it."

Slim believes that if you treat 'em like mugs they'll pick it, and in Australia that's not the way to go. He's also been a battler for local content from way back. "You've got to give the Americans credit," he notes. "They had their cowboys and Indians and their Wild West and they pushed that down people's throats. They pushed the point that they were the biggest and the best, and we've got to do the same now. We've got to beat the drum and tell the world we're Australians and we've got a great frontier land and great musicians and great music, and we're the best and out to prove it."

There's another lesser known country music character who is in serious danger of becoming an overnight success after 30 years on the country road . . . again.

Chad signs a nork or two, Miami Steve has a scream.

Chad Morgan wrote a bunch of songs such as *You Can Have Your Women, I'll Stick To My Booze; Chasin' Sorts In Childers; Funny Darned Cattle These Women; There's No Night Out At The Gaol* and *Things I See Through The Bottom Of My Glass* which have created a cult country following and an image of Chad Morgan that he's expected to live up to.

"People look upon me as a wild drunken womanising bastard, so I let them think that. And I suppose I am sometimes," says Chad, modestly. "They won't let you be yourself, and sometimes you lose contact with the real you."

Chad is best known as the Sheik From Scrubby Creek, hailing from his first recorded song way back in 1952. His protruding teeth, once insured with Lloyds of London, his crazy floppy hats, his exaggerated songs of shotgun weddings and bouts of drunkenness turned him into a larrikin of the boards, the comic yokel. "I'm usually very quiet," Chad claims. "When I get on stage I change into a different person. I've been helped out of bed I was so sick, helped to get dressed for a show, and helped on to the stage, but when I put that hat on, just for the time I'm on, I get that extra energy. When I get off, I collapse again. I don't know what it is, but I owe it to those people and I get so much pleasure myself."

Incidents like that have strengthened the legend, so people often go to his concerts out of sheer curiosity and end up liking what they see. "Not a thing in my act has changed," says Chad. "I still sing just about every song I ever have.

"Everybody can see a little of themselves in my songs, or someone they'd like to be. Everything I sing relates to everyday occurrences like chasing sheilas, getting nagged by the old woman, getting stuck into the grog or getting belted up. I just blow everyday things out of proportion," he adds.

It's living down to the character that sometimes gets Morgan down too, despite his love of the touring life. The urge to get up on stage, however, is usually not too far away . . . he likes to see people laugh, to grab a guitar, sing and crack a few jokes.

With a sly wink, he confesses one of his favorite perks. "One thing I like doing," Chad Morgan says, "is autographing sheilas' norks!"

●

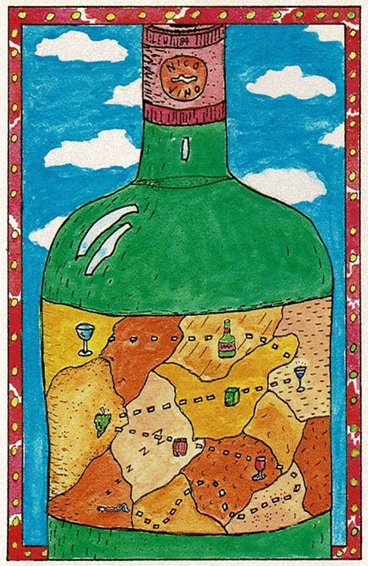
SHORT TRACKS: **Little River Band** singer **John Farnham** is doing the score for the **Linda Blair** movie *Savage Streets*, and will also duet with **Raine Haynes** on an old **Supremes** hit in **Pia Zadora's** creature feature . . . **Miami Steve Van Zandt's** *Voice Of America* might reek of politics, but there's plenty of passion in there too. This second LP by **Springsteen's** departed guitarist and his band, **The Disciples Of Soul**, has 10 songs of primal American East Coast soul/rock which are full of the subversive idea that Joe Normal can and should change things. It's courageous and emotional, with white-hot guitar playing for all the anti-synth brigade, and naked-heart lyrics that make the political issues at stake feel personal for once. Van Zandt sees rock 'n' roll as a secret weapon . . . Two British writer/rockers who formed the seminal group **Squeeze** and then broke it up seemingly out of boredom have salvaged its best traits for *Difford & Tilbrook*. **Chris** and **Glenn** have once again put together some sexy harmonies, clever lyrics and pretty melodies similar to their **Squeeze** work. Their latest package has the flavor of **Steely Dan**, with a jazzy feel.

●

RUN ON: Still carrying a torch for the Olympics and fed up with reruns of the greatest moments on the tele? Keep the memory alive now with *The Official Music of the 23rd Olympiad Los Angeles 1984*, recorded on Columbia. It's an anthology of themes dedicated to specific areas of competition and composed and recorded by some of the greats like **Quincy Jones, Foreigner, John Williams** and **Herbie Hancock.** A good one to replace your worn-out *Chariots Of Fire* records.

—TONY LOVE

BOOZE



A weekend ramble through Victorian wine territory.

Damned if I know why they call it the Winery Walkabout. Maybe it has a nice promotional ring. Truth is you do anything else *but* walk. Stagger, lurch, meander, fall down, laugh, talk, slurp, burp. All of the above. I do recall having a bit of a walk but I suspect I was being supported on both sides at the time.

Despite the fact that an inappropriate tag has been chosen for this annual drinkathon, the concept is a winner. Every Queen's Birthday long weekend, 14 wineries in North-East Victoria participate in the Walkabout promotion. Tastings of special vintages and new releases are available at the various wineries and activities such as a colonial dinner in Albury on the Saturday night are organised.

The participating vignerons open up their tasting rooms on both the Saturday and Sunday (with the exception of Campbell's, Mount Prior and John Gehrig's, wineries usually close on Sundays). The atmosphere is jolly: winemakers and their staff truss themselves up in colonial gear, dispense generous splashes of their best labels for visitors to try and somehow find time to chat, answer questions and indulge in a bit of winespeak with the more knowledgeable walkabouters.

Bush bands strum their stuff at some wineries; most establishments have picnic and barbecue facilities. At Stanton and Killeen's there are champagne hot air balloon flights for those who fancy a high of a slightly different kind. Everyone is talkative, relaxed and, in most cases, pissed to the eyeballs. It's an amiable state of affairs; inevitably you buy more cartons of wine than you can decently justify and then encounter awful complications trying to shove the damned things in the boot or on to roof racks. Those who have flown into Albury and who are weaving around in a rental car merely sign the ever-increasing number of consignment orders and have cases of the red and gold stuff sent home by rail.

Prices are only a fraction below retail but unless you live in the North-East, most of the labels would not be available at your local booze outlet. Brown Bros and Morris's are, perhaps, the two exceptions. Certainly you can sample a wide array of vintages and styles, some of which are of astonishing quality.

Rutherglen is the nucleus of the North-East wine-growing district and the area is best known for its robust "big reds", fortified wines (particularly sherries, ports and liqueurs) and fruity frontignacs and tokays. I'd always thought you needed a roaring fire in the grate and a chill in the air to really get stuck into port. Not so. The stuff goes perfectly with fresh air, sausage sangers, paper cups and a grassy patch on the side of the bustling Murray Valley Highway.

One unique aspect of the Rutherglen district wineries is the number of businesses that are family run, with perhaps three generations carrying on the winemaking traditions. Brown Bros at Milawa is very much a family concern, so too are Stanton and Killeen's and Buller's. Bill Chambers at Rosewood is a fifth-generation vigneron; John Gehrig at Oxley and Colin Campbell of Rutherglen are fourth-generation. The Morris family has been making wines since 1859 and the Sutherland-Smiths of All Saints since 1864. There's a commitment and unity there that has all but disappeared from many other Australian enterprises.

By the turn of the century, North-East Victoria was the largest wine-producing area in Australia. Many of those early settlers had been lured by gold in the 1850s and '60s and stayed on to plant vines in the crisp Victorian climate. By the end of World War I, many vineyards had been destroyed by the phylloxera louse and the economic upheavals of wartime had done little to help the industry. Some vignerons simply refused to quit, imported disease-resistant root stocks from the USA and laid the foundations of today's wine industry in that area.

There's plenty to do within the perimeter of the wine-growing area when you know you've tasted too much or feel in need of other diversions. For eating out, there's the excellent Shamrock Restaurant in the main street of Rutherglen, or The Tuileries set in a 19th century homestead amid spreading gardens and vines. Advance bookings are recommended at both.

In the sightseeing department, don't overlook Glenrowan, the heart of Ned Kelly country, with its special museum full of Kelly memorabilia and a Hollywood-style special effects extravaganza of the bush-ranger's last stand. Then there's Beechworth with its palpable reminders of the goldrush era, wide-verandahed buildings, outstanding National Trust properties and quaint tea parlors and craft shops doing a roaring trade in that very commercial commodity, nostalgia. I'm waiting for the day when someone puts nostalgia into a can to sell off at a few dollars apiece, much as you used to be able to buy packaged mountain air at Katoomba.

But the wineries are the magnet and your wanderings will inevitably lead you to yet another one. A publication produced by the Victorian Tourism Commission, *A Guide To Victoria's Wineries*, is a handy companion for such a tour. Maps and further literature can be picked up from The Vintage Cellar which is located just across from the post office in Rutherglen's main street. And here's a rundown on a handful of the area's leading wineries, plus a few of their very best drops:

Brown Bros: Situated in Milawa, 16km south-east of Wangaratta on the road to the ski resorts of Mount Hotham and Falls Creek. Sixty hectares of vines; well known for varietal white wines from European grape varieties such as gewurztraminer, sylvaner, colombard, chardonnay, sauvignon blanc and chenin blanc. Renowned for rhine riesling and mondeuse blends.

Stanton and Killeen: Three kilometres west of Rutherglen off Murray Valley Highway. This winery was established in 1925; 20 hectares of plantings include cabernet sauvignon, tokay, durif and touriga. The vintage port from this winery is among the district's best.

Buller's Calliope: Four kilometres south-west of Rutherglen off Murray Valley Highway. Established in 1921, 32 hectares on this site plus further plantings at Beverford. Brown muscat, tokay, frontignac, shiraz and cinsaut are the principal plantings. Look out for the black label range of muscats, ports and dry reds.

Morris's: Located 16km east of Rutherglen and 30km west of Wodonga. Eighty hectares; excellent fortified wines. Morris wines have always enjoyed success at wine shows — in 1980, 48 wines entered at Sydney, Canberra and Melbourne wine shows respectively picked up 40 medals.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

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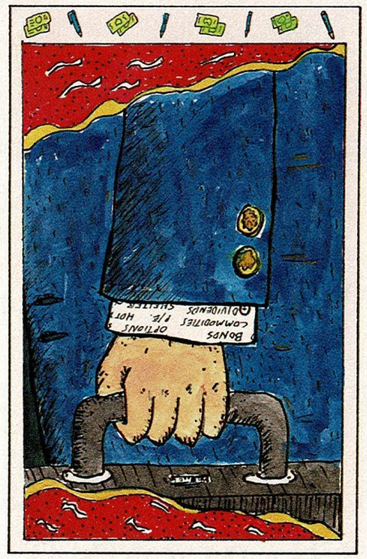


A quick and easy guide to everyday business jargon.

In *The Wizard Of Oz*, the scarecrow who always wanted a brain finds that an official-looking diploma and learning a few clever expressions are all it really takes to make him appear intelligent.

In *My Fair Lady*, Professor Higgins proved the same point by turning a Cockney flower girl into a society lady simply by teaching her to speak politely. Well, I haven't a diploma to send you, but I can teach you the vocabulary that separates knowledgeable businessmen and financiers from those destined for lives of poverty and toil. Just study the words defined here and practise dropping them into your conversations. Before you know it, you'll turn into the Pygmalion of the financial world.

Assessment: Once a year, the Deputy Commissioner of Taxation sends you a letter giving you two months or so to fork over a substantial part of your income. This notice is called an assessment and is the price you pay for success. (According to the tax act, success begins at around $4500 per year.)

Avoidance: In the financial world, this word has only one meaning — paying less income tax. Doing so legally is called avoidance, doing so any other way is known as **evasion**.

Beta: A measure used to evaluate company shares. The higher the beta, the more speculative the stock. For most small investors (everyone with less money than an insurance company or a superannuation fund is a small investor), low beta investments make more sense than high beta ones. Beta safe than sorry.

Bonds: Buying a bond is merely a way of loaning money to a company or a government. The seller agrees to pay the bondholder his money back plus interest. If the company goes broke, the bond-holders get to sell the company's Rolls-Royce.

Cash Flow: The amount of money produced by a business. May be used in a personal context as well: "Can you lend me a few dollars? I have a temporary cash flow problem."

Cash Management Trust: A way for many small investors to pool their money and buy high-interest-paying securities such as government bonds.

Charting: Trying to predict future prices by drawing elaborate line graphs of past prices and looking for tell-tale patterns.

Commodities: Gold, silver, sugar, coffee, pork bellies and many other tangible items. Commodities are traded by speculators who are trying to get rich quickly. Almost without exception speculators lose all their money.

Diversification: One of the cardinal rules of smart investing is to never put all your eggs in one basket. The other is buy low and sell high.

Dividends: Profits distributed to shareholders by a company. One of two ways to make money on the sharemarket. The other is to sell your shares for more than you paid for them.

Dynamic: A meaningless term applied to anyone who has made a lot of money quickly: "Joe Bloggs, dynamic entrepreneur . . ." Also used by salesmen, to apply to anything at all: "This project includes a new network dynamic."

EDP: This stands for electronic data processing, another word for computing, which for most people is simply another word for IBM.

Equity: What you really own when you own a business (or anything else). It is calculated by subtracting liabilities from assets. If your house could be sold for $70,000 and you have a $40,000 mortgage, your equity is $30,000.

Equity Trust: A way for small share market investors to pool their money and buy shares under "professional" management.

Ethics: Not a business term.

Futures: Contracts to buy or sell commodities at a future date. Since speculators need only make a small deposit on a contract, futures trading is a good way to get rich or go bankrupt overnight.

Gearing: How much money a person or company owes relative to total assets. If you are worth $10,000 but have managed to borrow $100,000, your gearing is 10 to 1. Gearing can lead to large profits and equally large losses.

Gold: A barbarous relic of our uncivilised past. Shiny and rare, it will not feed you when you're hungry, quench your thirst nor satisfy any other particular human needs, yet men have died for it and it sells for around $400 per ounce. You figure it out.

Indexation: The varying of salaries and prices with inflation. Indexation is based on the assumption that what people really want is to make a lot of money even if they can buy very little with it.

MD: Stands for managing director. In other words, the boss.

Options: A way of betting on shares without actually buying them. Options give the buyer the right to buy or sell shares at some future time at a specified price.

Overheads: The costs of running a business and earning a profit. These include the costs of materials, employee salaries and the boss's Lear jet and penthouse.

P/E: Price to earnings ratio. Shares with low price to earnings ratios (but not too low) have more room to rise in price than shares with high P/Es.

Property Trust: A scheme by which small investors pool their money to buy property and trust that the managers know what they are doing.

Provisional Tax: Income tax you must pay on money you haven't yet earned a year before you are predicted to make it.

PR: This stands for public relations, a service much in demand by politicians, the nuclear power industry and anyone else with an image to protect.

Profit: The name of the game. Without profits, not even governments would have anything to spend.

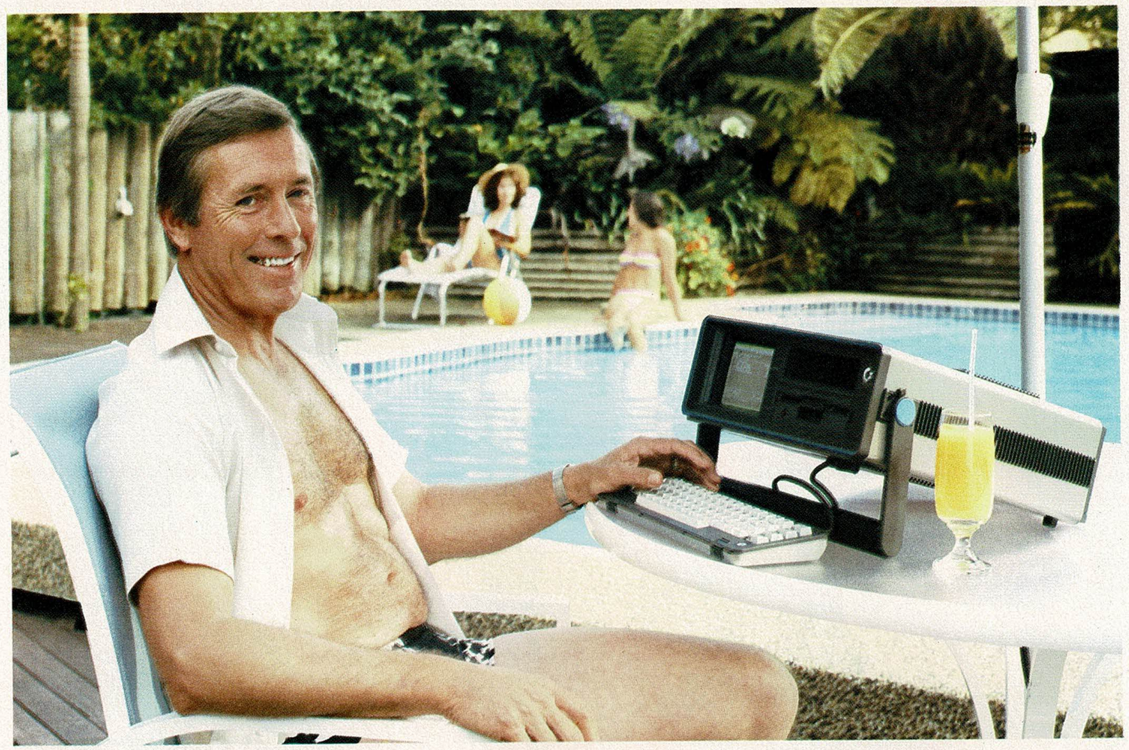
Recession and **Depression:** According to President Reagan, a recession is when people you know are out of work. A depression is when you lose your own job.

Shares: Fancy engraved certificates indicating that you are part owner of a corporation. If the company does well, shares pay dividends and go up in price. If the company goes broke, the certificates make impressive wallpaper.

Shelter: In financial terms, a way to avoid paying taxes. Among the more common are investing in Australian films, becoming a primary producer or buying real estate.

Splits: When a share splits, a company awards more shares to those who already own some. If you own 100 shares of BHP, a 2 for 1 split will give you 200 shares. Since the same offer applies to all shareholders, no one really owns any more of the company than they did before. It's like changing 100 ten dollar bills for 200 fivers.

— SETH GREGORY



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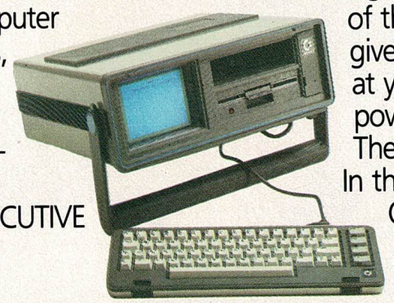

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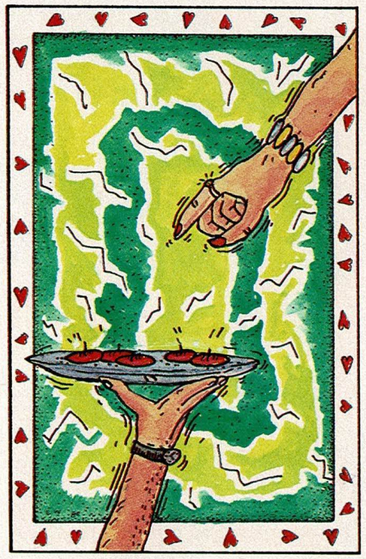


A few hot tips on the art of seduction.

You're feeling pretty pleased with yourself. You've persuaded her to join you for a candlelit meal at your place on Saturday night. She's anticipating hot food and chilled wine. You have in mind frozen dinner and hot sex.

Men and women have this problem, you see. You guys want a vigorous root minutes after you've disposed of the takeaway pizza carton. We females crave seduction on the sofa after a civilised prelude with lobster and champagne.

Both sides need to temper their expectations somewhat. If *you* don't expect an X-rated scenario, *we* won't insist on a Mills and Boon fantasy. Let's both aim for a decent dinner and a healthy lovemaking session. Easier said than done, however. Remember you're dealing with women and we can be just a mite hard to understand. I know a bit about the gentle art of seduction so I'll pass on a few tips.

Firstly, most of us *do* want to be seduced. We may act cute and coy, sometimes even chilly, but unless you're the sort of guy who wears polyester suits and polka-dot boxer shorts, chances are we wouldn't mind ripping off your clothes. (Actually, if you're rotten rich and wear all of the above as well as copper belt buckles and black polo necks, we might still be interested. We've been known to become short-sighted where money is concerned.)

Anyway, this dame you've asked to dinner obviously likes you or she wouldn't allow herself to be lured into the spider and the fly routine. But plan the menu. For instance curry is the world's worst meal when seduction is intended. Curry is not romantic. You'll end up with rajah's breath and she'll get cramps trying not to fart under the bedclothes.

I suggest you keep dinner simple: fillet steak or grilled fish with an interesting salad, perhaps a veal schnitzel with steamed vegetables. And don't go overboard with seafood just because you've heard that mussels and oysters act as aphrodisiacs. For a start, if you spend all afternoon shelling prawns, she'll spend all night wondering where your fingers have been.

If you spend too long preparing dinner you'll be feeling tired and resentful by the time she arrives and instead of greeting her with a cheery hello when she's fashionably late you'll be likely to crown her with the taramasalata dip. Also, never plan something that will keep you in the kitchen for hours between courses. That will leave her free to snoop around and if she finds a pair of frilly knickers behind the sofa cushions then you're in real strife.

If you are one of these new-wave fellas who can cook, then feel free to whip up a veritable Last Supper. I have it on good authority that any woman will come across for pumpkin soup, home-made pasta and chocolate mousse topped with whipped cream. Women do exist who prefer chocolate mousse to sex but we'll presume you haven't got yourself lumbered with one of those deviates. (Actually, if you do give good mousse, then give me a ring. Don't waste yourself on this overfed slut who's calling all the shots.)

The mood must be absolutely right. We like low lighting, soft music and freshly vacuumed carpet. We are suspicious of red lightbulbs, recordings of *Bolero* and mouldy champagne corks on the floor. We are notorious for being cool to flatmates, especially if you are sharing with a mysterious air hostess named Aurora who leaves size 38D bras dangling around the bathroom. We will only be seduced if we are alone with you so get rid of the flatmate for the *entire* evening even if it costs you money to do so. There'll be an absolute scene if the object of your desire bumps into a naked Kevin in the bathroom at 2am.

Leave the telephone unplugged. She'll go into a total decline if another female rings you. If there are any stray women prone to visiting you unannounced, make sure they're convinced you're in Acapulco for the weekend. If there is a grand prix or soccer final scheduled on TV for midnight, then either discreetly tape it or arrange for someone to do it for you. Women are known for their ability to sleep through sports programs.

We like attention. Gaze into her eyes, nibble her ears and gently stroke her breasts. Slowly undress her and lead her into the bedroom. Lie like hell. Tell her she's gorgeous, adorable, has magnificent tits and a great arse and you can't understand why she isn't in movies. She won't believe you for a second but she'll appreciate the effort. We love to be whispered to, tickled, kissed and cuddled. It's called foreplay. But it must be fair play, too, so make sure she's reciprocating. After all, you've cooked her dinner, cleaned the bathroom basin and changed the bedclothes.

Well, you did launder the sheets, didn't you? We have been known to go screaming into the streets at the prospect of stained sheets on the bed, dead socks and crunchy underpants on the floor and a pair of foreign ear-rings under the pillow. Be warned.

Now she's lying stark naked on your fresh sheets. She's totally defenceless which was exactly what you'd planned. She's terrified you'll notice her cellulite and corns and you're suddenly anxious about the size of your penis. It seemed okay last time you looked at it sideways in the mirror but, Jesus, what if she hasn't read any of those articles about how size doesn't matter? Nah. She's a nice girl. She's eaten your food, drunk your wine, used your bathroom, she's not going to turn on you now. (Mind you, some women are real bitches. If she points to your penis and shrieks, "Oooo, it's just like a dick, only smaller!" then turf her out and hope your cooking repeats on her.)

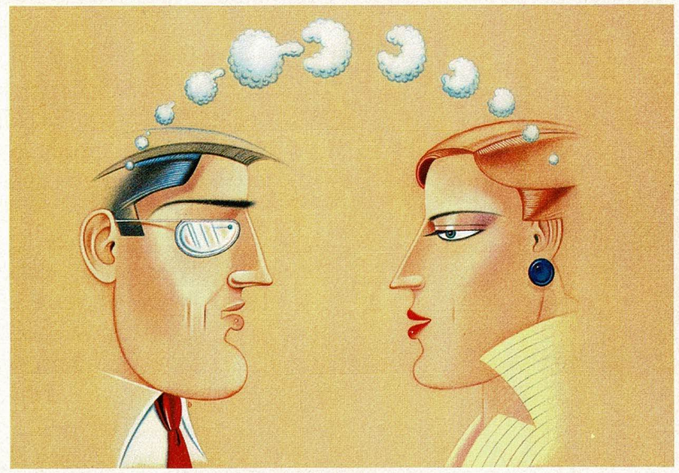
Look, we're really loads of fun in bed. We forgive men with penises like cocktail frankfurts; we despise those who swagger around the bedroom and use us as target practice for gymnastic manoeuvres. It may be quite a feat that you can swing from the curtain rail across to the bed but if we wanted to fuck trapeze artists, we'd be hanging around the circus. Anyway, all that leaping around makes our cellulite quiver and that makes us cry.

We won't get into sexual specifics. Just read the signs. For example, if she lies in your bed top to toe, you can assume she wouldn't say no to a spot of cunnilingus. If she kneads your penis with her teeth, don't be afraid to tell her she's doing it wrong.

Seduction's not easy stuff. Some women will adore you for the effort you make. Others will describe in full detail to their girlfriends how you overcooked the beef and your feet smelt like matured cheese. It's a chance you have to take. Look at it this way. You may just end up impressing this dame so much she'll want to help and pretty soon she'll be organising all this domestic shit for you. It's been known to happen.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

MEN



There's more to men and women than meets the eye.

Remember during adolescence when, in that fleeting period of insane naivety that strikes us all, you thought girls just might have shared your appetite for sexual adventure? And do you also remember how (but for a few glorious exceptions) none of them did?

Why not? you thought. It should be part of the basic symmetry of the universe that boy meets girl on the most equal and basic of sexual terms. Girls, you reasoned, by design *should* be just as obsessed as you by the prospect of screwing.

As you matured you became more aware of the differences and, gazing contemplatively at your erect idle penis each morning, you perhaps felt slightly cheated by it all. Why, for instance, did all those girls you wanted to get to know better suddenly outgrow you and start dating (and screwing) older and more sophisticated guys? Meanwhile, with balls fit to burst, you got stuck with that kid with braces on her teeth who'd read *Puberty Blues* and "knew all about guys like you".

Finally, kicking the naivety bit, you grew enough to admit that not only do men and women not run in perfect sexual tandem, life is a whole lot juicier for the fact.

For instance, sex researchers have been convinced for some time that the sexual peaks men and women experience during their lives do not fall during the same years. You think it's bad that two 22-year-olds are finding their billies are not always boiling at the same time? It ain't, because in this more enlightened age it can produce compensatory benefits — like an energetic male of 18 working out his "older-woman" fantasies on a sexually peaking 36-year-old!

Somewhere in the divine plan it's decreed that we should never become complete masters of the knowledge of sex. Sex is destined to remain one of life's great mysteries and pleasures, perennially capable of bemusing and beguiling us. If the sexes were to run in complete tandem, this would cease to be so.

When you've acknowledged the wonder and pleasure to be derived from those differences, life becomes simpler and the spirit of sexual adventure more fertile. But, every now and then, you confront an issue which threatens to rocket you well clear of the trap of complacency.

You go to a first-night party and get locked in conversation with a strident feminist who tells you that girls really *do* want to be as sexually assertive as guys. It's just that environment and conditioning, she says, have compelled girls to be chaste.

That might be partly right, you hear yourself responding, but why have men always been cast in the role of sexual initiators? Isn't it because men, by nature, are preoccupied with sex?

The exchange makes the leap from conversation to debate to argument. As male pride betrays you yet again, you end up persuading nobody but yourself that the gap between the sexes is wider than ever. If men were men and women were all like that feminist (you pray), never the twain should meet.

That impression prevails until one night in a bar well off your beaten track you stumble into her. It's a cool evening but warm inside and as she removes her jacket you note how vulnerably feminine she looks in that powder-grey cashmere knit setting off the dark curls that tumble low on her neck.

She deals in international currencies for a large banking group, works mindlessly hard, probably earns two or three times as much as you and has an IQ like Viv Richards's batting figures.

Here in the quiet corner of the bar where the drinks and her sexuality are creating their own warm glow, she oozes come-and-get-me appeal and you hope that she'll come home with you. But she doesn't. Instead, without deliberation, she takes you to her apartment, pours two drinks and gives you no time to finish yours as she pulls you to the floor. She's assertive, dominant and, as she straddles you like a jockey, you realise that somewhere in that haphazard process called sexual education, nothing prepared you for girls who took the initiative.

In the morning, you make the coffee and attempt to learn more about her. She gives little away, but from the scraps she offers you learn that she was once awkward and 15, wore braces and kidded herself that she knew about boys. No, you can't call her at work. Instead, you leave your number and she says she'll call. Somehow, you know she won't and it disturbs the maleness in you.

She doesn't call. In fact, you never see her again but some time later you have a sexual encounter of an entirely different kind. Your dad's partner and his wife celebrate their wedding anniversary and you're invited to what is certain to be a boring party.

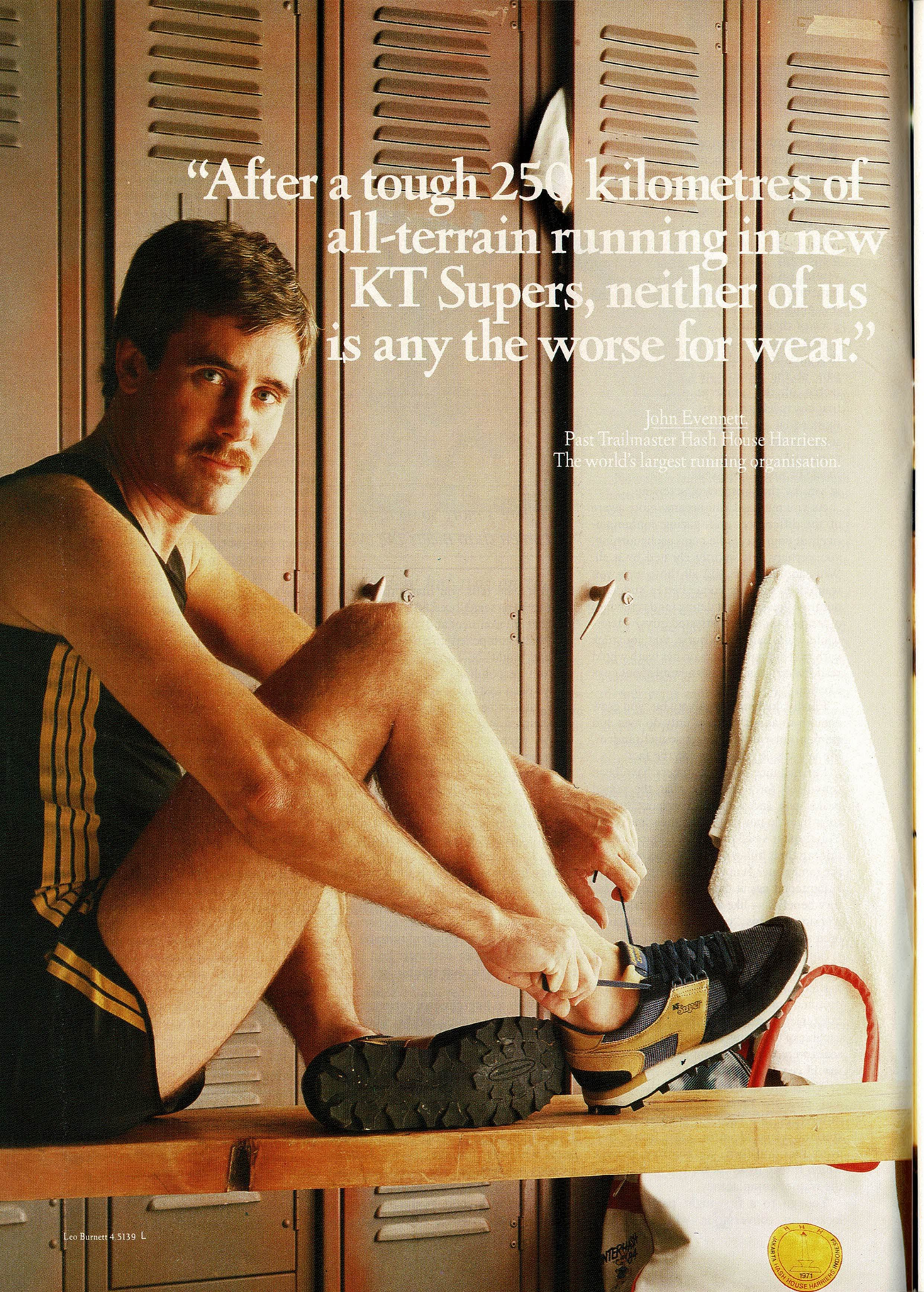
On that score you're only half right as you spot Carolyn, daughter of your dad's partner. Everybody had said you'd make a perfect match but you figured her too dull and, anyway, she went off to London for a few years. Except now she doesn't look or sound so dull. She comes on with a rush and you wind up in bed together. She approaches sex in the most passive fashion imaginable — like a lamb to the slaughter, unresponsive and taut. When it's finished, there is no talk but she clings. You try for humor, it fails, and you part, regretting it ever happened.

This time, being older, you don't return to the guys to compare notes. However, in the context of a quiet drinking session with your best mate, you confess to being slightly bemused by your sexual experiences.

"You're not Robinson Crusoe," he responds and proceeds to relate a series of anecdotes equally radical and all highlighting the diversity of the sexes and individuals. He's about halfway through the rave when your eye catches the splash of color at the bar. She's tall in high heels and you're intrigued by the way the fall of her hair meets the arch of her back just above the curve of her arse. Your mate is still talking but you're not listening as you rise, glass in hand, and head across the room.

You want to see her face, talk to her, smell her femininity, learn her name and . . .

— A.D. AIRD



Meet John Evennett of the Hash House Harriers. He's not employed by Dunlop – doesn't owe us anything.

He just runs a lot because he loves it.

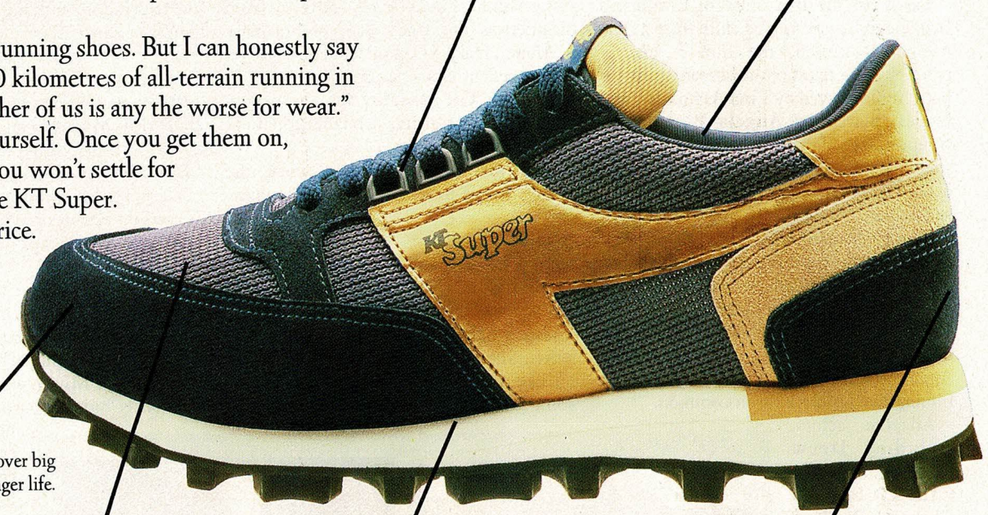
Up to 110 kilometres a week, on the roads and in the bush. This is what he said.

"The new KT Super is a great all-round running shoe. It gives terrific support on rough trails. Holds the foot firmly. And the sole doesn't clog up with mud and dirt. On the road, where shock absorption, cushioning and hard-wearing qualities are so important, KT Supers are very impressive.

"I'm hard on running shoes. But I can honestly say that after a tough 250 kilometres of all-terrain running in new KT Supers, neither of us is any the worse for wear."

Try a pair yourself. Once you get them on, like John Evennett, you won't settle for anything less than the KT Super.

Not at any price.



Unique 'Contour Control' lacing system combines speed-lacing 'D' rings and side flashes into a total cohesive support system – for arch and instep.

Orthotic moulded insole adapts to the shape of your foot for greater comfort. It's removable and washable too.

Extended toeguard cover over big toe for greater comfort, longer life.

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Entirely redesigned kinetic traction lugs put more rubber on the ground at stress points, particularly heel-strike area, without loss of kinetic action.

Completely new, highly abrasion-resistant compound gives extended outsole life, even under hard-surface conditions.

KT Super

by DUNLOP

The evolution continues

R

MOVIES

One reaction to a cerebral palsy victim in the new Australian film *Annie's Coming Out* was "If it was a puppy, you'd knock it on the head." A chilling prospect, but well done to the film-makers who rose to the challenge of tackling a subject that's regarded as socially taboo — mental retardation.

Based on the true story of a woman's struggle to free a crippled child from a state mental institution, the film is one of triumph — a triumph of human spirit for both Annie, played by **Tina Arhondis**, and Jessica, played by **Angela Punch McGregor**, who fight against mighty odds.

Those odds are a crippled body, an obsessive and daunting nature, the system, and society's lack of understanding.

Anne McDonald and **Rosemary Crossley**, the true-life protagonists, should be proud that their story hasn't been sensationalised for the sake of entertainment. It is rare that such sensitivity shines through — sensitivity on a level where both Anne and Rosemary's stories and the actual filming have something in common.

All the actors, including **Drew Forsythe**, **Liddy Clark**, **Simon Chilvers**, **Phillipa Baker**, **Charles Tingwell** and **Wallas Eaton**, got involved with the *Annie's Coming Out* theme, and battled to make things right.

All the cast members have commented on how profound an experience it was to work with the 30 handicapped children who make up the major players in the hospital scenes.

The ease with which they moved among the children contributes greatly to the film's success.

Angela Punch McGregor must be applauded for her portrayal of Jessica Hathaway. "I became obsessed with the role," she said after the film had been completed. "It was emotionally gigantic."

Both Drew Forsythe and Tina, who suffers from theathetosis (the same type of cerebral palsy as Annie), make a magnificent contribution with excellent character development.

Aussie battlers, kamikaze profundities, and a kick in the pants.

Director **Gil Brealey** was the first to praise Tina's maturity, strong imagination, and perception.

Problems start for Jessica when she teaches Annie to read and thus communicate.

Society retaliates. After all, Annie has been in hospital and has been kept by the state for all her life, justifying the opinion that she was profoundly retarded.

Jessica fights in the hospital and in the courts. She pleads: "Can you imagine what it's like to be trapped inside a body that won't work ... the kids are wonderful, they're just a bit damaged."

Go and see it. It's a film about heroes, great achievers and about something that most people will never experience — a body that won't work and society keeps telling you so.

●

The martial arts are a natural backdrop to the frustrations and dramas that go with the familiar movie theme of youth becomes man.

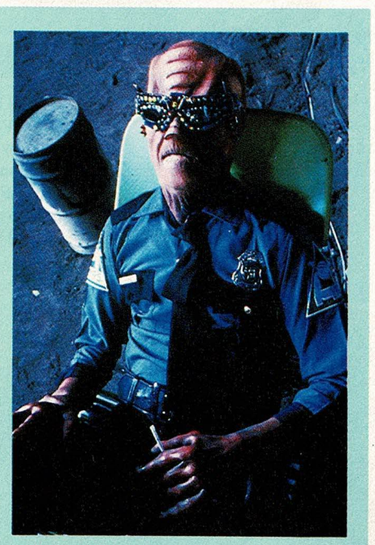
The Karate Kid describes the relationship between a suburban youth, Daniel, played by **Ralph Macchio** and a Japanese karate expert, Mr Miyagi, played by **Noriyuki "Pat" Morita**.

The quality and subtlety of their friendship elevates the film from being just another boy triumphs over adversity-cum-kung-fu flick.

Daniel, a newcomer to California's San Fernando Valley, is tormented by the local heavies who harass him with their karate. Thoroughly intimidated, Daniel spends time with Mr Miyagi who demonstrates his previously hidden martial arts skills when he rescues Daniel from attack. A challenge is arranged between the tormentors and Daniel wants to learn karate for revenge, but Miyagi refuses to teach him until he acquires spiritual maturity ... and there lies the depth of the film.

Director **John Avildsen**, Academy Award winner for *Rocky*, obviously has a strong affection for the underdog: the ordinary mortal who trains hard and develops the mental and physical strength to overcome the odds. "I like stories with heroes. I'm a great **Frank Capra** fan," he says.

Screenwriter **Robert Kamen** has written the film as a reflection of his own experience, having studied karate and Oriental customs for 20 years. It all happened to him, he says; *The Karate Kid*



Ellen Barkin (left) versus alien (right) in Buckaroo Banzai.

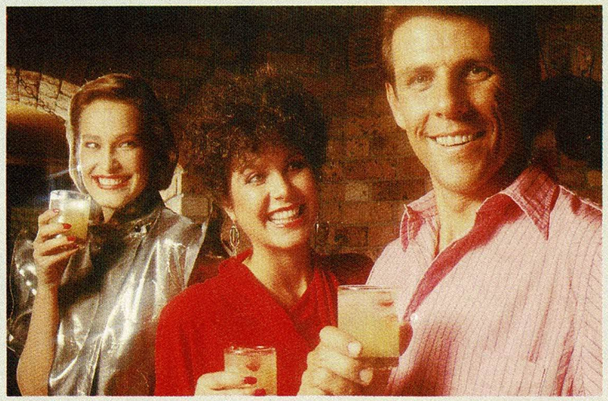
When a movie boasts such throwaway lines as "no matter where you go, there you are", and "the only reason for time is so that everything doesn't happen at once", you know you're in for some profound entertainment.

Kick up your heels because here it is: *Buckaroo Banzai* is a movie, a hero and a wild world. It's also a contemporary adventure comedy that takes the mickey out of the American media's super heroes and politics.

The hero is Buckaroo Banzai, played by Peter Heller, the world's top brain surgeon, scientist, daredevil, and lead singer in a rock'n'roll band.

Buckaroo and his band (including actors Ellen Barkin, Jeff Goldblum and Christopher Lloyd) are caught in the middle of a battle to death between the bad red aliens and the good black aliens from Planet 10. If things go wrong it means destruction of planet Earth. Only Buckaroo can stop it... need we say more?

"Bacardi rum punch is almost as much fun making, as enjoying."



"I call it my instant party pleaser. Half the fun is in the making... making sure the punch tastes just right. Some friends have suggested that I taste more than I serve. Well, it's my party."

BACARDI rum Fruit Punch (illustrated). Into a large container pour 6 fl. oz. (180ml.) orange juice, 4 fl. oz. (120ml.) pineapple juice, and 6 fl. oz. (180ml.) lemon juice. Add 25 fl. oz. (750ml.) of Bacardi rum and a tablespoon of sugar. Stir. Chill. When ready to serve, add ice cubes and cold dry ginger ale (about 30 fl. oz. /900ml.), and decorate with fresh fruit. Serves 10 people twice.

BACARDI rum Bride's Bowl. Peel, core, slice and wedge a quarter pineapple or equivalent canned pineapple. In a large container mix pineapple, 5 fl. oz. (150ml.) lemon juice, 10 fl. oz. (300ml.) unsweetened pineapple juice and 20 fl. oz. (600ml.) of Bacardi rum. Dissolve 2 tablespoons of sugar in a little water and blend in the large container. Chill for two hours and pour over ice in a bowl. Add 30 fl. oz. (900ml.) of soda water and two punnets of sliced strawberries. Stir gently. Serves 10 people twice.

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tells a story of relationships, of growing and maturing, and of learning alternatives.

The strongest scenes in the film are not the fights, but the scenes when Miyagi is teaching Daniel karate skills, emphasising the bonds between two people from different worlds and generations.

The schoolgirl romance is a bore and so is the tough-guy, college rich-boy syndrome. Even so, the sets and location photography are dramatic, especially Miyagi's austere Japanese dwelling.

The music by famous movie scorer **Bill** *(Rocky)* **Conti** is powerfully produced. All aspects give *The Karate Kid* a potent kick.

— Z. NORTHAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

NASTY GREMLINS: The latest product from El Supremo special effects filmmaker **Steven Spielberg** has been called "a revolting piece of tasteless thrills and gore" by critics in the US. But everyone still stampedes to see *Gremlins*. The movie is filled with cute little fellows like former Spielberg star **ET**, and has led one prominent Hollywood school official to claim: "The film represents a cruel hoax by Spielberg on the parents of America."

Consider these scenes, remembering *Gremlins* is a smash hit with kids as well as the adult population. One couple is crushed by a bulldozer driven by a gremlin, and a man dressed as Santa Claus is clubbed to death by a gremlin. Humans in the film retaliate in an equally gory way. Two humans decapitate a gremlin, another is cooked alive in a microwave oven, and one more is minced in a food processor.

MUGGLETON/SAMUEL

TRUCK ACTION: JNP (*A Country Practice*) Films' new production (*Queen Of The Road*) is about, wait for it, two female truckies. Its makers kicked off production with a bit of real life drama when star **Chris Haywood** quit the lead role over a dispute involving money when it was announced the film might get a cinema run before going to air on TV. The concern was the difference between cinema and TV acting rates.

No sooner had Haywood exited than producer **James Davern** hired **Jonathan Sweet**. Sweet stars with female leads **Amanda Muggleton** and **Joanne** (*Mad Max*) **Samuel**. Others in the cast include **Shane Withington** and **Chris Hession**, while there are some top stunts by stuntwoman **Zenda Graves**, wife of renowned danger freak **Grant Page**.

STALLONE/PARTON

BULGE BATTLES: The sexual chemistry between **Dolly Parton** and **Sylvester Stallone** brings up nary a bubble in a misbegotten musical comedy called *Rhinestone*. Dolly plays a nightclub singer who bets her crass manager (**Ron Liebman**) that she can transform a rugged New York cabbie into a successful country singer within two weeks. While Stallone shows himself to be a passable singer, *Rhinestone* poses a question about his ability as an actor of light comedy.

The answer will likely be no. Stallone's performance might leave you embarrassed. And that goes for his peekaboo shirts that seem to challenge Parton in a battle of the cleavage. Dolly does her easy-going best against crushing odds.

●

YANKEE DOLLAR: World War II sets the stage for another Australian film now in production, **Leonski: The Brownout Murders**. Budgeted for $2.9 million, the film will study the notorious rampage by Private Edward Leonski, the American GI who murdered three women during his busy 16-day leave in Melbourne in 1942.

James Coburn will star. With international distribution already set, executive producer **Dick Tanner** warns: "It's extremely powerful and ought to go very well on the American market."

●

CANNES BOUND: Just completed is one of Australia's entries at next year's Cannes Festival, *Niel Lynne*, which should strike a chord for those who grew up in the '60s.

Niel (**Paul Williams**) and Eric (**Brandon Burke**) are childhood friends who grow apart when the influences of the '60s lead them in different directions: Niel to Monash University in Melbourne where he becomes involved with radical student politics and Eric for the hippy life.

Sigrid Thornton plays the girlfriend of both fellas, while support performances are by **Judy Morris**, **Nina Landis**, **Tim Robertson** and **Alan Ginnis**. Worth noting.

●

FAIR DEALING: The NSW police come in for some unflattering publicity in the true-life drama **Sinclair**, filmed in Bangkok, Manila and Sydney by producer/director **Terry** *(Inn Of The Damned* and *Brothers)* **Bourke.**

Two Sydney detectives falsify documents which condemn 65-year-old Australian businessman William Sinclair to spend his last years in Bangkok prisons on trumped-up drug charges.

Guy Doleman plays Sinclair and the two convicted Sydney-Asia traffickers, hairdresser Warren Fellows and footballer Paul Hayward, are portrayed by **Chard Hayward** and **Eric Oldfield**. Eric gets his locks shorn on camera.

The two-hour telemovie, which cost $550,000, tells of Sinclair's harrowing four-year battle to prove his innocence and is certain to be one of this country's most controversial films.

BUSEY

IDOL GOSSIP: **Gary Busey**, who recently completed his titular role in *The Bear Bryant Story*, will portray another sports hero, **Joe DiMaggio**, in the film version of **Terry Johnson**'s play *Insignificance*. Also cast are **Theresa Russell** as **Marilyn Monroe** and, believe it or not, **Tony Curtis** as **Senator Joe McCarthy** ... Columbia Pictures is planning to make a series of *Three Stooges* films and will hold an America-wide talent search to find three guys to play **Moe**, **Larry** and **Curly**. Our bet is they won't have too much trouble ... **Jack Thompson**, **Barbara Hershey** and **Michael** *(Flashdance)* **Nouri** will make up the principal cast of Twentieth Century-Fox's *Sea Trial*, a suspense thriller based on **Frank De Felitta**'s novel about a couple who charter a sailboat and find themselves in a survival situation. **William Friedkin** has been set to direct.

Old athletes need never die. Unlike old soldiers they don't even have to fade away. Instead, they can go on to become Masters.

The Masters movement is growing all around the world, and it isn't quite the quasi-religious group that the title suggests. Masters is a more reverent name given today to what used to be called veterans, or sometimes seniors.

Next August in Toronto, Canada, more than 10,000 Masters of both sexes are expected to participate in the First Masters Games. It will be a veritable Olympics of the older and even just the maturing generations of sportsmen and women. Unlike the modern Olympics however, these games will be essentially free from political interference or even the fierce rivalries which seem to detract so much from most major sports and games in today's highly competitive world.

If you have ever dreamed of taking part in the Olympic, or even the Commonwealth Games, but never had the talent, time or opportunity to make it to that level, then here is your chance to savor an Olympian atmosphere minus most of the hassles and difficulties.

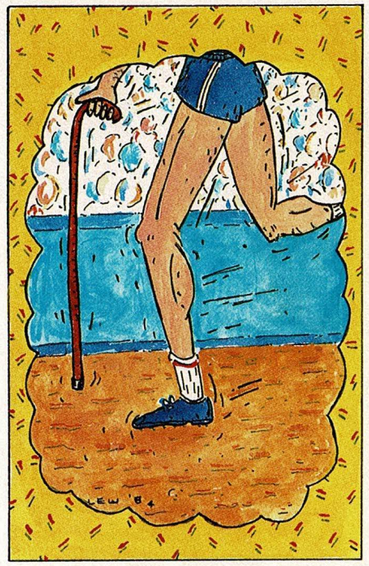
Masters competition has been going on for some time now, but this idea of bringing together Masters in a wide variety of 22 sports at the one venue is certainly novel and potentially very exciting as well as rewarding for those who will be able to take part.

In 1983, the Golden Oldies of rugby union football saw several thousands of players ranging in age from their thirties upwards to the eighties taking part in matches played all over metropolitan Sydney. While the games were played hard and as fast as the ages of each player would allow, the fun before and afterwards was much greater than modern Olympians or other essentially professional, full-time sportsmen generally enjoy.

If that successful event is any guide, then the First Masters Games in Canada next year could bring something back to world sport which has been missing for too long.

Playing sports and games mainly for enjoyment at your own level and within your own limits, meeting your own costs and expenses, is really going back to what the Olympics themselves were originally all about. This is just what will happen in Toronto if the organisers' plans come to fruition.

The creator of the concept of the Masters Games is Australian Dr Maureen O'Bryan, who now lives and works in Canada. Maureen's doctorate is in physical education. A former champion university-level competitor in many sports when she attended Melbourne University in the '50s,



Old athletes never die. They just become Masters.

Maureen is totally imbued with sports and games as a way of life. She founded the Netball Association and became its first president. In 1974 she became chairman of the University of Toronto's undergraduate physical and health education program and held that position until 1978. She then became the first female president of the Sports Federation of Canada.

Maureen returned to Australia in 1980 for the inaugural Congress of National Associations of Sports Federations and in 1981 became president of the Americas region of Sport International and a vice-president of the world body. By then her travels and mixing with people at all levels in sport had convinced Maureen of the need for an Oldies Olympics — a term even she avoids for the Masters Games.

After all, being an oldie doesn't necessarily mean being ancient.

In swimming, for example, eligibility for entering the Masters competition is at the ripe old age of 25 years for both men and women. Swimmers, of course, are usually very young when at their best, and many retire before turning 17, some never again to participate in competitive sport. The world is full of former champion swimmers, even a few Olympians (including a gold medallist or two), who by their mid-twenties were middle-aged, obese and unfit, ready for their first bout of coronary heart disease. Now, however, anyone who ever tried to make a swimming team at any level can head for Toronto to take part in competition with others of similar ages and intentions.

Probably the best aspect of these new Masters Games is that you don't have to qualify as a representative of your country to get entry. The games are open to anyone who wants to take part. You don't have to be a member of any club or organisation, nor do you have to apply to your local sports association or any federation for permission to compete in the Toronto Masters Games. You represent your own self and no one else. Sure you pay your own expenses and you have to obey the rules of competition in whatever sports or games you choose, but that's about the limit of the rules and regulations aspect of these games.

However, if you've begun to think it would be easy to go over there and win a medal or two in whatever sport or game you're pretty competent at within your own circles, don't be misled. In athletics, for instance, there will probably be people like Al Oerter, the discus thrower.

Big Al won the Olympic gold in Melbourne when he was still only 19 years of age. He won it again in Rome and then Tokyo before ending his career with a fourth consecutive Olympic discus gold medal in Mexico City in 1968. Oerter was the first man to throw the discus more than 200 feet (60.96m) almost 20 years ago. Today, approaching 50, Al Oerter is still listed among the best discus throwers currently active in major competition. He is actually throwing considerably further than he did when he won each of his four Olympic gold medals.

Indeed, Oerter is proving that age is not necessarily a barrier to constantly improving performances. He is one of several exceptions to the rule that as you get older, your performances get worse in sport.

This leads us to another side of the games. Think of those tens of thousands of female masters you once may not have had the guts or the opportunity to meet, much less approach. There'll be many of them competing at Toronto who have shed the hang-ups and restrictions of youth and are ready and willing for whatever extra-curricular sports and games may be available. And there should be plenty with so many fit, mature, fun-loving participants with no cares about winning or setting world records but simply there to enjoy themselves and have fun and games both on and off the competitive fields of play.

If you want more information, simply contact Thomas Cook, the travel people, who are agents for the First Masters Games in 1985 in Toronto. You never know how well you'll score there nor in what events unless you go. — MIKE AGOSTINI

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"Strappers" are on and off in seconds. And instantly adjustable for comfort. Yet they still have all the features that have made Volley tennis shoes famous.

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The evolution continues

Leo Burnett 4.5140

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The areas of Turin, Milan and Modena, in Northern Italy, have long been leading centres of high performance automotive innovation. The home of such legendary names as Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Alfa Romeo, Bertone and Pininfarina.

New Toyota Supra is about to challenge such European exclusivity.

It has been described as the most exciting Toyota ever, the flagship of Toyota technology, and with very good reason.

Supra will be as impressive on our highways as it is on an autostrada.

A welcome development from the Spartan style of road warriors, to a luxury sports car that still has the iron will of a Samurai without denying the driver or passengers their creature comforts.

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You simply have to look at Supra to see that it is a super car.

The wedge-shaped styling literally slips through the air. With wind resistance cut to a mere 0.35 drag co-efficient (the same as a Porsche 944).

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Sit inside and you enter a world like that of Luke Skywalker, ready to win the 'car wars'.

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And there are so many standard luxury features on this anything but standard car, the only major options to consider are electric sun roof, genuine Toyota air conditioning and cruise control.

Supra is really in a class of its own!

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If the engine is the heart of a true performance sports car, Supra is indeed in excellent shape.

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A 2.8 litre, OHC 6 cylinder, electronically fuel injected power plant that turns the accelerator into an exhilarator. With engineering that refines this raw ability into sheer driving enjoyment.

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Not only does Supra go quickly, it also stops quickly and surely with 4-wheel disc brakes.

The other thing that sets Supra apart from other high performance sports cars is that you don't have to be a Howard Hughes to buy it.

SUPRA. THE SUPER TOYOTA.

It is a car designed for people who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

So you get true European performance with the solid, reliable character that distinguishes Toyota.

The new Supra proves that Toyota is well on the way to becoming the new super power in affordable performance.

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PLAYBOY ADVISER

Domestic doldrums, making a will, and motoring tips.

While I lived at home I was what you would call a pampered male. Mum did all my ironing, cooking and mending. I moved out a month ago and now find that my ironing skills are barely existent and I couldn't mend my clothes to save my life. Have you any hints on how to lessen the amount of ironing I have to do? Mum is willing to continue doing my mending, so I only need to know a few quick repair tips to tide me over until I visit home. My washing skills also leave a lot to be desired. Have you any stain removal ideas?

— G.B., WA.

There's no way to avoid ironing completely, but if your clothes aren't too wrinkled, try this trick. Hang them in the bathroom and let the steam from your shower do the rest. The only other way to lessen the amount of ironing that you have to do is to buy drip-dry clothing, but remember that certain synthetics are not ideal for our climate.

As for your mending, why not have Mum invest her time teaching you the basics of sewing instead of her doing it for you all the time?

Here are a few quick tips. If a zipper becomes stuck, simply rub the point of a lead pencil over the teeth and it will move easily. Attach buttons that pop with safety pins and if the hem of your jeans or pants becomes undone, fold it back and fasten with masking tape.

You'll inevitably find stains on your clothes when it's washing day, so here are a few home remedies. If you're lucky enough to find lipstick stains on your collar, rub the stain with petroleum jelly and then wash in hot water. For liquor stains, soak in cold water and then wash in hot suds. If you have managed to get ball-point ink stains on your shirts it's time to raid your girlfriend's dressing table. Apply some hairspray to the stain and then launder. For those times when you don't even know what the stain is, pour a liberal dash of soda water on to the stain and blot. Repeat as necessary.

●

Now that I have turned 18 and in a lot of cases I'm legally considered to be an adult, I was wondering if it would be advisable for me to draw up a will. If I should, how do I go about it?

Is it best to have a will drawn up by a solicitor, or is it okay for me to draw one up myself? Also what sort of costs will be involved if I do hire a solicitor?

— K.U., NSW.

It is indeed a good idea to have a will drawn up when you turn 18 as that is the legal age when you may own property and a will ensures that, in the case of death, your possessions will be distributed in accordance with your wishes. If you were to die without a will you would be said to have died intestate and the NSW Wills Probate and Administration Act would take over. In NSW, your spouse is entitled to take the first $100,000 and a half of the remainder of your estate, with the remainder divided among your children. Remember though, that should your estate be small, the Act will serve to disinherit children of previous marriages. Infant children whose parents die intestate must depend upon the discretion of the Public Trustee to administer their portions.

The drawing up of a will is best done by a solicitor who, for a cost of $50-$100, will interview you, write the will and then go over it with you so you understand exactly what it all means. You can draw the will up yourself, but we wouldn't advise it as a lay person with little knowledge of the nuances of legal language would probably produce a will that is either inconsistent, incomprehensible or, at worst, both. If you really feel that you are capable of executing a will on your own, make sure you have it signed by two witnesses, both over the age of 16. It is best to have them sign the will in each other's presence and in the same pen. Neither of your witnesses can be a beneficiary of the will.

Once you are married, any previous wills are automatically revoked. On the other hand, divorce makes things trickier so ensure that a change in status is accompanied by a change of will. Update your will every five years to keep it current.

The other consideration you must make is that of appointing an administrator and naming that person in your will. His or her role will be to gather all your assets, pay any debts which may be outstanding and then divide the remainder among your beneficiaries. Expenses incurred such as fares and postage are reimbursed directly from your estate. If the administrator has to spend large amounts of time due to the substantial size of an estate, he or she is entitled to apply to the Supreme Court for executor's commission.

Once your will is complete, make a photocopy to keep at home in an accessible place and store the original in safekeeping — say in a bank vault or with your solicitor.

●

Just about every motoring report I read mentions "understeer" and "oversteer" when cars are driven through corners. What do these terms mean?

S.O., Qld.

Basically they mean you are in one hell of a lot of trouble. When a car understeers, it means that no matter how many turns you put on the steering, the car still wants to run off the road. It means the car wants to go in a straight line, or there isn't enough steering, or it "understeers". Which means you get to eat the scenery, face first.

When a car oversteers, the car tries to go around the corner before you even get to it. What happens is that the back swings right out and the nose tucks right in. If you are lucky, it just goes around in a circle in the middle of the road and stops. If you are unlucky, you get to eat the scenery — only backwards this time.

These are radical examples. You can have a little bit of understeer and this is when the steering gets heavy and your passenger pulls the grab handle out of the roof and says: "Kevin, don't you think you should slow down?" You can also have a little bit of oversteer, which is where the front wheels start to try to climb the gutter, and the back swings out and your girlfriend starts screaming: "Kevin, I don't want to die yet."

●

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— J.K., Qld.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GERALD STONE

A candid conversation with the 60 Minutes guru about current affairs as entertainment and how he has reshaped TV in the '80s.

Each Sunday night at 7.30, 40 Sundays a year, five million Australians tune in their TV sets to 60 Minutes.

"Tick, tick, tick. . . good evening, I'm George Negus. . . I'm Ian Leslie. . . I'm Ray Martin. . . and I'm Jana Wendt, those stories and more, tonight on 60 Minutes. . . tick, tick, tick. . ."

It is not only the most watched current affairs show in Australian television history — it is the *most watched show. A slick splice of life and showbiz which has successfully transcended conventional, dry TV documentaries to appeal to all ages, tastes and socio-economic groups. Compulsive viewing for one Australian in three, it has evolved in six years into a Sunday ritual more popular than church, footy or cricket.*

Top soaps such as Sons And Daughters and A Country Practice have dashed themselves in vain against the ratings pinnacle of 60 Minutes. Winding up its sixth year it can boast a bigger audience than when it started and a total of 11 Logies: two for Negus, two for Martin, three for Leslie as best reporters and four for Gerald Stone, albeit indirectly, for producing the best current affairs show on TV. It is still early days for Jana Wendt though no doubt her turn will come.

Gerald Stone is the fifth face of 60 Minutes, he is the face of the ticking stopwatch, the man who holds the key which winds the clock. Although eclipsed by the celebrity of the four glamorous reporters, as executive producer he is more influential and more powerful than any of them. He has engineered irrevocable changes in TV reporting, altered the expectations of viewers forever and defined new standards for the way people get their information via the electronic media. When it comes to the electronic dissemination of information, the way most people will get their information in future, his opinions count.

Gerry Stone is 51, comes from Columbus, Ohio, graduated from Cornell University, New York, and began his career in journalism as a copy boy for The New York Times.

Associate Editor of Australian PLAYBOY ***Paul Mann*** *interviewed Gerald Stone at the 60 Minutes offices at Channel Nine in Sydney.*

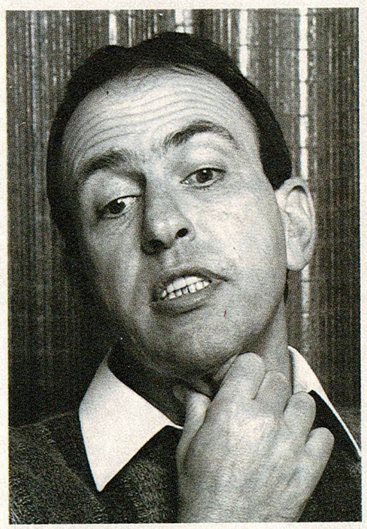
PLAYBOY: After six years the show has wound up 1984 by pulling its biggest ratings ever. Why?

STONE: Well, we all feel that the stories we have been getting this year are some of the best we have ever had. If you can get two out of three stories that are really red hot, then you know you have clicked and I think that this year we have put together better stories and better programs and the audience likes it.

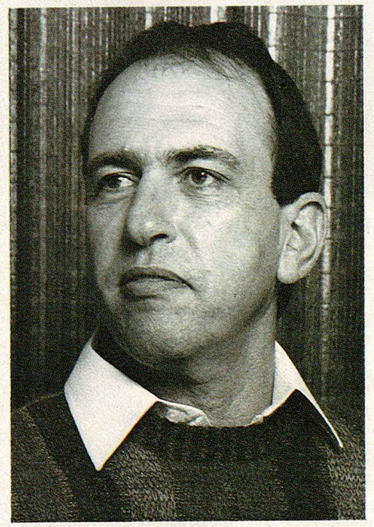
PLAYBOY: Do you look for stories that will make headlines, that will get spin-off publicity?

STONE: No, we don't. An example is the Lusher story, a very famous story where we took this member of parliament, Stephen Lusher, and put him on the dole for a week. We hadn't the slightest idea that there would be that reaction. We were accused of a publicity stunt but as far as we were concerned, we were going to go through this week and then the program would go to air and then, sure, people would talk about it. But we were quite amazed, not only by the publicity, but by the silliness of the criticism about it. I'm talking about my colleagues in the press who just couldn't put two and two together. How could you possibly take a sitting member of parliament and pretend that he was spending a week on the dole? That wasn't what the story was about. It was simply to acquaint him with the amounts of money that a person on the dole has to live with. We always knew the most important part of the exercise would be for him to meet people on the dole and those who have worked with people on the dole. But the press seemed to take the most juvenile way of approaching

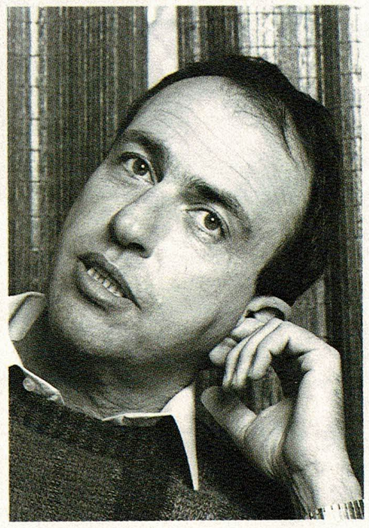
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM



I don't mind that word "contrived" because the whole history of 60 Minutes has been a search for ways to take issues and make them interesting to a mass, prime-time audience. . .



When I see a story about a fellow who's been let off three years after he put a lady's head in the oven, I know instinctively that's a good story. . .



I think my job. . . is to provide the audience with the most interesting material and there is no doubt that money might help bring about an interview that would not have existed.

that story which was to say we were going to seriously attempt to say that a man lived on the dole for... anyway, we didn't expect that publicity. What we do expect instead of the headlines is something that gets people to talk on Monday morning. And that's been the success of *60 Minutes*. On Monday morning you go to an office, you go to lunch or you go to a normal home and somebody is saying, hey, did you see that on *60 Minutes*.

PLAYBOY: We suspect that one of the reasons you took so much criticism over that show in particular was that there was something about it that was contrived in a particular *60 Minutes* way.

STONE: I don't mind that word "contrived" because the whole history of *60 Minutes* has been a search for ways to take issues and make them interesting to a mass prime time audience which is now about one in three Australians. And here we have a situation like the dole which has been going on for years and years and everybody has said — like education or Aborigines — who cares about it, you know. The people on the dole certainly cared about it but it was no longer an issue in the papers. And so we said, well, how can we present the issue of the dole and whether people really are dole bludging or whether they aren't in a way that makes people interested? We do that all the time; that was the method we chose to present the dole issue. When Australia was debating whether to buy the F16 or F18 fighter planes and some $3,000 million was involved — a major governmental decision, but a story that is inherently boring to most people — we thought how in the world could we possibly make that kind of story interesting to people. We decided to try to get a test pilot to test both planes, in the same way you might get somebody to test the Ford and the Holden and we did that pretty successfuly. Therefore, people who might not be able to understand the issues of whether one fighter plane is better than the other could understand the idea of flight-testing a plane. So we are constantly looking for ways, and you call them contrived. I suppose they are contrived but we don't manufacture false news. What we do is manufacture a framework in which to put issues that people can understand.

PLAYBOY: Okay, that leads us into one of the most common criticisms of *60 Minutes*, which is that you over-simplify stories and issues for the purpose of impact. Is that true?

STONE: Well, yes. I wouldn't say we over-simplify but we do simplify. In my mind, television public affairs is the journalistic equivalent of sky-writing. You have to send your message quickly and cleverly and concisely before the wind of disinterest blows it all away. So I don't think it's an accusation to say that we take issues and try to present them in a simple way. I mean that's the way people understand it and the fact that you get five million people watching the show and sometimes having arguments, listening to issues, seeing things

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that they never would have bothered with before, that shows it's successful.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised that you are still in this chair after year six?

STONE: Not surprised but a little uneasy in the sense that you wonder, gee, this seems like a road to self-destruction after a while because it's a very tough and intense job. Then again, you look around and you say, well where else would I go? I mean, I consider that I'm sitting here on top of the single most valuable and influential journalistic organisation in Australia and it's hard to say, well, what would I like to do from here, a garden program or something like that? There is no place else to go.

PLAYBOY: How much is ego and how much is professional satisfaction?

STONE: I can't separate the two because my ego is based on my professional success in a lot of ways and every year — I know this sounds corny, it probably *is* corny — but every year does present different challenges. If you could have seen me in the first three or four weeks of *60 Minutes* when our ratings were nine and 10 and everyone from Mr Packer to the Channel Nine management was looking at me with eyes that were glazed over saying my God, what have we done! That was a pretty heavy burden to carry in those first weeks but I knew the program would work. I just knew that it would.

PLAYBOY: What are the ratings now compared to the ratings of that first year?

STONE: Well, it took us about five weeks to come out of near devastation. I mean, when you get a nine and a 10, that's not even as good as some of the ABC's worst programs. Within five weeks, we were rating in the mid-20s which was quite acceptable and by, let's say, the fifth month of *60 Minutes* we were winning regularly in Melbourne and splitting the time slot against *This Fabulous Century* and *This Is Your Life* in Sydney and so we were quite viable. In the second year, we started hitting 40s in Melbourne on occasion but this year we have consistently hit 40s in Melbourne, which is like Grand Final figures. And 30s in Sydney and that's just amazing; in every other capital we are the top program and so we are undoubtedly the single most watched show in Australia.

PLAYBOY: And what are Australians to make of the fact that it's an American who's producing that show?

STONE: Well, he's an American who's had 22 years of meat pies and Aussie accents. I think I have lived in Australia longer than most Australians. When you think about it, I came here in 1962. I suppose my accent is still American, although I think everything about me is Aussie.

PLAYBOY: Have you deliberately kept a low profile?

STONE: No, I think it's professional judgement. When we first started getting organised during our production period, I was probably better known than any of our reporters, as a person who had appeared on TV in various interviewing and reporting roles and so our publicity before the program went to air tended to feature Gerald Stone and the three reporters as it was then. Negus, I think, was the first one to become a sort of national star and once that happened, he took over as the kind of de facto *60 Minutes* person and I think that's quite natural.

PLAYBOY: So you were submerged by a process of natural evolution?

STONE: As I should be. A producer is somebody who works behind the scenes to try to make the person's job in front as easy as possible and when they talk about a slick program I have never resented that term. I like it. I think it's probably only Australia that worries about the words slick or polished. But I am proud of the fact that the program is such a high quality production. Honestly, people who have watched us and *60 Minutes* in America think our film qualities and our film values are so much higher than any program they have ever seen and I think that's true.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people believe it's just money that makes the difference with *60 Minutes* and that given the right money, anybody can get the stories. Does money make the difference at *60 Minutes*? Is money more important than talent?

It's hard enough for people to be truly interested in what's going on around them — so you have to redefine what is going on around them.

STONE: I am delighted you asked me that because it's the feeling that money makes the difference that is probably going to keep *60 Minutes* on top in television journalism for years and years to come. One of the things that has amazed me in the sixth year is how other journalists — and I'm talking about television journalists — could look at us constantly and still miss the message. There are people in the newsrooms of Channel Seven and Channel Ten and, for that matter, probably even Channel Nine, who sit there and say, gee, if we had the money we could kill *60 Minutes* by doing such a better job. They miss the whole message of *60 Minutes* which is that it's hard enough for people to be truly interested in what's going on around them — so you have to redefine what *is* going on around them. Having Bob Hawke talk about the economy is not necessarily valid news or important news compared to having a story about a custody battle between a mother and father with kids caught in the middle. That's what people care about. So if they say that money makes the difference with *60 Minutes*. . . well, what makes the difference in *60 Minutes* is the brains and the approach to the problem of presenting issues.

PLAYBOY: So you believe that as well as the money, you are a cut about the rest?

STONE: Money would be a waste if you didn't use it properly. Not only are we very economical in our use of money — in the sense that we try to make our budget count as much as possible — but when you are looking around the world and you know you can go anywhere to do any story that interests you, the first question you've got to ask is whether you can find a way to interest the audience. I mean, any jerk can sit there and say maybe we should do a story about the economic problems in Brazil or maybe we should do a story about the war in Lebanon. You don't have to be very smart to think of that because it stares you in the face. But what we have to have before we approach those stories is a concept of how we can make that story of interest to our audience. I don't think a lot of journalists think of that.

PLAYBOY: How does Gerald Stone's news sense operate? Is it instinctive or intellectual?

STONE: It's instinctive. And I think in professional terms that's probably one of my strongest points. I have had a very good training in news judgement. Five years on United Press International, in which your audience is other newspaper men, editors, because a wire service, of course, caters to newspapers and I found that a very sharpening experience in news judgement. Then working for five or six years on tabloids like *The Daily Mirror;* and the people on our program who have come from that type of background, like Peter Meakin, who is my second in charge, our news judgement would almost be inseparable. When I see a story about a fellow who's been let out three years after he put a lady's head in the oven, I know instinctively that's a good story, that it has all the elements an audience could be interested in.

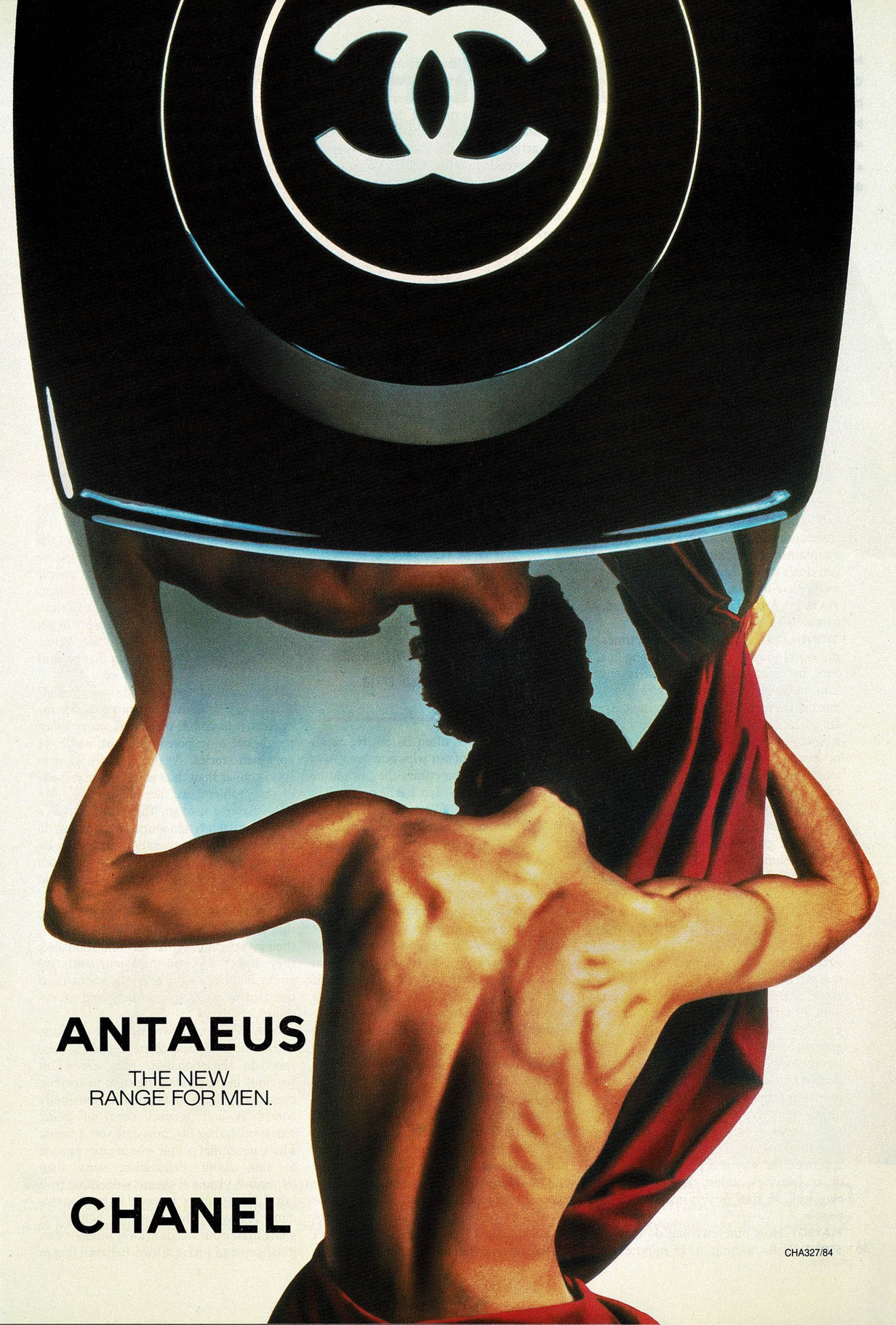
PLAYBOY: So you are quite sure you know what people want?

STONE: I think I do. That's my job. A television journalist should be somebody who is right more times than he is wrong about what people want. It doesn't mean I am 100 percent correct but it does mean that I will probably be more correct about that decision than most people who have not had that training.

PLAYBOY: Is *60 Minutes* a democracy?

STONE: I think you would find that most people in this unit who can still remember back to the dreamtime before they came to *60 Minutes* would say that they have never worked in an atmosphere of such editorial freedom. And I certainly know that in terms of my journalistic experience, which is some 27 years, there is not an outfit in which journalists have so much say in where they go, what they do and how they do it.

PLAYBOY: While the four reporters are attractive people and polished presenters, they have a highly talented team backing



them up. Is the quality of the team such that the four reporters are, if not the least important members of the team, not as important as the public seems to think? Do you have a team and a process here that could make anybody look good?

STONE: No. You can develop the best engine in the world but unless you have somebody to sit behind the wheel and drive the car, somebody who can do it properly, then the whole thing doesn't work. Certainly the job of a production team is to make it as easy as possible for the reporters and certainly it would be possible that, in the short term, we could probably take somebody and have them go through the proper motions. But what you are talking about are reporters who are spending eight to nine months of the year on the road, travelling overseas, getting out of planes after 36-hour trips, then standing up and presenting, going to interview people, representing *60 Minutes*. There's just no way that the energy and the talent and the impact that our on-camera people have could be minimised. They're the ones who, like in *The Right Stuff*, sit there on top of the rocket but they also have to be prepared to make sure that it goes in the right direction, maintains the right altitudes and so on and I just don't know of any four in Australia who could have done as good a job as they have.

PLAYBOY: Are they more than talking heads?

STONE: Oh God, yes. In fact, sometimes, to my *regret* they're more than talking heads. See, they're journalists who have taken the leap into the unknown, they're the first journalists in Australia to become personalities and stars in their own right and anybody who has never been there will never realise what that means. It means that when George Negus or Jana Wendt go out to cover, let's say, a politician on the hustings people will gather around them more than the politician. It means that they can't go into a pub to have a drink without somebody maybe coming up and bothering them. It means that they get hundreds of letters each week from people asking for help and they cope with those pressures, they cope with the physical pressures which I couldn't do. If somebody said, "Stone, how would you like now to be a reporter for *60 Minutes*?" I don't think I could physically cope with what they put up with. Plus the fact that they are much better presenters than I ever was in terms of being able to convey things. So they are not figureheads in any sense. I know some people would like to portray them as figureheads but they never undertake a story unless they are enthused about it, they never read a script unless they have probably either written it or at least approved the way it is phrased, they never do an interview unless they do it in their own way, so they're very much their own people.

PLAYBOY: How much writing do they do?

STONE: Well, writing a 15-minute story might have the same amount of script that would be contained in one and a half columns of *The Daily Mirror*. So writing is not necessarily a mark of distinction in *60 Minutes*. Sometimes the best thing is told by the action but it depends on the person. George tends to write all of his own scripts and then a producer will sit there and say, "Oh God, George, you've got 42 metaphors in the same paragraph," or so on and they work that out. Ray Martin, if he doesn't write the original, will always rewrite very extensively if anything is ever handed to him. Ian Leslie and Jana probably tend to hammer out scripts working with their producers but there is never a script that was just put in front of the reporter, it is always something that he or she has reworked.

PLAYBOY: Considering they may jet through half-a-dozen countries in two or three weeks, how much of an occupational hazard is jetlag?

STONE: We've tried to cut down. In the early years, and it was partly enthusiasm and partly bad planning on my part I suppose, our trips often lasted five to six weeks. But most of our trips now are two to three weeks and sometimes they would be on just one story — Ian Leslie on the Bali story, for instance. We will spend maybe two weeks in America which is more expensive for us but in the long run it probably saves minds and lives.

I think to this day that the Indonesians feel that a story like Bali stemmed from my hostility toward Indonesia, but it's just not true.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Bali. . . obviously that story about poor health care in Bali didn't do much to improve tourism. It didn't do much to improve our relations with Indonesia in general. You had an experience when you were news director at Channel Nine when two of your journalists were killed in Timor. Do you have a grudge against Indonesia?

STONE: I accept the spirit of that question. Yes, I will never forget losing two journalists and the loss of the others in Timor. I was closely involved in Timor when I went in at the very start of the civil war and I felt that Australia was turning its back on the Timor situation. I think to this day that the Indonesians feel that a story like Bali stemmed from my hostility toward Indonesia, but it's just not true. I am not hostile toward Indonesia. I think those journalists were killed by Indonesian troops under appalling circumstances but I don't blame a whole nation for doing something like that, I blame some bad control and sloppy commanders but I have never really had a grudge against Indonesia. Any producer here would be appalled if the suggestion was that Gerald Stone's attitudes helped make the story hostile or made it more friendly or something like that. But our Bali story was not an attempt to say that tourists should not go to Bali. . . just the opposite. It was an attempt to say that the Australian travel industry was not meeting its responsibilities by informing a mass potential tourist audience of some of the hazards that they would meet in third world countries. That it was okay for young kids to go backpacking through Bali and get on their motor scooters and so on but the tourist thrust was also aimed at a lot of middle-aged Australians who have never been out of the country before and they're told to go to beautiful Bali and they find they have got a hospital where people run around barefoot and so on. That was the story and it wasn't anti-Bali.

PLAYBOY: Does it strike you as ironic that people don't get the point you intended?

STONE: Well, we know that it always happens to some people and we try to correct that as much as possible. One of the reasons why television journalism has so much need to be responsible is that people sometimes honestly don't listen. If Negus says to the Prime Minister: "Some critics say you are doing a bad job," we will get letters claiming Negus says the Prime Minister is doing a bad job. But that's one of the hazards of the spoken word.

PLAYBOY: And it hasn't made you cynical?

STONE: Well, apart from not making me cynical, it has made me always worry about the degree of responsibility with which we approach stories. Again, I don't want to sound holier than thou about it, but it is one of the problems we face all the time. My only recourse is to say that journalists as a whole, and television journalists, tend to do more good in investigations than we do harm and that's the excuse for it but I am not saying that we don't do harm and sometimes we do.

PLAYBOY: There is a belief among the public that journalists go a bit far in the cause of their investigations, that they sensationalise, they distort. Do you think journalists are guilty of being a bit precious about their freedom to publicise anything and everything?

STONE: Yes, journalists do over-step the mark, they do exaggerate certain issues, they do sensationalise, they are a bit precious in preserving the right to criticise everybody else and as soon as somebody comes in and accuses them of being sensational, they say, how dare you. I mean, I have never met people who are more prone to talk about defamation suits than journalists. I know we are vulnerable to it but I hope we try to avoid it because we don't really get that precious. Nobody is going to take our freedom away unless we let it happen and I have always believed that in

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any field of life, it's not the person who steps on you who's at fault, it is *you* for allowing it to happen. In my mind, the structure here is very clear, that I am where I am as head of this unit because I have the respect of some of the most senior and experienced producers in Australia. If I cave in on some kind of decision, then I lose that respect and the whole deck of cards goes down. It is risking the whole program to make one decision based on phony characteristics. Against that, I might say that I think that journalists do get away with a lot. I am fairly happy to see the defamation laws that we have in this country.

PLAYBOY: You are happy?

STONE: Yes, I think that what is needed is only one judgement that can be made to establish precedent and that is that people in the public eye are more susceptible to criticism than others, or should be. It means you have greater latitude in criticising politicians or public figures in the same way as the Americans do where they say that if a person operates in the public arena then they have to be expected to cop some very sharp comments, sometimes not altogether true. I think it could be done without some change in law but simply with a judge saying that a person in the public eye is susceptible to this.

PLAYBOY: One of the criticisms within the industry is that *60 Minutes* will shoot and re-shoot a certain sequence like a movie, just like a movie director would, to get the right effect.

STONE: Well, we *are* shooting movies. Our rules about this are very clear, that you never ask people to do something they wouldn't ordinarily do. But in order to show how they do it, there is nothing wrong with saying, do you mind doing it over there where we can see some light or over there where you can do that. I don't understand that criticism.

PLAYBOY: There is a certain trust on the part of the audience who might believe that what they are seeing is a first take, it's truth, a newsreel, not a contrived sequence of film in which you have tried for a cosmetic effect.

STONE: If people think that, then how do they think that people appear on the screen? How do they think that the person showed up at the house at the same time the film crew happened to show up at the house? In television or film-making, obviously there is some pre-arrangement in the sense that they say, will you meet me at two o'clock at the corner of Broadway and High. Because, otherwise the people wouldn't get there. We don't just drop into somebody's house and start shooting. I could see where the criticism becomes a bit weightier with the question of whether the Iranian tank really did shoot the artillery round just for George Negus and a *60 Minutes* crew. Whether somebody two miles down the road was clobbered by an artillery shell fired for the benefit of *60 Minutes*. Now that's a very difficult one to answer because we certainly would never ask anybody to shoot a gun for us but, at the same time, if you are a military officer and you have a crew there, you want to look military and so it's very possible that as the *60 Minutes* crew came on to the scene, the tank commander gave the order to fire. It's a terrible responsibility and, in the Vietnam war in the early stages, Vietnamese officers were killing people specifically for the camera or at least until the reporters and photographers found out what was happening and then they told them not to do it. The classic example — and I don't even know if it is true — is the British crew that stopped an execution because they ran out of film. Those are difficult criticisms to deal with but the one about asking a person to turn left or turn right or sit down at a desk or walk in and do your thing and say something. . . we just try to keep it in context and never ask anybody to do anything they wouldn't ordinarily do.

PLAYBOY: Among the many landmarks in *60 Minutes* have been George Negus's clashes with Bob Hawke, who, for some time, took what appeared to be a somewhat patronising attitude toward George, either to put George off balance or defuse some of his questions. Is theirs really an adversary relationship?

On the ABC. . . I went into an atmosphere where there were men who hadn't produced a feature for two or three years. Now what kind of way is that to stimulate?

STONE: Well, there is a certain amount of game-playing that goes on in all interview situations and particularly in the political context. You can see it all the time with Richard Carleton down in Canberra. They know exactly what they are going to be talking about, and off the camera they call each other Fred and Dick and so on, but they go through the formal motions of this game-playing of politics. George and Hawke might have breakfast and coffee before they go into this interview situation but each one, in that situation, is doing his job. George is asking the toughest questions he can and Hawke is trying to keep himself together as much as he can and one of the ways that Hawke can do it is to put down George or treat him patronisingly. That's fair game and if George can find a quick way to come in with a little dagger, then that's fair game. That's the game-playing that goes on in all journalism.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that breed audience cynicism?

STONE: Well, where *is* this degree of cynicism? The audiences have never been bigger. The reviews in most newspapers have never been better. It's been the most amazing year really because *60 Minutes* has never truly been loved by most newspapers in this country. I don't see that cynicism that you are talking about.

PLAYBOY: What are your views on cheque book journalism? Do you think it's good or bad to buy co-operation?

STONE: I think it's necessary on occasion. And some of my colleagues, even those in this office, might disagree with me. I think my job as executive producer of this program is to provide the audience with the most interesting material and there is no doubt that money might help bring about an interview situation that would not have existed.

PLAYBOY: Do you see it as bribery?

STONE: No, I see it as payment for a person to take the time and the trouble or the risk, as sometimes happens, of sticking their neck out. Or in straight-out competition with somebody else who would rather have it on their program instead of mine but it doesn't happen very often. It happens very rarely with *60 Minutes*.

PLAYBOY: Isn't co-operation a nice word for bribery?

STONE: Well, gee, you are getting paid for sitting talking to me aren't you? Your time is valuable, you could be doing something else. So I don't think that payment is bribery. In fact, if it were bribery, there are situations in which we would never think of paying a person. Many situations, most situations. But the most clear-cut one is where somebody has a reason for wanting to smear somebody, or to say bad things about somebody. We are hardly going to pay an escaped crim for bad-mouthing somebody.

PLAYBOY: Do you approve of payments to people like Michael Chamberlain for their stories?

STONE: I would have paid for Michael Chamberlain's story. I wasn't into the bidding in the last stages of that but Michael Chamberlain had a story to sell. There was highly competitive press interest in it, and I think he used that to his advantage. He also had a lot of expenses, legal expenses and so on. I don't begrudge him asking and I don't begrudge whoever ended up paying for it.

PLAYBOY: Would you buy a story from Vicki Hodge about her alleged affair with Prince Andrew in Mustique?

STONE: No.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference?

STONE: The difference is that Michael Chamberlain's story was an established story that had occupied the minds of the nation for a long time. He had a lot of people who wanted to hear that story and he was in the market-place with it. With Vicki Hodge, the very fact of paying her might encourage her to exaggerate something. With Michael Chamberlain, he couldn't exaggerate, if you know what I mean. If a person says that it was really hurtful for my family or that I loved my wife or something like that, it's hard to exaggerate those things but it's easy to see how somebody might exaggerate just exactly what went on with Prince Andrew when there were only two of them there. So your money in that case could be said to be encouraging somebody to weave a story, whereas with Michael Chamberlain, I think he had the story to tell.

PLAYBOY: Sheer business judgement?

STONE: It's one that some of my own producers disagree with and a lot of them certainly don't like it. They think it gets us away from the field of working journalism, and indeed it probably does.

PLAYBOY: Do you think journalism should have a professional body, such as the AMA which regulates doctors, whereby journalists who behave in a shonky way can be struck off some register?

STONE: No, I think journalists themselves are torn between whether it is a profession or a trade. Some of them treat it as a trade and some of them treat it as a profession. I think that there are already many, many constraints on misbehavior among journalists, not the least of which is that your audience gets pissed off with you and turns off, or your colleagues look down on you or you get sued.

PLAYBOY: The ABC has been undergoing a huge shake-up. Why has it fallen so far behind the commercial networks with news and current affairs coverage?

STONE: I have fairly strong opinions about what's wrong with the ABC. In the first place, I think the arguments about it have been entirely misdirected. Most attention has been focused on the so-called bureaucracy and rigid ways of the management. I think the real trouble with the ABC is the bureaucracy that exists below and the bureaucracy of the working producer and reporter. You know, at *60 Minutes* we hired our people, they have been working well, everything is going great. If *60 Minutes* were to be taken off air, these producers are not going to be standing on the books until some other show comes around, and they wouldn't want to, either. Who would want to sit there for six months, seven months, eight months, while somebody comes up with another program? So, in commercial television, it is well recognised that you work for a specific purpose which is a program and when that program ends, you go, unless you can sell them on another idea. On the ABC when I was there and went from, let's say, news and public affairs to features, I went into an atmosphere where there were men who hadn't produced a feature for two or three years. Now what kind of way is that to stimulate? When you get into a situation of an on-running program like news, as I understand the situation, if you told somebody to button up their collar or put on a tie, you could get a strike in the newsroom. Now, that's absolute anathema, it's the absolute opposite to the way the commercials have become successful in their approach to public affairs which is basically to work hard and get paid well and do a good job and when that job is finished, go on to something else.

PLAYBOY: So you are saying it is because Channel Nine is industrious and professional in its current affairs department and the ABC is not?

STONE: I think that Channel Nine makes a point of hiring good people. The difference between Nine, I might say, and all the other channels when I first got here, was that Nine was prepared to put their money into good producers, whereas other channels might buy a top star and then give him no production support at all as has happened in a couple of channels with their talk shows and their would-be news programs. They would hire some big name then leave him with no production support. Channel Nine has got — I know this sounds self-serving — some of the best public affairs producers in Australia. I am one of them. Peter Fiaman in entertainment, David Mills in sport are good, solid, experienced producers. The ABC has gone through this morass but I think that part of it is the wishy-washy attitude of ABC personnel who sit there on their ass for months talking about not having good support and so on. Our people wouldn't sit here for months talking about not having good support. They'd tell me to get nicked and walk out the door if they thought I wasn't using them properly.

PLAYBOY: Be magnanimous. . . what should the ABC do to take viewers away from you?

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STONE: Well, it's interesting. You know, the 7.30 time slot on Sunday night was supposed to be for ABC prestige material and, with the exception of the Duke of Windsor, they have lost one program after another by batting their heads against that time slot. I don't know why they do it. See, you have to break the nexus with the public service, that's the very first thing. The ABC people who are making programs cannot be public servants and they cannot have the protection of the public service, they have got to be hired on a job basis and, if you are giving me a free run on the ABC, the first thing I would do would be to fire everybody and then employ outside packagers to come in and make programs. In that way I would take all the money that has been spent on the ABC and encourage program makers to come in and when their program is finished, that's when they stop getting paid. If they don't do a good job with the program, they don't get return hire and the only problem that would leave me with is what to do about the news and I would probably, at this stage, buy the Channel O-28 service.

PLAYBOY: There are people at the ABC who might consider that a typically disruptive approach from a man who has highly developed commercial instincts.

STONE: Honestly, they don't impress me when they go taking petitions to management saying you should stay out of our affairs with New Guinea. I just think that's piss weak and when you go, as you can, to ABC parties, you hear them moaning in their red wine over how terrible the management was here and how silly it is. I mean, you vote with your feet, that is what journalism or anything else is about.

PLAYBOY: Has an advertiser ever sought to influence the content of *60 Minutes*?

STONE: No, at a time when *60 Minutes* did the story on the Appin mine disaster and BHP was involved in that, we were sponsored by BHP. I called up the BHP public relations officer who was our liaison to let him know what we were doing and I cannot say he was happy about it but never did they attempt to say, well don't do it. It was just as a matter of courtesy that I let them know that. I get the impression, hearing about it afterwards, that a couple of advertisers have called up somebody in management to ask what could be done about something but the fact is it would be impossible for any advertiser to influence *60 Minutes* now because we are such an income spinner for the station and our advertising base is so diverse. I mean, even when BHP or Toyota sponsor us, it doesn't mean they own us, they would contribute maybe one-third to one-sixth of the revenue. So television, I think, has gone beyond the time when it could be influenced by particular sponsors.

PLAYBOY: Has Kerry Packer ever sought to influence the content of *60 Minutes*?

STONE: Yes, Kerry Packer certainly has. In the initial stages before we actually went to air, I used to attend weekly meetings in which I would go through some story lists and he would say, "Oh, who the fuck is interested in this and why do that and why don't you do that?" I think that was quite a natural process because they were trying to get me thinking and they were trying to let me know the types of stories they wanted. When the first program went to air — and Kerry wasn't happy with the first couple of programs as he thought we should be doing things like the British election — he put considerable pressure on me to try to become more newsy in our approach rather than magaziney. Then it became clear that the program was a success. I remember once he called in me and all my producers, we had had three stories involving prisoners in three weeks or something and he said, "I don't care what you say about me or what you feel about me, but I am going to tell you I don't like prison stories and I don't think you should be doing so many damned prison stories and that's the last." He will, on occasion, call me up and tell me he doesn't like an interview but he never said, "don't do this" or "do this".

Kerry. . . put considerable pressure on me to try to become more newsy in our approach than magaziney. Then it became clear that the program was a success.

PLAYBOY: Would you walk if he did attempt to change your decision on the airing of a segment?

STONE: I hope I wouldn't have to. I accept the right of Mr Packer and Channel Nine to say what goes out over its airwaves so I wouldn't be in a situation of saying that something will go on regardless of what you say. I accept their right to cancel a story but they do so at the risk of my resignation. It's never happened and if they did, they would risk the whole program because if I accepted that type of direction, then the producer whose story was killed wouldn't accept it. The whole thing would come tumbling down. I would not accept their right to tell us what story they would like to see us do. You know, the closest we ever came to any conflict with management, it's a strange thing, was when we did a profile on *The Mike Walsh Show*. Mike Walsh wasn't particularly happy with it and neither were we. We didn't think it was a very strong story at all but Mike got upset over some of the things we said about his temper. So he complained to Nine's general manager Sam Chisholm and then Sam Chisholm found himself caught in a vice between one of his great daytime stars, Mike Walsh, and *60 Minutes*, and basically Sam wasn't giving any directions but he was saying, you know, can you help me out of this situation. Well, I said either we would kill the whole program or we wouldn't delete any part of it. As it turned out, Mike, I think, changed his mind about it when everybody told him what a good profile it was. But that kind of situation, of course, which involves inter-office politics, is probably more risky to us than any advertiser or director.

PLAYBOY: There have been rumors that George is leaving the show to partner up with Brian Henderson on the evening news.

STONE: Oh, no. I think that's silly. I think the fair thing to say is that George, as perhaps a number of people in the unit are after six years, is wondering how long he is going to stay here. What more are you going to do? George was the first one to express discomfort at staying too long in the format and I think it's well known he is looking for opportunities to do other things than *60 Minutes*. But against that is the thing that keeps us all together at this stage — what do we do for an encore? Where do we go? There's not a program to match it, nor any prospect of a program to match it on the horizon.

I mean, when you have got a program that allows you to cover any place, anywhere and any time, how do you suddenly go to some place that's not going to do as good for you?

PLAYBOY: So the only direction from *60 Minutes* is down?

STONE: Well, I think that's true. If, let's say, George does his own interviewing program, he would probably think that was better but really, it would just be swapping one set of frustrations for another. I think it's fair to say that George is actively looking around for other opportunities within the network and I couldn't honestly say whether or not he will be here next year. But I can honestly say that there are no plans for him to be anywhere else and this talk about him being a newsreader is just way off.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee any significant changes in the format of *60 Minutes*? Do you tamper with a winning formula?

STONE: No, I don't think you do. *60 Minutes* is not so much a formula as a process, a way of processing different material and there's no doubt that we have the most flexible format in Australia in the sense that we can cover light stories and heavy stories and human interest stories and so on. A lot of people take the success of *60 Minutes* for granted and say it just doesn't have any competition. The fact is that they have thrown all the shit they could possibly think of at us, especially Channel Seven, and when you think that we were on against first runs of *M*A*S*H* and *Kingswood Country* and Willesee when he was at Seven and, you know, everything they could possibly throw in at us, and we've come out stronger. That's because our format is just so good. It's got all the ingredients.

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ILLUSTRATION BY SUE NINHAM

The police can't help, you're on your own. Here's how you avoid becoming a victim.

SURVIVING THE CRIME WAVE

IF YOU'RE MALE, under 30, separated or divorced, and live in a capital city, especially Darwin, Adelaide, Perth or Sydney, then watch out. Statistics show that you're particularly vulnerable to becoming a victim of a tidal-sized crime wave that is sweeping Australia.

The trouble with crime waves, though, is they're not as selective as the figures make out. Anyone's chances of becoming a victim of crime have never been better. In the past 10 years, Australian figures for serious assault, rape, robbery, breaking and entering and car theft have doubled and, in the largest ever survey of crime victims undertaken in this country published in 1980, one out of every 11 Australians was revealed to have been a victim of crime in the preceding 12 months.

Since then, the crime rate has risen dramatically and the statistics are literally staggering. In Victoria the rate of burglary increased by 25 percent in the past year alone and in 1983, 200,000 Victorians became victims of crime. In 1981, more than 6000 people in NSW were assaulted. Our rate of car theft is 39 percent higher than in the US.

While those figures seem high, the frightening thing the 1980 report revealed was that only about half the crimes committed were ever reported. People simply didn't report offences mainly because they didn't think the police could, or would, catch the culprit. Tony, 19, who was bashed and kicked in Sydney's Oxford Street one Saturday night shrugs his shoulders: "It's pointless telling the cops. This sort of thing happens all the time. They'd never find those punks."

And when victims do report crimes, police reaction often leaves them more frustrated and helpless than ever. After a group of 15-year-old boys and girls had been set upon and bashed in the day time on a major Bondi Junction (Sydney) road, one constable gave them this piece of advice: "Always carry a piece of wood or a brick in your bag, just in case." His advice may be more

Article by **DIANE ARMSTRONG**

realistic than it sounds. As any victim will tell you, the last person you'll find in an emergency is a policeman. Says Bob Page, secretary of the Police Association of NSW: "With 9500 police, this state doesn't have enough men to prevent crime." But although a worried public would feel more secure if there were more visible policemen, in fact you'd need policemen on every street corner around the clock to affect the crime rate. And as recent British experience shows, simply increasing the numbers of officers doesn't decrease crime. Patrol cars would be more effective, but to equip and man each one costs around $250,000 a year.

Dr Satysanshu Mukherjee, criminologist with the Australian Institute of Criminology, believes that no democratic society can provide the level of policing sufficient to prevent crime, but he'd like to see our police used more efficiently. "Only 14 percent of the police in NSW are engaged in criminal investigation," he said, "while the rest are doing clerical or traffic duties, or enforcing petty regulations, which is wasteful."

Queensland criminologist Paul Wilson agrees: "Our police force is becoming castrated and needs a radical restructuring to focus its activity on crime."

To make matters worse, those officers who do investigate crimes complain that their hands are tied with regulations that favor wrong-doers, and feel that courts often make a mockery out of their efforts to bring offenders to justice by the leniency of their sentences. Says one Sydney detective; "I arrested a fellow in Balmain who over a three-year period had done 79 break-and-enter jobs. He got off with a five-year good behavior bond!"

A Melbourne policeman recalls a case of incest: "The victim was a girl of nine but the accused, who was her uncle, was released on a 12-month bond!"

Although the Chief Justice of NSW Sir Laurence Street has stated that burglars will in future receive stiffer sentences, longer terms of imprisonment have rarely deterred criminals and, in any case, it would be many years before the effects of such a policy would be felt. So, in the absence of a police force capable of protecting you, and with the prospect of a crime wave that, according to one Supreme Court judge, has gone beyond the control of authority, how are you going to make sure you don't become a crime statistic?

At street level it translates like this: A lad who's 17 never goes out without his penknife because he just never knows when someone's going to jump him. He lives in Melbourne, not Harlem.

Maybe, like growing numbers of Australians, you're considering getting yourself a gun. Paul Wilson warns that in the effort to ensure safety, "people will live in an increasing state of urban paranoia where they become alienated from each other, stay indoors every night and buy firearms to guard themselves and their homes." It's a scenario that's becoming reality.

According to Professor Richard Harding, author of *Firearms And Violence In Australian Life*, about 23 percent of gunowners in this country had their guns for protection, and he estimated that this percentage was even higher in Queensland. In a recent survey he conducted into firearm ownership, Paul Wilson concluded that increasing numbers of Australians were buying guns because they feared their fellow man. A police officer in Newcastle estimated that the majority of single mothers living in a suburban high-rise housing commission block kept rifles under their beds or behind the door, in case of intruders.

Although people weren't required to give reasons for purchasing rifles or shotguns, a licensed firearm dealer in Adelaide noticed an increasing trend for customers to buy them for self-defence. "You only have to see the type they're buying to know what they want it for," he said. "A pump-action riot shotgun is useless for shooting ducks and rabbits!" He had also noticed a thriving black market in unregistered pistols selling for four and even six times their retail price. "I reckon a lot of people join pistol clubs just so they can legally own one," he said. And the trend didn't surprise him. "You can't blame people for getting aggro. Take me. I contacted the police about a threat I had, because I was worried about my arse. They told me to dial 000 when it

(continued on page 100)

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY

YOUR HOME

Whenever you leave your home unoccupied:

- Lock all doors and windows. Fit double-cylinder locks to all outside doors and locks on all windows.
- Take your key with you.
- Leave a light on if you'll be back after dark.
- Never leave notes. Thieves can read too.
- Keep blinds and curtains partially open to make your home look lived in. If you'll be away for a long time:
- Remove valuables and cash.
- Cancel milk, papers and bread and ask someone to collect your mail.
- Don't keep ladders or tools lying around to help burglars break in.
- Trim shrubs that grow very close to the house. They could be used as a hiding place.
- Don't tell strangers and casual acquaintances that your home will be unoccupied.
- Make a list of all your valuables with model and serial number. Photograph jewellery and antiques. This will help to identify and recover them.

YOUR CAR

- Close all windows, lock all doors, take the key with you.
- Never leave any parcels, clothes, cameras or radios inside the car where they can be seen.
- Don't leave your car registration papers, private papers, your driver's licence or drivers association membership card in your car. If your car is stolen, they will help the thief "prove" his identity.
- Avoid parking in isolated or dark places: park under a street light.
- Record the serial number of your engine, car body and car radio somewhere outside the car so you'll have a better chance of getting it back.
- Install a steering lock or car alarm.

YOUR TRUCK

- Paint it with a distinctive color scheme and lettering.
- Check out your drivers. Try to get references for the past five years and be suspicious of unexplained gaps.
- Instruct drivers not to use the same cafe all the time.
- Remove serial numbers from all keys, locks and ignition switches.
- Always change the ignition switch if the ignition key is lost.
- See that when a vehicle is sold and its ownership changes hands, the name of the former owner is printed out. This will stop the thief from using the truck to take a load intended for the previous owner.
- Try and use guarded parking areas.
- Equip any truck with gates if it has an open body and lock the gates with close shackle padlocks.

YOUR OFFICE

- Make sure your safe is adequate.
- Unless the safe weighs over one tonne, anchor it.
- Have it encased in an anchored cabinet connected to an alarm system.
- Change the combinations often.
- Never leave the key on the same premises as the safe.
- Install window and door grilles.
- Fit exterior doors with deadlocks.
- Put lights in yards and back lanes
- If you or your staff carry cash to the bank, vary your route and your times, avoid briefcases (a cash-carrying bag fitted with an alarm is safer), and keep on main roads and busy streets.
- Never count the day's takings where you can be observed.
- Don't allow tills to become full. At night, leave them empty and open to prevent their being damaged.

ANTICIPATION

After being cooped up for the winter, Helen is eager for summer action.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

From the sun-bleached blonde hair to the all-over suntan that even winter hasn't faded, you just know Helen Cooke is one of those magic Aussie beach girls. Beautiful, wholesome and athletic, Helen is one of the girls of summer. The beach is her

natural habitat and she's been longing for summer to arrive so she can return to her natural element. Where do girls like Helen go in the winter? Well, if they're rich or have well-heeled friends, they darken the tan even more around the hot spots of Europe and America during the northern

summer. If they can't get away they wait — and the waiting is always easier when you have a lover. Girls like Helen are never short of male attention.

"I like men," she giggles. "There are some things you can't do without them."

At the moment Helen lives alone in the house she bought from her income as a fashion model, although she doesn't expect that to last for long.

"I'm a social creature. I like to meet people, I enjoy parties, I'm constantly excited by the possibilities in the people you meet," she explains. "I suppose I'm basically an adventurous person and I prefer men with a streak of wildness in them. I may look shy and girlish — I'm always being mistaken for a teenager even though I'm 24 — but I'm not at all shy.

"I think there's a streak of exhibitionism in most women,

especially when you feel you have a great body. I don't do anything to stay in shape. I usually manage to go to the beach at least once a day during summer. I swim,

play around. I usually sunbake topless but I use a lot of sunscreen and moisturiser as I've got quite fair skin.

My one ambition is to drive around the coastline of Australia, moving with the seasons so wherever I went it would be beach weather. I'll be so glad when summer gets here."

It won't be long now before Helen gets her wish and then we'll all have one more reason for going to the beach.

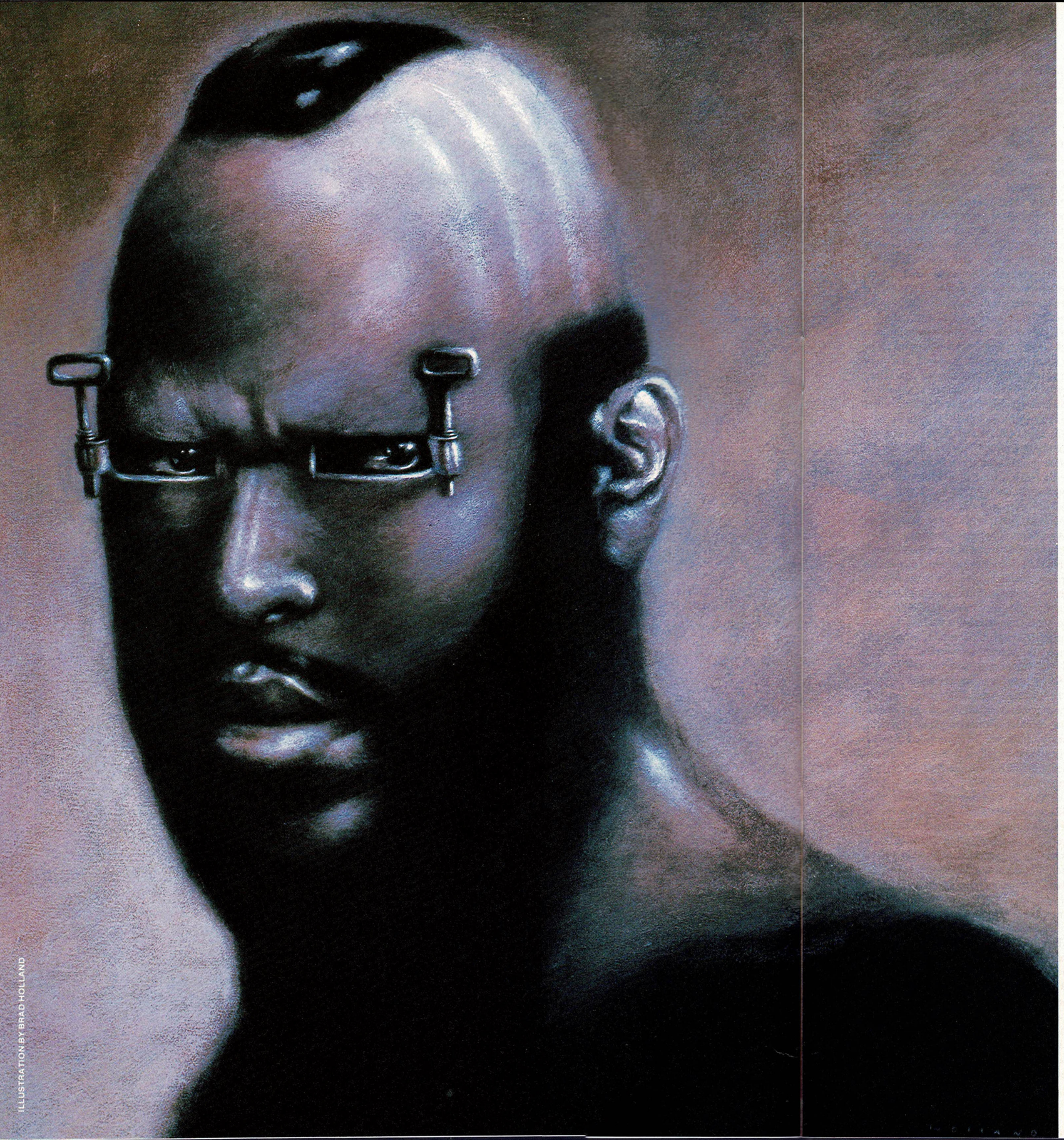


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

EYE TO EYE WITH MR. T

Everybody wants to know the same thing — is he as tough as he looks? Well, no. He's much tougher.

"I'm not just rappin' off at the mouth, I know what I'm talkin' about, I can quote Dante, John Donne, Socrates, Euripides and Aristophanes, I'm not just one of those brothers that only know about boxin' and football, I know what's happenin' in the Middle East, I know all about Omar Qaddafi, I know all about missiles, I know about the nuclear bombs and all this protestin', I know about money runnin' out and stocks and bonds, most fellows are one-dimensional, me, I am not a conversation dropout."

— MR T

AT DINGBAT'S on Ontario Street in Chicago, they like to remember *hard* about Mr T. Ron Briskman, the white and Jewish owner of this get-on-down, all-acrylic black disco, hired T as a bouncer somewhere around 1977. Well, he didn't have much choice; it was either that or be eaten, steak by steak, out of his funked-up *son et lumiere*. Calvin Hollins and John Bitoy were closer to T than Patti and Maxene were to LaVerne. Right now — as Smoke, a dancer in an all-male striptease act, presents us with the dark open sandwich of his body — Calvin will begin reminiscing about T again.

"John and T and me, we didn't go out to murder anybody, but God forbid if any guy touched one of us. This hand's been broken three times for T." The forefinger knuckle is grotesque, almost flat, like a stepped-on melon ball. "John's expert in karate. One night outside Dingbat's, a guy attacked him. John handled him good, but one of the guy's partners came behind and stabbed John in the side. Well, oh, man. I can't begin to tell you what T did to that guy. He picked him up and bounced him on a fire hydrant about nine times. Up and down on the fire hydrant. Oh, God."

("Oh, God" is right, brother. Take time out here: just think what it'd be like, *getting dropped on a fire hydrant*. Over and over again. You know those pointy orange-juice squeezers? The guy must've been nothing more than a wet rind when T got through with him.)

"John bled pretty bad. So T went out to flag a cab down. Well, no cab would stop, the man looked so terrifying. T was there in the middle of the street and cabs were goin' all around him. Finally, T steps in front of one, stops it, grabs the driver, yanks him out, throws John in the back seat and drives the cab to a hospital. Police came, they looked at the guy who did the stabbing and they said, 'We don't know who we should

Personality by
D. KEITH MANO

arrest; he's in so much worse shape than you are.' "

T first went to Dingbat's as a well-dressed, 136 kilogram freeloader. John: "Calvin and I were gonna throw him out one night — he hadn't paid to get in — then we looked at each other and said, 'Now, how we gonna do that?' So after a while, he got to helping us and we didn't pay him any fee, but we promised to feed him."

"Amazing man," says Briskman. "He'd dress up and come down here looking like the cat's meow. And he'd have on spats and he'd have a cane. And if somebody gave him a hard time at the door, he'd take the cane and shove it on to the guy's toe and he'd press hard and say, 'I'd like you to know that my temper is as short as my hair.' He was completely bald back then."

"But it got to a point," Calvin recalls, "when Ron looked at my food vouchers and said, 'What is this? What? You've been signing out eight or nine steaks a day.' "

"Yeah." Briskman has to laugh, "I put T on salary then. I decided I'd rather pay the guy than feed him."

●

Poor NBC has to do both. Give T a year, there'll be nothing but peacock bones left. Out in Hidden Valley, California, where *The A-Team*, his perplexingly successful TV series, is on location today, he has just bankrupted the network lunch wagon. Fish *du jour* double helping, quart of orange juice, garden-size salad — in one hand. In the other, a steak sandwich. For T, a steak sandwich is two large steaks with one slice of bread between. "This ain't all for me," he protests. "Got two brothers in my van, they too shy t'come out. Where's my pie?" Whaddya think the T-bone steak was named for?

T is — if Valley-girl hyperbole hasn't made English into a vapid-fog sponge by now — *awesome*. Even *massive*. His forearms are certainly tubular. And right now, this 105 kilo fallen-rock zone is mad at magazine people. Mad, therefore, at me. Frankly, I'd rather be hated by, oh, Newark or Bulgaria. But you gotta understand T: the man is both generous and mistrustful. One week before, see, he agreed to do a fashion layout for some other magazine, at no fee. T, the mistrustful half of him, doesn't have an agent. "I know I'm just meat out here, man, I don't need someone takin' 10 percent of my meat." Yet, after a while, he thinks he should be paid for the spread. Soon he is downright huffy about getting ripped off. Sooner yet, a contract at his production company says he wants a limousine to pick him up. T orders the limo to *follow* his car so that he can walk out on the whole damn photo shoot.

And here I am, that one week later, nerve-wrecked in the Wilshire Manning lobby. This joint feels sodden with wealth, full of magenta-haired women and maintenance men who keep changing the dirt in a decorative palm-tree pot because, well, it's *dirty*. T set himself up at this Wilshire Boulevard address not long ago; what a joke on Whitey — combat boots, bare-arm denim. Sal Mineo would've looked more appropriate playing Jesus. Me, I'm not afraid: I've just got this mental catheter, and it's dripping down the side of my brain.

I rise. I'm suddenly patriotic in his presence, like before a hockey game or something. T isn't overtall [5ft 11½ins 182cm], but neither is a flat-bed truck. He has the bouncy ball-of-foot stride that athletes affect: imagine throwing a Coke machine on a trampoline; that'll give some idea. The skull is more part than hair. That distinctive Mandingo hedgerow up its middle may remind you of a sculpted ski mountain in summer: give it some snow and you can see a tiny figure slaloming down T's neck. Deep, evil furrows whorl at forehead centre, as if he'd been tummy-tucked there. T is black-hole dense: he seems to suck in surrounding light. Mine.

He has started talking in this no-period, all-comma Muhammad Ali sound-alike flume ride of monologue. It'd be easier for me to knit a suit from mozzarella strands than to get any question past him. His nose is flaring. The wild eyeballs stone-wash my head. His mouth is snappish, like somebody biting off one cigar tip after another. We're each seated in a big armchair, and all at once I notice — my God, I notice that his chair is *breathing*. I mean, when he inhales, exhales, just plain hales, the entire chair goes along. By now, he has looked down at me and said, "Thing that sets me apart from everybody else is — I never had an ego problem." Hey, neither would I, bro, if I *wore* my furniture.

T is rapping off: about Christian commitment, about Mother, particularly about his positive effect on the ghetto youth of America. Just to see if my voice will still work, I say, "My two boys watch you all the time."

"Mmmm, brother?"

"And. And. They're white."

T has looked at me, Caucasian me, as if maybe I'd been smoking my toenails that afternoon. "They are? Both of them?" Then he spazzes out in a ridiculous tee-hee giggle. He has this nimble, boyish grin that could bend your spoon one half block away. Unmitigated charm: the effect, coming out of that Iron Maiden scowl, can disconcert. And we both have to laugh.

"T is a pussycat," says Dwight Schultz, the brilliant young comic actor who has been playing Mad Murdock on *The A-Team*. "He doesn't have a private thought, or so it would seem. He's completely forthright and spontaneous. Whatever he thinks comes out immediately; there isn't any seven-second delay."

But T does have one problem: the man could use another finger or two. He has 10 gold rings already, including one T-shaped shiner that small craft could take off from. A quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold is looped around his neck, like rope around a bollard. Not to mention *seven* ear-rings. In fact, what we've got here is the human equivalent of a personalised car number plate. But T will explain.

"Two reasons why I wear gold, one, I can afford it, two, when my ancestors come from Africa, they were shackled by their necks, their wrists, their ankles, I turn those chains into gold, which symbolise the fact that Mr T is still a slave, only my price tag is higher."

And going way up. T with his face like a two-minute warning and his outfit on loan from the Vatican collection has become a

"I understand the part about the variable interest rate, but what's this part about my first born son?"

sort of live logo for *The A-Team*. "It bothers other people, maybe, that I'm doing all the promos and whatever, but I'm the only one who's selling it. People don't want t' see nobody else up there, you know, I don't mean to sound conceited or cocky, but I just put it where it is."

And what do you think is behind this paroxysm of success? Fear, what else? The ratings system isn't based on homes with little black children in them. T, from a young age, has had fun scaring the cheese-it out of honkie. This is not a pleasant, chino-colored O. J. Simpson. This is the buck *black* black who rents space in our worst middle-class fantasy. Lock your wife up; nothing more terrible than being raped by a stereotype. Although T's *A-Team* character will turn out to be thoughtful, even soft, danger is always implicit. This man, after all, can break people across a fire hydrant. And has. The sensation is both scary and titillating. T knows it.

"People come up and say, 'You're so mean, I hated you, but I love you, can I have your autograph?' I think people like being frightened." Yes, they do. And since Sonny Liston scared Floyd Patterson and America into false whiskers, no baaad black man has done it better.

His show has often rated well. Goes to show how saleable sheer down-and-out, hard-legged black bad-assness can be. *The A-Team,* after all, is not a paramilitary four-star movie. In fact, you might consider it the neutron bomb reversed: it will destroy property but not people. Since the pilot film, 4,136,442 machine-gun bullets have been fired without anyone's being hit. Those men lack a killer instinct; they could also use target practice. When a jeep gets maxed, nose-diving upside down, the occupant will be seen to worm out from underneath and dust his trouser crease off. *The A-Team* is violent/surreal — commando soap opera, more or less.

Despite all that ho-daddy bravado (he calls himself One Take T), the man has to work like a posthole digger. T is no graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Before each scene, he will hold his script in both hands, as if to steer by it. On one occasion, the line "Oh, Hannibal, you know I can fix anything" cleft his palate. At co-star George Peppard's suggestion, it was abridged to "Oh, Hannibal."

T is aware of his dramatic shortfall. "You give me too much dialogue, that kills what I'm about, people want to see me bustin' through a door, pickin' up something and throwin' it." Yet, after some makeshift rehearsal, his line interpretation improves appreciably. By the last take, he can give a competent if somewhat fibreboardish performance. Through lunch, he will memorise some more while listening to religious tapes and praying, presumably for his digestive tract.

Peppard has it in perspective: "To say that T is apt would be an understatement. He's quick; he's very quick. The thing that people don't remember is that he didn't spring out of the crib looking like that, talking like that, acting like that. He created a character and he plays it very well."

●

T had begun to doll up that character even in Chicago's Robert Taylor Homes housing project. When you're one of 12 children, you distinguish yourself quickly or they give you a retroactive abortion. Robert Taylor is so monotone glum and depressed, people there can't even afford central standard time. High-rise, low-rent building after high-rise, low-rent building; you want to serve a subpoena on the whole neighborhood. But young Lawrence Tero stood out.

"In high school, I used to wear white-and-black handmade wrestling boots that cost $110, I used to come in the ring with a robe on, I was special, it pays to be different, white people say all blacks look alike anyhow." Lawrence won the Chicago-wide 75-kilogram wrestling championship twice. That was fortunate: doesn't matter what they wear, losers have less visibility than a socked-in airport.

In 1970, at the age of 18 or 19, Lawrence Tero became Mr T. (He had already, in the eighth grade, changed his name from Tureaud to Tero, seeking a persona slowly and diligently, as a dowser with his rod.) He had, so the legend goes, heard both his father (who left home when Lawrence was five) and his elderly uncle called "boy". Now he would be *Mister* T, thank you. Whatever the rationale, it was rather a precocious, if not a precious, demonstration. If my 18-year-old started signing in as Mr M, I'd think he was off his tree. T, at that time, was also forward enough to father a child, Lesa, out of wedlock.

Soon after, he set out for Prairie View A & M (football scholarship), but went back after just one year. He began working with children in a program backed by federal funds. Children seem to be his particular constituency. "Here I got an opportunity, I can mould kids' lives, they look up to me, that's what I try to tell them, the producers, in each segment to show me with a kid, that's very important to my character." But by 1975, the federal slush had melted off. T was out of work, with, it appeared, only a talent for flagging down attention to put on his resume.

Briskman thinks back. "He used to get dressed up — coat and glasses — and he'd hire a limousine. He didn't have a pot to piss in, and he'd go to the Crystal Ball, a predominantly Jewish affair in Chicago. Two thousand people at $200 a seat or something. He'd walk right in — you don't ask *him* if he has a ticket — and hob-nob with the men and dance with the women. He'd tell me, 'The only way you're gonna get rich is to hang around with the rich.' "

T never had much trouble protecting himself; after all, not many would mug a solid-steel toll booth. So he thought, at that jobless moment, of protecting other people for cash. He joined a National Guard MP unit — it would "look good on paper" — and, right off, broke one fellow recruit's leg in combat practice. He then got some training at the US School for Law Enforcement. In time, he opened a bodyguard-and-entourage service known as Mr T's Enterprises. It was at that juncture that John and Calvin appeared. The three went into partnership. On and off, their firm landed local jobs escorting rock stars and actors to, then from, arenas and auditor-

(continued on page 110)

"Sir, you're forgetting your doggie bag."

HOW TO BE A HOLLYWOOD MOGUL ON THE CHEAP

A bit of Arthur Daley, a bit of Cecil B. de Mille, and two hustlers from Tel Aviv turn the movie business upside down.

HERE ARE the pair, in the spitting image of the talk about them: an extraordinary volume of talk, even by the industry's standards. Shoeless for comfort. In rumpled sweatshirts, the older man's belly thrusting to show skin from beneath, like the *chutzpah* with which they are recharging Hollywood. As unkempt as if they'd just disembarked from a night flight rather than having hosted a luncheon for an insurance company they are courting to invest old-money millions — a wonderful opportunity for them, they modestly allow — in their singular film enterprise. Last year, Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus produced more movies than any major American studio, including MGM/UA, Twentieth Century-Fox, Columbia and Paramount.

With daring, financial wizardry — or sleight of hand — and unrelenting hundred-hour weeks, they have taken on the majors that recently smirked at them, and appear to be winning. Almost caricatures of their driven selves, the Cannon Group's chairman of the board and president have as little patience for small talk as self-effacement. "Delivery is the name of the game. Not talking big or looking fancy but getting movies on the screen. When *we* announce one, people trust us so much, our associates are so certain we'll deliver, that our bank no longer asks for a completion bond. In our business, you know, that's amazing . . .

"We bought the Classic chain in 1980, mainly to break the monopoly of English distribution. With a bank loan. One hundred and thirty screens in 67 properties for $11,200,000 — and the valuation of the properties alone was $14,720,000. So this bargain gave us a place to show our films big; nobody in the business could believe that we cleaned the toilets and turned the losses into profit in a year."

The two are sitting — sometimes sprawling, sometimes getting up to take telephone calls from the earth's four corners this Sunday afternoon — in the home of Golan, the elder. Cousin Globus lives a few hundred metres away. Tea is served by Golan's youngest daughter, a student at the University of Southern California. Having just become American citizens, the new Californians remain patriotic Israelis: Golan's two other children, and Globus's three, are at their other family homes in Tel Aviv. Less than ascetic on their frenetic world travels, the men are devoted fathers who grieve, according to friends, over the disruption of family life caused by their scrambling success.

Even without knowing the Israeli connection, a glance at the middle-class Los Angeles houses of the "Go-Go Boys" would be enough to sense what separates them from the Hollywood establishment of consumer display, underlings and Beverly Hills mansions. When the telephone rings again, the difference becomes even sharper. Encased in bureaucracy, of which Golan-Globus are contemptuous, most Hollywood corporate officers hedge their bets and order more market research. By contrast, the maverick pair make instant decisions by the seat of their plebeian pants, returning in their next breath to rhapsodies of their all-consuming "hobby".

"What's an artistic movie?" asks President Globus, pronouncing "artistic" with a sneer. "For me, it's an art to get audiences to theatres. For me, *Star Wars* is the most artistic movie ever. Bringing people to see it for a half a billion dollars — that's something."

Fifty-four-year-old Golan, the partnership's artistic vision, seems not entirely comfortable with this observation by his 40-year-old first cousin. While others buzz about unpaid bills and lawsuits, the two profess utter honesty. ("In our difficult days, sometimes we had debts, we *(continued on page 124)*

***Article by* GEORGE FEIFER**

WALKING TALL

Debi Johnson was just the girl next door before she grew up in a big way. Now she's really steppin' out.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Debi Johnson is a smalltown girl who's hit the big time. She grew up with a lot of love in a very protected atmosphere, her father a laborer, and three brothers who turned out as two policemen and one army sergeant-major. "They used to sit on the front porch cleaning their guns when my dates came over," says Debi.

"I first saw a PLAYBOY magazine when I was 12. Some kids were passing around a copy. I thought the Playmate of the Month was the epitome of beauty and always hoped I would grow up to be special enough to be chosen as one."

Despite her ambitious youth, Debi's high school days were a difficult time. "I was going from child to woman, and the change in my body was uncomfortable. It caused so much attention I would try to hide. It's taken me years to get used to looking this way. I'm really quite shy. I don't do drugs, smoke or sleep around, and about the wildest thing I could be accused of is this bit of decent exposure."

After high school, Debi got a job as an air hostess and saw a lot of the world in the process. "What no one realises," says Debi, "is that the job is very lonely. You spend a lot of time in hotel rooms, exhausted."

She changed careers to selling children's clothes. Now her day is filled with people, making customer contacts, presentations and taking orders. After work she usually goes to the gym and follows a rigorous workout schedule: "Forty-five minutes of talking, then 15 minutes of exercise," she laughs.

"No, I really *do* exercise, but it's very social. I like to jog and to ride my bicycle, then depending on my mood I'll eat, shop or take a long walk and do a bit of people-watching."

But selling clothes to major chainstores is Debi's game at the moment and like everything she does, she's after the best results. What about her sales pitch? "I'm definitely not the hard-sell type. I don't like to be intimidating and I don't like to be intimidated," she explains. "When the product is good, the client sees that without me doing a song and dance about it."

Sounds like a philosophy that applies to just about everything to do with Debi Johnson.

"I have never learned to flirt. If I see something I want, I go after it. Still, I listen. I guess my ears are still insecure. When you stop hearing compliments, it means you're dead."

"I think femininity is a feeling. If I want to be sexy I have to feel *sexy. I will wear lingerie all day, the finest lingerie I can afford. It's a secret, sensuous feeling."*

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: debi nicolle johnson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5 WEIGHT: 102

BIRTH DATE: march 13, 1958

AMBITIONS: to travel and experience as much of the world as possible

TURN-ONS: roses, diamonds, champagne, summer nights, being treated like a lady

TURN-OFFS: needles or any kind of shot, humidity, being rushed

FAVORITE MOVIES: fantasia, the wizard of oz, the hunchback of notre dame, the graduate, e.t., rocky

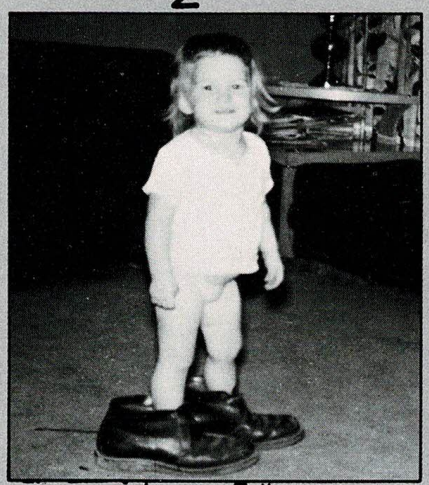
FAVORITE FOODS: strawberries, quiche, tortellini alla panna, veal marsala, cheesecake and a good hamburger

FAVORITE PLACE: the french riviera

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: ann-margret, dan fogelberg, donald fagen, lionel richie

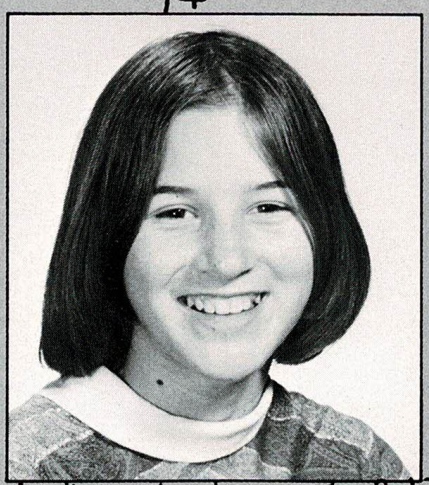
BIGGEST JOY: to have been honored with the title of miss november

2



mom's idea of "room for growth"

14



isn't puberty wonderful?

22

my 1st glamor picture

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The end really came for me," the woman explained to her divorce lawyer, "when I found out my husband had been secretly decorating his penis for years with inscriptions in invisible ink. It seems the bugger took a certain delight in putting words in my mouth."

My mind," cried the astronaut, "whirled
While joy currents eddied and swirled!
There was great copulation
At that stellar space station!
It was sex that was out of this world!"

I just got a letter from an irate husband saying that he's going to kill me if I keep on screwing his wife," confided Jim to his best mate.

"Well, just stop doing it and your worries are over," his friend replied.

"It's not that easy," muttered Jim. "The bastard forgot to sign the letter."

It was after a less than enthusiastic bit of lovemaking that the woman snapped, "You're just lucky that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to you."

"I sure am," retorted the husband. "They'd probably charge me with breaking the minimum-wage law!"

A hotel bellboy was listening with astonishment to the sounds coming from the honeymoon suite. For several hours, all he heard was a man begging, "Now will you let me?"

Finally at dawn, the man was heard to moan, "Darling, our wedding night is almost over so now will you *please* let me?"

"Oh, all right," sighed his wife, "take it out if you must."

The guy I went out with last night was a real gentleman," reported the girl.

"What did he do," asked her flatmate, "take you to the opera or discuss vintage wines?"

"Nothing like that. After he'd gone down on me, he told me I smelled like caviar!"

The husband returned home early from work to find his wife in bed with a man. He was absolutely furious and began packing his things to leave his home and family.

His wife pleaded with him to give her a chance to explain.

"Look, this man came to the door an hour ago and asked for something to eat," she began. "I gave him a cheese sandwich and then I noticed that his shoes were worn out so I looked around the bottom of your wardrobe and found a pair that you haven't worn for years so I gave them to him.

"His jacket was full of holes so I dug into your drawers and found an old tracksuit top that you never wear and I gave it to him. Then I decided to give him the tracksuit pants as well because he looked cold."

"That's all very well," the husband yelled, "but why did you go to bed with him?"

"Well, just as he was about to leave, he turned to me and asked if there was anything else that my husband didn't use. . ."

Maybe you've heard about the small-time prostitute who visited New York and had several flops on Broadway.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *corporate virgin* as a girl who is new to the firm.

Rumor has it that in his next film, Clint Eastwood will play a cop working undercover at a busy metropolitan airport in an improbable disguise. Its title? *Dirty Hare Krishna.*

Hyperconservatives in Israel are said to be opposed to the issuance of a visa to an entertainer called Goy George.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

"It seems all our troubles began when I gave her that membership to the gym."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT COOPER

SIDECAR SUPERHEROES

Robert Reid reports on the muddy, bloody world behind the mighty men of Australian motorcycle sidecar racing.

AYR, NORTH QUEENSLAND, is a sleepy sugar-cane town about 80 kays south of Townsville. Nobody collapses from over-stimulation, but the population is contented and life plods along at an accepted snail's-pace. Up there, the year is neatly divided into two seasons, the crushing

and the slack. That is, the cane harvest and the rest of the year. It's a hello-goodbye kind of place, and straight-through travellers plant their foot hard on the accelerator and keep going. Ayr may not be the liveliest place around, but to the speedway world it is a very important town. It happens to have a dirt track which comes close to being the best in the country, and in January '85 will host the Australian Solo and Pairs Championships. Pioneer Park Speedway fans take their racing seriously, whether it happens to be sprint cars, solo bikes or stockies. But there is one form of racing which really packs them in, rain, hail or shine, and that is the spectacular sudden death sport known as motorcycle sidecar racing.

On a recent tropical night the powerful NSW Sidecar Team was in town to take on a North Queensland side in the second of a four-Test series. Everybody and their dog were there, as the saying goes, plus wives and stubbies.

The star-studded NSW team had never been beaten in Queensland, and 24 hours earlier had wiped the floor with a local team at Gladstone. It was a laid-back start to the tour, and the NSW Leathers were looking good. They sported an impressive line-up of riders, a confident, highly professional team, with fast, state-of-the-art machines to back them up. For starters, captain of the team Phil McCurtayne was reigning Australian sidecar champion. Then there were Gary Treloar and Keith Braddock, current Aussie Pairs title-holders, and a couple of British grass-track aces, Paul Pinfold and Alan Artus, thrown in for good measure. On paper they looked unbeatable; a cream-of-the-crop bunch of riders racing at peak form. The big crowd at Pioneer Park murmured. Things didn't look too good for the home side.

But Nev Varley, captain of the NQ team, had a secret weapon. It was called the will to win, and he reckoned it was going to be a spanner in the works for the tourists. Aside from that he rated his own riders as second to none, and they weren't in Ayr to fool around. Varley and his sidecar boys were deadly serious. He put it this way: "I knew what those guys were thinking. They'd had an easy win at Gladstone, and everything was running their way. They were riding a high note, like, 'Hey, we'll rip up to Sunnyland for a bit of relaxation, and blow the arse off the locals for practice'. Well, I'm an old city boy myself, and I'm right onto them. When you get too cocky, you lose your edge. That's when you've gotta watch out."

Varley wasn't just sounding off. Unlike the weaker Gladstone side, Varley's team comprised the best riders in Queensland and they were tough, experienced and steamed for action. His number one rider was 24-year-old Paul Penhaligon, former two-time Queensland champion, runner-up in the '82 Australian Championship in Darwin and currently rated fourth in the country. Bruce Turner, an expatriate New Zealand champion now living in Mackay, was next. Turner's an aggressive, fearless rider, who can win in any company. He likes a hard race, and with his gutsy wife Norma as passenger gives no quarter on the track. Mt Isa rider Brad Rolph made up Varley's squad of heavyweights. Supporting them were solid performers Glen Garrett and Peter Schmidlin. A no-nonsense team of track-wise riders, they were out to give the NSW visitors a big shake.

Varley himself was a local legend on the Queensland speedway circuit. In sidecar-racing vernacular, he's known as a hard-charger. Off track he's quietly spoken and good humored. On track, he is Nev The Rev, an out-of-my-way open-throttle man. Sidecar racer Bob Baxter sums up Varley this way: "He's the most aggressive rider I've ever seen. He seems to physically lift the bike along. If it doesn't handle right, he makes the bastard handle. He is the kind of guy who is never beaten, no matter what happens."

It was a hard day's night at Ayr. The two sides fought it out race for race. Halfway

Varley was a local legend. He's a hard-charger. "He seems to physically lift the bike along. If it doesn't handle he makes the bastard handle."

through the meeting, Penhaligon blew the engine on his Yamaha. Varley threw away an important race when he accidentally cut his engine. "Killed the bike in a big race," he recalls. "It was a stupid mistake, just one of those things. I was out in front by a mile, too, and feeling pretty good, when into the top corner I must have leaned my arm out too far. Boom! I pulled the kill switch. I lost a sure three points on that one." The kill switch, a recent racing development, is a peg attached to the rider's wrist by a cord that's pulled away in an emergency, instantly activating a cut-out mechanism. Apart from fluke accidents like Varley's, the kill-switch is a popular device. Nobody likes maverick, riderless bikes tearing up the track.

The NSW Leathers had their problems, too. McCurtayne and Pinfold were hampered by mechanical trouble and Keith Braddock was disqualified for running off the track.

But the teams were evenly matched and set-backs are part of the game. Coming up to the last race, Varley's team was three points down. It was a case of everything on the line. North Queensland had to come in first and second to take out the Test. NSW had only to gain second place to save the day with a tied match. If they won, the match was theirs. To Varley the situation was clear-cut. He had to win and his partner Brad Rolph had to run second. Opposing them were the NSW big guns, McCurtayne and Artus.

The crowd was jumping with excitement. They were screaming for victory. Varley: "There was no doubt about it, Rolphy and I had to win.

The speedway manager rushes up: "Nev, Nev! You've gotta win this one. We'll win the fuckin' Test!"

"Yeah, yeah," Varley says. "Just back off and don't give me a hard time."

"For some reason," he added later, "I'm the white-haired boy down in Ayr. They think I can blitz Speedy Gonzalez before breakfast. I knew I had to win it. The fans were off the air. I was the last hope for the night, see, so when I went up to the tapes, I went up to win."

You could hold the tension in your hand when the four bikes lined up for the start. Engines shrieked. When the tapes went up, Varley gave it all he had and scorched a line directly into the corner. McCurtayne was hot on his trail, burning up the track. "Our team plan relied on both of us making that corner in front," Brad Rolph said later. "Well, as it turned out, McCurtayne was in front of me, but I was beating Artus. I had to get through somehow, otherwise we were finished. Varley did the only thing possible; he rode McCurtayne's line, holding him until I could force my way through. Once Varley sits on your line, there's no way you're going to get past him, you're stuck! At the second turn I got through into the number two position, and we went like bats out of hell."

In the third and final lap McCurtayne threw everything into the race to peg back Rolph and gain second place. Rolph held him off desperately, and crossed the line behind Varley. North Queensland won the Test by one point.

The crowd went berserk. Varley and Rolph were heroes. It was a classic example of the underdog winning. A rough and ready provincial team had defeated the Goliath of sidecar racing.

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A sidecar machine is a sight to behold. It's a low-down, brakeless, chunky three-wheeler, with a sideways lean like it's been hit by a truck. It only looks right on a banked speedway track, where it hunkers down into the dirt, its natural home. The built-in lean is to compensate for the dynamics of speed in relation to gravity. The *trikes* are easily manageable at speed on a cambered surface, but impossible otherwise. (Varley recounts the story of a novice rider who rode in three complete circles before he reached the starting line!) The bikes are stripped of all gear not essential to the art of racing. They carry big engines and can hit 160km/h on the bigger tracks, with plenty in reserve.

Sidecar racing was born in Australia and peaked in popularity in the '40s and '50s. Like another uniquely Australian sport, Aussie rules, sidecar racing seemed to belong here and although it was adopted successfully in the UK and New Zealand, it was here at venues like the Sydney Showground and Rowley Park, Adelaide, that it made its name.

During the early and middle years of the sport, the bikes were legendary Vincents, Nortons, and Triumphs: the British kings of the track. Varley and Penhaligon now use Yamaha 1100cc engines, sleeved down to the regulation 1020cc output. These are standard engines racing on conventional fuel with factory-tested horse-power ratios of around 120 in Penhaligon's machine and 125 in Varley's.

Varley stresses the difference between the standard engine, which is essentially the same as the street version, and the highly modified machines now coming into use. "The Yamahas are very good in the conventional sense and, if used sensibly, can match the best of the fancy machines. You have to look at cost in relation to performance," he says.

The Sydney riders use all the top gear — specialist camshafts, valves, high-compression pistons, and so on — all of which costs a fortune. A carburettor, for example, can cost $1000. Paul Pinfold uses an engine which probably cost about six grand. Not bad if you can get it, but Penhaligon can beat those machines with his old XS. It's all a matter of delivery . . . what you get working for you down at track level. Usually, engines which produce a lot of horsepower haven't got all that much down below, but the Yamaha has power right through and that's what makes it such a good racing unit. It has more usable power.

On dirt a broad power band is needed with plenty of muscle to pull through the gear range. Engine torque, that's what it's all about, like if the wheels spin too much, you can come off the throttle and just grunt it in. The modified bikes sound mighty powerful, but once they come off the throttle, they've lost it . . . not enough grunt.

A sidecar race is run over three laps. On a quarter-mile track it is over in just under one minute. It is a sizzling, white-hot burst of speed and skill. The rider fights for control all the way, often half-blinded by mud and buffeted by other machines competing for space. It is a no-holds-barred contest with the threat of death or injury riding every second of the way. Varley describes it this way: "The track lights reflect off the mud and gravel. It's like a shower of meteorites hitting you full force, almost knocking you off the bike. If you're behind, it can prevent you from getting past and winning. You see a patch of track and nothing else. You hear nothing except the hum of the engine. It isn't even a roar, like you might imagine. You have to concentrate your whole mind and body on what you're doing. On some tracks you can't see very well and it's like flashing into a black pit. You hope to Christ nothing goes wrong. It's a lot of guesswork, sometimes, and you're riding on the limit, with muddy gravel blasting you away from the bike."

Varley is a "head" rider. Brains and quick thinking are as essential to winning as a top-notch racing machine. "There are too many guys who don't ride with their brains," he says. "Vvvrrrooommm! That's it. They never get anywhere, except maybe a fluke win now and then. You have to be smarter than the next guy, just like in everything else.

technique of playing out the clutch is very important. It's a matter of understanding the principles and mechanics of just what is happening. If you've got it in your head, 'Here goes the power, down through the bike to the wheel,' then you can avoid wasted power. A perfect start is to lift the front wheel just off the dirt. Perfect traction, perfect drive," Varley says.

The sidecar passenger, or swinger, is an integral part of the racing machine. It is his skill and intuition which determines maximum performance in a race. He is the

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID MARSHALL

Nev Varley (left) and his regular passenger Dave Savage blitzed the city slickers.

"I put everything I've got into the start. You'll notice a lot of front-runners are good gaters. Paul Pinfold is one, possibly the best in Australia at the moment. Then there is two-time Australian champ Keith Sewell. He wins his races on a good start. So it's no good gearing a bike for speed if you can't win the start. A good gater can win against a superior bike, but he has to be good.

"At the start I don't pump the throttle like a lot of guys. Everybody gets a buzz from cracking the throttle, but it's only a big noise. I hold the bike on constant revs, throttle open to a certain point — the lurch point — where the bike will come on to power, or drop off power. At that lurch point, I'm ready. The trick is to feed power to the wheels at a constant rate. The adjustment factor between all parts of the sidecar, and must use his body to distribute weight where it is needed, to place the balance between drive and non-drive, from front wheel to rear wheel. The swinger's movements are instinctive. He learns to feel the bike's motion in relation to his next move, and to anticipate the rider's intentions. It's a perilous task, giving no margin for error. There's very little room to swing from the back of the bike, down low along the frame, and then outwards as the machine negotiates a corner. In this position gravity holds the swinger to the bike, assisting the natural movement of the sliding sidecar. Out into the straight again, the swinger leaps back on to the seat, then over to the opposite side, until the next

corner. Different rider/swinger combinations have different techniques, but the job is always the same: to balance and adjust. Apart from the risk of falling, the swinger has to contend with other dangers, notably the tendency of other riders to nudge him with their wheels, as he leans out wide over the track. In a jostling pack of hard-charging machines, the swinger is often a human buffer between opposing riders. Wheel tracks across the back of a swinger's leathers provide much amusement in the pits between races.

There are no slow-speed excursions on a sidecar machine, as I discover when I become Varley's swinger for a lap. It is the closest anyone can get to riding a raging bull without being able to get off.

I hang on, trying to recall instructions: "Hook your leg over. . . get down low on the corners. . . *low*. . . your knee on the tray. Can you do that? Bring your head down near the ground, that's when you'll *really* get a buzz."

Buzz? I can't get down, nor even move. I lean forward against a hard backward thrust which threatens to tear me off the bike. At 110km/h the corners are frightening, nightmare journeys. My boot is burning on the exhaust pipe. My foot is getting hot, but I can't move. Varley bucks the front wheel off the ground, as if he is whipping the bull forward. *Speed, speed!*

Into this bitch of a corner. He pokes a hand back as we surge along the straight. "Sit up," he's telling me. I break free of my frozen crouch. The bike wobbles at my clumsiness. We're slowing down. Relief: I made it. But Varley is not through. He charges the next corner, zig-zagging through a curtain of mud. I swing down and forward, as far as I dare. Too short, I tell myself desperately. I'm too fucking short to reach the front bar. Too late, anyway, the moment has gone, and the bull is pawing at the straight.

Then, through a wasteland of jangling numbness, I feel an edge of exhilaration, a sudden urge to cast off my fear and enjoy the rush of speed. An expanding bubble of vision enters my consciousness, flashing alone in a universe of crazy thunder and motion. The bull has gone.

When we stop, I'm pop-eyed from speed. "That was just a warm-up," grins Varley. "Wait until we get into *main* drive."

I huff and puff, trying to slow down. "I'll have it on lay-by," I say.

●

The third Test was played out at Edmonton Speedway, near Cairns. It was a crucial match for NSW. They needed a face-saver badly and, if they were to gain the upper hand in the series, they had to win this one. Peter White had come down hard on his team after the one point loss at Ayr, and they were fighting mad for revenge.

But Varley had fuel in his veins instead of blood that night. He was thinking through the pistons, valves and carburettors of his machine. The symbols in his mind were units of power and ratios of speed. He was looking for that extra ounce of grunt to lift the bike to victory. In the first race of the night, he had the power of will, the right energy at the right time, and there was nothing anybody could do about it.

Varley and Rolph hurtled over the finishing line one and two. As Varley had predicted, that first win set the pace. The Queensland riders raced like demons, the smell of victory sweet in their nostrils. At the end of the night's racing, they had won the match, 60 points to 48, with Varley top-scoring.

In the end the North Queenslanders were to take out the Test series three to one. Varley reckoned he had proved the point that North Queensland had riders to match the best in Australia. They were skilled, they were experienced and they were tough.

●

Being tough is something Nev Varley knows about. At the age of two he was declared a ward of the state in NSW, and spent the next 14 years of his life in various institutions. His mother was a European immigrant who buckled under the stress of life in an alien culture, while he never knew his father. He learned that life was tough, and if you're weak you go down. He learned to listen hard, to keep his mouth shut, and to survive at all costs.

"I was mashed face down in the dirt with the bike on top of me. My nose was broken, blood was running into my throat. I thought I'd had it."

When he got out, he was almost 16. Girls were an unknown quantity, mysterious and distant. He lacked social skills, and found it difficult to make friends.

Motorcycles gave him his first real sense of identity. Astride a motorbike he was separate from the crowd, an individual.

"Motorbikes were my first real friends," he explains. "If I took care of them, they took care of me. My older brother Frank used to tinker with old British bikes, Trumpies and Ay-Jays, and that's how I got involved. I had a '42 Harley which I kept in the lounge-room."

Racing motorcycles meant nothing to him, until he drifted north to Cairns in the early '70s. He was working as a mechanic when a Mt Isa sidecar team came to town. "Mt Isa were the kings of the track in those days, and I liked their style," Varley recalls. "I didn't know what a sidecar outfit was until then, but it wasn't long before I decided to build one. It was all hit and miss, and I made plenty of mistakes, but eventually I got a 750cc Honda Four together, working from manuals and picking the brains of visiting riders. Two other locals built their own machines about the same time. Paul Penhaligon's father, John, put together a 650cc Yamaha and Rusty Rees built a 900cc Kawasaki. We were ready to go."

There was no speedway track near Cairns, so the trio belted their machines around a rough bush circuit at Mareeba, half killing themselves in the process.

It wasn't until the Edmonton Speedway was completed that the Cairns novices saw any real action. In his first ever serious race, with John Penhaligon riding as passenger, Varley got caught up in a tangle, and found himself in big trouble.

"I was mashed face down in the dirt, with the bike on top of me. My nose was broken, blood was running into my throat, and I could hardly breathe. To cap it off, fuel started pouring down over my helmet on to my nose. I was suffocating. I thought I'd had it," Varley says. "A great racing hero, fucked in his first race. I don't know how I did it, but I bucked that bastard of a bike off my back and staggered to my feet. Bikes and riders were up-ended all over the place. John was flat on the track with a badly cut leg, and the bike was a mess."

Accidents are as much a part of sidecar racing as the smell of rubber and fuel. Thrills and spills, as they say. Varley's record of broken bones stands at nose (twice), collarbone, finger, and leg (twice). He reckons he's been lucky. His worst accident occurred in a race against a Mt Isa team in Cairns. He was deep into a corner, edging sideways, when his old rival Brad Rolph charged alongside looking for an opening. "I heard a sharp bang," recalls Varley, "and the bike shifted three feet across the track. That didn't worry me: all par for the course. All I was interested in was getting up into the next gear. We were neck and neck and I thought if I blast out of this corner first I've got him. When I went for that gear, nothing happened. I thought I'd missed it, and went for it again. I couldn't feel anything, so I shot a look down. There's my passenger hanging over the side, and there's my foot cocked out at an odd angle. I pulled off the track with my passenger yelling blue murder to get going. Well they dragged me off the bike and I told them to get my leathers off before the pain got too bad. Leathers cost money, and I didn't want mine looking like they had been through a chaff cutter. The leg was snapped just above the ankle, broken in three places.

"That's the way it goes. You can't blame the other riders. If there's a space, go for it. If not, make a bloody space. Those guys are serious, they're out there to win, and they're not going to stop if you happen to be in the way."

They play down the dangers of the sport, these leather-clad speedsters. Talk about it, sure, and have a good laugh, but then put it away, out of sight where it can't do any harm. On the track, winning is paramount. Thoughts of danger have no place in that furious less-than-a-minute, three-lap dash for victory. Cartwheeling bikes, broken bones, and blacked-out death: they're all there, poised over the track like carrion vultures waiting for victims. But not tonight, not tonight.

When it does happen, it can be rationalised. There was a reason. Something happened to make things go wrong.

Perhaps the most consistent malfunction on the finely tuned machines is a jammed throttle at high speed. It happens to every rider and most can recount tales of heart-stopping shock when it's realised there is no back-off. Varley grins at this one: "It happened to me when I was about to throw the bike into a corner. I got it around the corner and into the straight, picking up speed. I rode it for three-quarters of a lap, going very fast, too fast, before I hit the ignition switch. By this time I had about 1300 revs on board and the bike was going like an F111. Nothing happened when I killed the ignition. The engine just pre-ignited and kept on going. I couldn't do a thing, except try and steer the bike out of trouble. Eventually I got it onto the grass and went arse-up. My passenger had fallen off, which was lucky for him. The bike revved its head off until it ran out of fuel. But there's no point in worrying about it. You either get around the corner, or you don't get around the corner."

There hasn't been a death in Queensland speedway since 1982, but the figures belie the dangers. The number of near-misses are legion.

Nev Varley agrees that the risk factor is high. If your luck runs out, you trust in God, or your leathers and helmet. "Yeah, it's right on the line," he says, "no doubt about that. Guys get wrecked now and then, but what do you do? If you want to race, you race. I don't want to know about fear, that's not on the program. If my number comes up, it comes up. That's it."

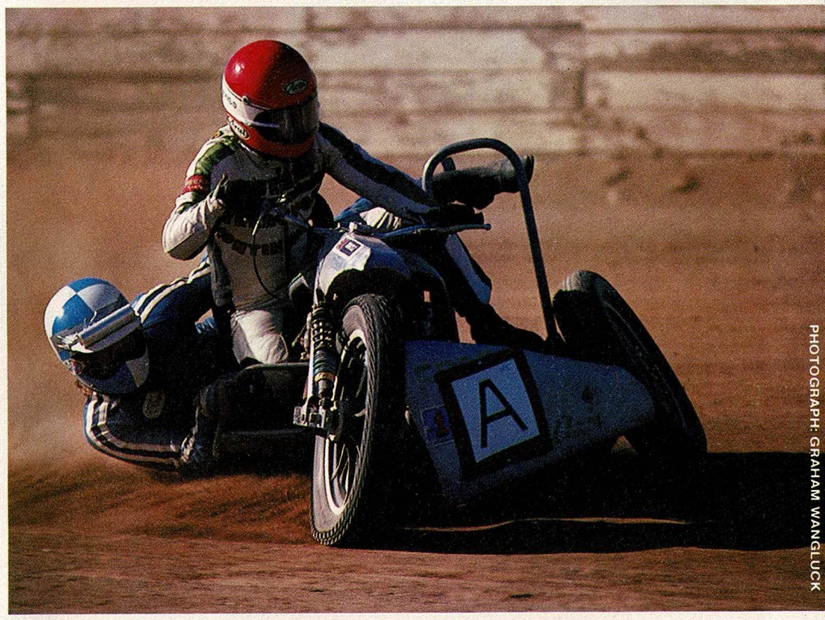
●

To get to Mt Isa and back to Cairns in a single weekend takes a fair bit of driving, but to sidecar riders it's all ho-hum. Varley and Penhaligon need all the competition they can get, so when a meeting comes up out west, it's pack up Friday afternoon and get cracking. Sidecar racing in Queensland means a lot of travelling, most of it on a shoe-string. Few sidecar teams are sponsored and on-road expenses can be high, which is one reason why the riders themselves are a very flexible breed. They work on their own bikes, they scrimp and save for extra dollars, and they drive staggering distances for a night's racing.

Tonight's a best pairs meeting in Mt Isa, so each team comprises two bikes that will battle for combination wins of first and second for top points in each heat. The riders are preparing themselves for tough competition. They know each other well and they know that on any given night only luck and skill separates them at the finish.

Varley suits up. He will be taking the number two slot, with Penhaligon going for the post. This time the pressure is on Penhaligon to win, but it doesn't show. He's relaxed, casually swapping jokes as race-time draws near. "We'll be racing in six events tonight," he says. "That's only about five-and-a-half minutes actual racing all-up. You have to have it all together for that period. There isn't any time for mistakes."

As usual it hasn't been raining at Mt Isa and the reddish dirt of the surrounding countryside is packed hard and dry. But not the track, which has been watered down to just the right amount of slushy mud. It's a short, oval-shaped track with hardly any straights between the corners. Varley eyes the scene warily. It's not his favorite track. He's tumbled here twice in the past and doesn't want to go down a third time.



PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM WANGLUCK

Rider and swinger move together instinctively. There's no margin for error.

In the end Paul Penhaligon scorched the opposition to win all of his six races. They call that maximum points, which is another way of saying a perfect score. Varley did what he had to do, backing up the younger rider with four seconds and a third. It was the Cairns team's night, a reminder that Varley and Penhaligon are running hot for their build-up to the Queensland and National Championships.

●

It's wind-down time in the speedway club bar. As expected, nobody got rich tonight — 150 bucks tow-money per bike. That's $75 for each man less the five bucks they all paid at the gate to get in.

Now comes the good part. Getting pissed and maybe a bout or two of the noble art of goanna wrestling.

Goanna wrestling has come a long way. Nobody can say for sure but it probably originated among the cane cutters in the Innisfail district 30 or 40 years ago. After a long, back-breaking day among the blackened cane sticks, the cutters would do anything to drive the thought of work from their minds. Booze and fighting went nicely together, and out of fighting a few less-damaging pub games evolved, like belly-butting.

Goanna wrestling is another classic form of hotel combat. It involves two contestants facing each other, hands and knees on the floor, or outside in the dirt. A couple of trouser belts are buckled together and looped around each man's head behind the neck. The struggle begins, eyeball to eyeball, the object being to back up and drag your opponent along by sheer neckpower. It's a vein-popping exercise and good news for the chiropractic profession.

As a pure art form it must be spontaneous. Out come a pair of tie-down straps, a sidecar version of the cane cutter's broad, leather belt. A rowdy mob of drinkers gather round while two opponents get down to it, pulling each other's heads off, for all the world like two goannas stretching upright on their front legs. It's an amazing sight, red-faced young men straining backwards on the hard wooden floor, neck veins bulging. The contest goes on, an inch one way, an inch another, amid a shifting forest of legs and thonged feet. Gradually one gets the upper hand and jerks his head in a go-for-it-all burst of strength. As one caves in, the other tows him a yard or two to prove a point. Instant uproar. Hands grab for the straps, cans of beer are thrust this way and that and everybody settles down for a serious session of the best sport ever invented — after sidecar racing.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE CONNELL

20 QUESTIONS: RODNEY RUDE

Australia's funniest man is making a fortune by being rude to everyone and there's no way he's going to wipe that smile off his face.

Rodney Keft is probably the rudest man in Australia. So rude he's been abused, assaulted and arrested for it. But rudeness has made Rodney a wealthy man and he enjoys it so much he's made it his second name. Now, aged 41, Rodney Rude is poised to make the leap from cult comic to mainstream stardom.

It is a success he deserves. More than 20 years ago he left home in Bathurst, NSW, to join a travelling carnival, spruiking for the sideshows by day, sleeping out in the open at night. "You knew you were on the way up when you got to sleep under a lorry," he recalls. Tired of sleeping his way to the top the hard way, Rodney fled to America and developed a stand-up comedy routine which consisted of him, a guitar and an ever-expanding repertoire of rude jokes and songs. He played some of the toughest dives in the United States and Canada, his routine often punctuated by gunfire or knife fights, and survived to play Las Vegas.

Rodney returned to Australia five years ago to help launch the new Aussie comedy boom as MC at a Sydney club called The Comedy Store which specialised in trying out new comics in front of a live audience. From there he went on to build a national following with appearances in clubs, concert halls, universities and at rock venues throughout Australia. With a major tour underway, a video movie of a live performance in the shops, a comedy record album, important overseas dates and an increasing number of TV spots, it seems everybody wants to get Rude.

Much of Rodney's appeal is his versatility. He has jokes for everyone veering from dreadful corn to quirky psychological humor. He can play a rock audience of 30,000 or a room full of off-duty policemen and reduce both audiences to giggling jelly. Some of his jokes may miss the funny bone but they're quickly buried beneath the avalanche of oral anarchy, overwhelmed by the sheer number of bullseyes.

Associate Editor ***Paul Mann*** *interrupted Rodney Rude long enough to ask 20 questions and found a man who genuinely loves his work. Despite his famous "hate" routine, there's only one thing Rodney really hates and that's not working. And why shouldn't he? He's getting paid for doing what thousands of Australians do every day for nothing — being rude.*

1.

PLAYBOY: When did you first know you wanted to be a comedian?

RUDE: Well, I kind of slipped into it. My first real interest was in being a musician. I remember coming down to Sydney from Bathurst as a young kid with money I'd saved to buy a used car. I bought a guitar instead. A cherry red Gibson. I thought it was great. Later, when I wanted to go out to Western Australia for some work I asked my dad for a loan and he said, "Drive your bloody guitar!" My dad's a funny bloke, he makes me laugh. Anyway, before I left Sydney and really went on the road I put together a sort of routine with the guitar, a few songs, a few jokes. For a while there I was a messenger for a department store in Sydney and I got this job at an RSL, my first paid job as an entertainer. Nothing too flash but I got paid four pounds, 10 shillings for the night. That was a lot of money for a 17-year-old I can tell you, it was more than I was making a week as a messenger. I got to have a few beers with all these older blokes and they would tell me interesting things, I even got myself a root for the night. Why wouldn't a young bloke want to do that for the rest of his life instead of being a messenger in a department store?

2.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop your comedy style?

RUDE: I think you've got to pick what you're best at. I happen to be able to touch on a lot of areas because of experience. I play so many different places, rock 'n' roll venues, I might do a room of 500 pensioners, then I might go and do a room of all ladies with male strippers. I think the key is being able to adapt what you're doing to the audience.

A lot of the younger comics who are trying to emulate me now — and I don't want to sound like I'm pissing in my own pocket here — are trying to copy me in ideas and attitudes and, really, they're only kicking themselves in the arse. They're better off to pick the one thing they're good at, grab it and go with it, you know. Like, I happen to be really good at sexual sort of humor [*laughs*]. I've been able to talk dirty in front of huge crowds ever since I was young and I've enjoyed it, it works for me. Whereas with a lot of comics who try to do it, it comes across as a bit self-conscious as if they're not really comfortable with it. Once you find what you're good at, it's just a matter of experience in front of different kinds of audiences.

3.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between a guy who talks dirty in front of a big crowd and gets arrested for it and a guy who talks dirty in front of a big crowd and gets paid a lot of money?

RUDE: Well, that's a very interesting question because both things have happened to me. I got arrested in Toledo, Ohio, once; it happened to me in Perth. I forget what the charge was in Perth, something like obscene language in a public place. In Toledo it was inciting a riot because a whole ball team stood up and dropped their pants. The police got me twice in Toledo, charged me before midnight and after midnight so they could get me two days running.

In Perth I was standing onstage, really rockin' on, a big audience and everyone having a good time and two plainclothes fellas came up and said, "Get off the stage!" One of 'em pulled out his credentials and I had to stop then, I had everybody revved up and I had to stop and lean down and I said, "Gee, I'm going to look bad now, can I just do one song to look good and get off?"

He said, "No, get off the stage or I'll pull you off." Well, you know what I'm going to say, so I said, "Well, I've never been pulled off by a policeman before." And that's when they got angry. I didn't really mean anything, I just couldn't help it at the time, I was a dying man, the audience didn't know what was going on and I was taking a dive. I managed to get off a quick aside that I was being arrested and that was when the audience got angry, they started yelling and carrying on, pelting things, people running around.

But, you know, the interesting thing is that it happened in Perth. I do a lot of shows for the police department here in Sydney and they really like me. I do shows for the plainclothes people and the uniformed police and I don't censor anything and they're really great, they have a good time. You know, another thing about Perth, while I was getting arrested that show *Steaming* was on across the road with naked people running around onstage and swearing at each other and that's all right, you know, under the guise of art but when a lowly

comic was to stand up in a smoke-filled room at one in the morning with a sign out front that says some language may offend, some people choose to get offended.

4.

PLAYBOY: Lenny Bruce had the same problem in the America of the early 1960s but we like to think we're more sophisticated now. Are we really?

RUDE: Apparently not in Perth. But there may have been other things going on then that I don't know about. I've since been invited back to play a new comedy store type of thing there and I'd like to go.

5.

PLAYBOY: Does wowserism present a problem to you in Australia because of the nature of your material?

RUDE: When I first came back to Australia I ran up against all kinds of it. That's the reason it took me so long to come back here and work. I wanted to work here because I'd been away for years and I wanted to live in Australia. I came back and they had this thing where you paid $30 to a group of agents to judge your act and see if you were okay for the clubs. I remember it was Sydney's Maroubra Seals Club. There were all these surfies there and this long table with about 12 agents waiting to pass judgement on me. I did a few surfie jokes because they're always good for a laugh and the surfies were having a great time. I thought it would be good to do agent jokes for all those agents but when I started picking on them, you know, just silly jokes, jokes about their features and the way they dress, they started getting really angry. They were deadly serious with their pens and paper and when they marked me I got a D — that's the bottom mark I think. They said I wasn't fit to perform in Australian clubs. My voice, they said, was excellent, presentation was good, dress was good but everything else would have to change. They told me I'd have to get a new act and a different attitude.

When that happened I lost a lot of faith in the system because I knew I was a good act and I'd worked all over the world. It was Barry Crocker who told me just to ignore all that and go ahead and do my own thing. Barry gave me all kinds of encouragement, told me to forget about those particular agents, to stick with what I was doing. If it wasn't for Barry Crocker I would have gone back overseas. People forget what a great comic talent Barry Crocker is, he's got a very funny mind and he was the person who persuaded me to stay in Australia and make it work.

6.

PLAYBOY: Even though it has taken Australia a long time to catch on to you and you do have the aura of a progressive comedian, some of your material is old and rather corny. You work with a volatile mix of old and new jokes. What's your inspiration?

RUDE: I ceased trying to analyse that years ago. When you say there's something old, something new, I think somehow it all works out in the end. When I've got a big show coming up I love to get really depressed beforehand. When you're trying to find something that'll fit the occasion there's nothing better than coming up with something original and I'll go away for two or three days, sometimes a week, and get down. I like to sit in my basement at home, put on some really sad country music, a little Johnny Paycheck with all his problems, open a flagon of wine and get really depressed. I like nothing better than to get a bit pissed, have a good cry and enjoy myself. That's the way I come up with new material. Then I go to work and, bang, out I come with it.

7.

PLAYBOY: That's ridiculous.

RUDE: Why? It works for me. I like to get into a state where I'm just sitting there wallowing in misery, I only get up to go to the toilet and sometimes I don't even do

I like nothing better than to get a bit pissed, have a good cry and enjoy myself. That's the way I come up with new material.

that [*laughs*]. Then Pat, my wife, will come home and find me really pissed and I'll have had a good cry and she'll make me a nice meal and I'm right then. If I go to work the next night I'm running hot.

8.

PLAYBOY: Why would that kind of therapy make you a better comic?

RUDE: Well, I've made a conscious effort to put comedy right out of my head for a few days and I've rested my head. I think that's all it is. It doesn't pay to analyse comedy too deeply, I did that years ago and I lost my spontaneity, I flopped. If you're funny, you're funny. It just happens with me that when I've been depressed before I go onstage, then for some reason I'm funnier. It works when I've had a fight with my wife, too. I can go out and kill 'em after a fight with Pat.

9.

PLAYBOY: Which comedians make you laugh?

RUDE: Oh, Bob Hawke . . . Russ Hinze, he's a funny bugger. One comedian I never stop laughing at is my dog. I have a white bull terrier called Pixie. I never stop laughing at her. Dogs have their own little thing happening — they're just the funniest things, ever. I've got a pair of wrap-around sunglasses I put on her. She sits out in the sun wearing them and that looks funny. There's a little sign over the dog hole at home: PLACE HAND HERE TO RECEIVE STUMP.

10.

PLAYBOY: You tell jokes about incest, necrophilia and cancer victims in your act. Is nothing sacred to you?

RUDE: No, nothing's sacred [*laughs*]. Ah, that's not strictly true, I'd have to say some things don't appeal to me, some things are sacred. I never liked those baby jokes that went around a few years ago, you know, about sticking pitchforks in babies, that sort of thing. A lot of people think it's terribly funny but I don't like tearing strips off people who need protection.

11.

PLAYBOY: What about cancer victims? Don't they need protection?

RUDE: I don't tell that many jokes about cancer but I'm very careful about that, too. If I told a joke about cancer it would be about somebody who'd had a bloody good innings.

12.

PLAYBOY: And your blind jokes about Stevie Wonder?

RUDE: Well, I wouldn't make a joke about a blind bloke who was in the audience, for example, because he might have a friend there who would kick the shit out of me [*laughs*]. No, to be serious, Stevie Wonder can stand a few jokes because he's right up there and the jokes are about *him* rather than his blindness. He needs to have a few strips torn off him regardless of whether he's blind or not.

13.

PLAYBOY: Are you funny offstage?

RUDE: Yeah, I like to laugh when I'm with people. When I'm on my own I don't do a helluva lot of funny stuff. I like to do *some* things that are funny. I carry a megaphone in my truck all the time and you know those people with the stop and go signs who work on the roads? I think that's a terribly funny occupation and I might come up on a stop and go man having a bit of a rest on the road, just standing there daydreaming, and I'll come up on him real quiet, lean out the window and yell something at him through the megaphone like "Wake up, you lazy bastard!" And people in traffic — you know how you get arseholes in traffic — I like to give them a piece of my mind. And any time an election is on, you know those election vans that go round the streets, I always answer them back, say something about the candidate, what he should have done and shouldn't and that's not true, all that stuff.

14.

PLAYBOY: Other comedians say they envy your ability to silence hecklers and still keep the audience on your side. How do you do it?

RUDE: I terrify the bastards [*laughs*]. Yeah, well, part of my act is picking on people in the audience but I try to do it in a way that's obviously good natured so they can't possibly object. Part of it is because I suffer from some crowd deafness and I can lip read. I can tell what people are saying at the back of the room just by their lip movements. Honestly, I've seen audiences sometimes, people are so scared [*laughs*] to get up and go to the toilet while I'm on, because they think I'm going to cut 'em to shreds with my Wilkinson Sword tongue and they just sit there and piss themselves. I've had clubs . . . the cleaners have complained that there's piss under the tables, people have literally pissed themselves. What happens — and I've done it myself when I've been really drunk — is you've got your dick out under the table and you piss because you don't want to get up and go. A lot of people do that because they don't want to stand up and walk out and be singled out for ridicule by the bloke onstage. People make me laugh.

15.

PLAYBOY: You enjoy picking on your audiences?

RUDE: Oh I think they're there for my entertainment. I think any kind of tricks you can play on your audiences are great. You get one lone person coming in and all the other people are in your confidence and the joke's going to be on this poor arsehole coming in. I love that thing, too, where you get people up on the stage, you say you do this and you do that and I'll be down here and you go down and sit in the audience and you leave them up there on the stage and yell out, "Get off the stage, you bloody idiot!" Just leave 'em there and pick on 'em, that's great.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the longest solo stand-up routine you've done?

RUDE: Oh . . . three hours, I think. That was in Adelaide at The Flying Trapeze and that can be verified because it was taped but I don't think going for that length of time is anything special.

17.

PLAYBOY: What does it feel like when you're really firing onstage, when you have an audience in the palm of your hand?

RUDE: Oh, that's a very thrilling feeling, the top of your head can come off. Hitler was good at it. He was a good comedian but people did everything he said instead of laughing at him.

18.

PLAYBOY: What have been a couple of your triumphs?

RUDE: Usually things to do with survival. You know, when there's been really heavy scenes in the club, bad fights, that kind of thing and you come out of it, when you see people dead and you got away. I've always thought that was great. I haven't seen anything like that happen in Australia but I certainly had to put up with it a lot overseas. Shootings and knife fights . . . mostly knife fights. When there's some of those great big negroes fighting, they're all athletes, even the ones who are out of shape are athletes, they've got muscles on their shit and they're leaping around the room on tables having a cut at each other, you've gotta be careful. I used to do a sort of parody, I'd do a running commentary on the fight but that's very dangerous because they can turn on you.

That's a high, when you can turn something like that into comedy and especially when there's a low stage and there's a bad fight that falls on to the stage. You get five or six blokes fighting and they fall on to the stage and you have to kind of push 'em off without getting hurt yourself. It can be very funny. I remember that happening once and they were all on the stage fighting, hanging on to each other and the fight was going backwards and forwards across the stage.

It was like something out of one of those old silent films. There was this musician and me and we got on one side and started pushing this fight across the stage. It was a long stage and these blokes started going real fast, all hanging on to each other, their legs going like buggery and they all went off the end of the stage and fell over. Then they jumped up and started swinging at somebody else so it was a whole new fight. Very funny . . . and lucky for me.

19.

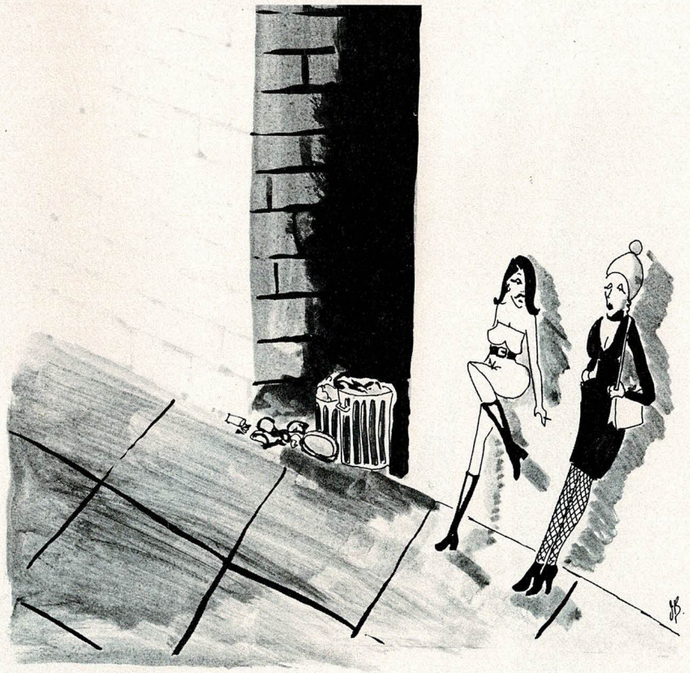
PLAYBOY: What about dying onstage — those occasions when the audience just doesn't want to know?

RUDE: Yeah, yeah. You see, people who go to see comedians go to be really vocal. They go to see a band to listen and dance or they go to a disco to rub crotches but when they go to see comedians they go to get involved and yell out. Sometimes if you've got a point to make and they won't let you, that can be the start of a death, you can start to take a dive if you persist. I used to be very temperamental and I've done my share of walking off. Other times I'd tell a crowd exactly what I thought of them. I'd accuse them of being bastards and they would start throwing things and I'd start throwing things and I'd get into fights and the bouncers would have to rescue me. I always liked having the extra height on the stage so I could jump on somebody who was really annoying me.

20.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it extraordinary that you can do a routine, the audience will do something to annoy you, you abuse them, then go back to entertaining them?

RUDE: That's right. That's what it is and I've always been of the opinion that they are, in fact, the act. I'm quite often the audience and *they* are there to do a good job for *me*. I like the audience — but I think they've got just as many faults as me and if they don't do a good job they deserve a bit of shit.



"Faked any good orgasms lately?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS VAN UDEN

SUMMER COOLERS

A luscious line-up of thirst quenchers from some of the world's best watering holes.

SUMMER IS LURKING just around the corner. Those long, sizzling days will soon be with us and our thoughts will instinctively turn to sand, surf and suntans. It sounds terrific but it's all too easy to forget about the sweltering humidity that accompanies our great Australian summers.

Drink by SUSAN KUROSAWA

Remember those sticky T-shirts, dripping brows and sweaty palms? Recall your peeling skin and parched throat? The truth is that summer can leave you depleted and dehydrated. You must keep up your intake of fluids and what better way to top up than with a long, frosty drink, preferably spiked with a liberal dash of alcohol.

Lazy ceiling fans, broad verandahs, shady palms and panama hats. That's how to survive in the tropics. Lounge about with a Somerset Maugham novel in one hand and a gin sling in the other. It sure beats air-conditioning and a can of cola.

The clear-white spirits — gin, vodka and light rum — are the most versatile summer mixers. The purists claim that nothing quite beats the heat like a gin and tonic but we suggest that you explore the versatility of these classic summer mixers. Fruit juice, coconut milk, exotic syrups and crushed berries can all be added to the light whites to produce a quenching, hot-weather quaff. For a really smooth concoction, it helps to use a blender. But do be sure not to overblend as this will warm the contents of the container. Also, there are times when you may want a grainy texture so don't just turn on the blender and walk away. If some elements in the mixture refuse to liquefy, shut off the blender's motor; the solids will settle at the bottom, close to the blades. Then rev up again and work in short spurts until the stubborn particles are broken down.

The temperature of our summer coolers is vital. Make sure you chill all ingredients and glasses beforehand and, if possible, use crushed rather than block ice. Always use fresh ice for each new round of drinks.

The long, tall coolers included in this feature have been gleaned from some of the world's top sun spots. Many are original concoctions and some, like The Raffles gin sling, have become synonymous with particular watering holes. We even have a special Australian PLAYBOY cooler for you to try. It's guaranteed to lower your thermostat as you read the sizzling issues we have in store for you this summer. Enjoy!

SEABREEZE

A zesty summer concoction from Johnny Aclao, Beverage Manager of The Manila Hotel, one of the East's grandest old establishments.

1½oz Bacardi rum
1oz sweet vermouth
½oz orange curacao
¼oz grenadine syrup
½oz lemon juice
¼oz brown creme de curacao
3oz fresh orange juice

Stir all ingredients in tall zombie glass. Garnish with a slice of orange, fresh mint leaves and maraschino cherry.

RUM GIGGLE

A cosy drink for two from Trader Vic's in The New Otani Hotel, Tokyo. Guaranteed to bring a smile to her lips.

3oz Bacardi rum
1oz amaretto
2oz orange juice
1oz pineapple juice
1½oz lemon juice
1 tablespoon caster sugar
¾cup shaved ice

Buzz all ingredients in chilled blender container until just smooth. Pour over ice. Serve in a large brandy balloon with two straws.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING

A drink synonymous with The Raffles, still a bastion of colonial splendor in the island city of Singapore.

½jigger fresh lemon juice
½jigger grenadine syrup
3 jiggers fresh pineapple juice
1 dash angostura bitters
1 dash benedictine
1 dash cointreau
½jigger Peter Heering cherry liqueur
1 jigger gin

Place all ingredients in cocktail shaker with ice. Shake thoroughly and strain into a tumbler. Garnish with pineapple and cherry.

Recall your peeling skin and parched throat? Keep up your intake of fluids. . . a long, frosty drink is guaranteed to lower your thermostat.

STRAWBERRY SMOOTHIE

A tropical fantasy from The Hyatt Regency, Maui, Hawaii.

1½oz Bacardi rum
2oz softened ice cream
2oz drinking yoghurt
1½oz strawberry puree
½cup finely crushed ice

Add all ingredients to chilled blender container. Buzz until just smooth. Pour into chilled 12oz glass and garnish with papaya wedge. Serve with a straw.

CAIRNS COOLER

A non-alcoholic summer refresher from Alex Beaumont, president of The Australian Bartenders' Guild.

3oz pineapple and coconut juice (a blend made by Orchy and other juice manufacturers)
3oz orange juice
3oz coconut milk

Shake with ice cubes and pour into 10oz highball glass.

REGENT PUNCH

A spot of South Pacific panache from bartender Sam Navale of The Regent of Fiji, Nadi.

¼oz milk
¼oz coconut syrup
4oz coconut milk
1¼oz Bacardi rum
1 dash of triple sec

Mix in blender with shaved ice. Serve in 13oz zombie glass with three cubes of ice. Garnish with fresh pineapple wedge and maraschino cherry.

PENINSULA PARADISE

A heat-beater from Hong Kong's grand old dame, The Peninsula, masterminded by Head Barman Captain Henry Ho.

1½oz gin
½oz cocoribe liqueur
½oz lemon juice
2oz orange juice
2 teaspoons sugar syrup

Shake ingredients, place in highball glass and top up with lemonade.

NULLA NULLA

"After you have drunk a couple of these, your head feels like you've been hit by one!" explains Hayman Island's Judith Maestracci. Her comment makes sense when you consider a nulla nulla is an Aboriginal wooden club. Head Barman on Hayman Yves Vincent is behind this one.

1oz Bacardi rum
3oz orange juice
3oz pineapple juice

Pour all ingredients in tall glass. Add dash of grenadine and top up with dry ginger ale. Float dark rum on top and garnish with slice of pineapple and sprig of mint.

KOOLER

George Wee of the Club Bar at The Regent of Sydney hotel suggests this sultry quaff for long, hot summer days.

1oz Kahlua
½oz Galliano
Dash of cola

Top up mixture with chilled soda water. Serve in a zombie glass and garnish with two stalked cherries.

DOCTOR FEELGOOD

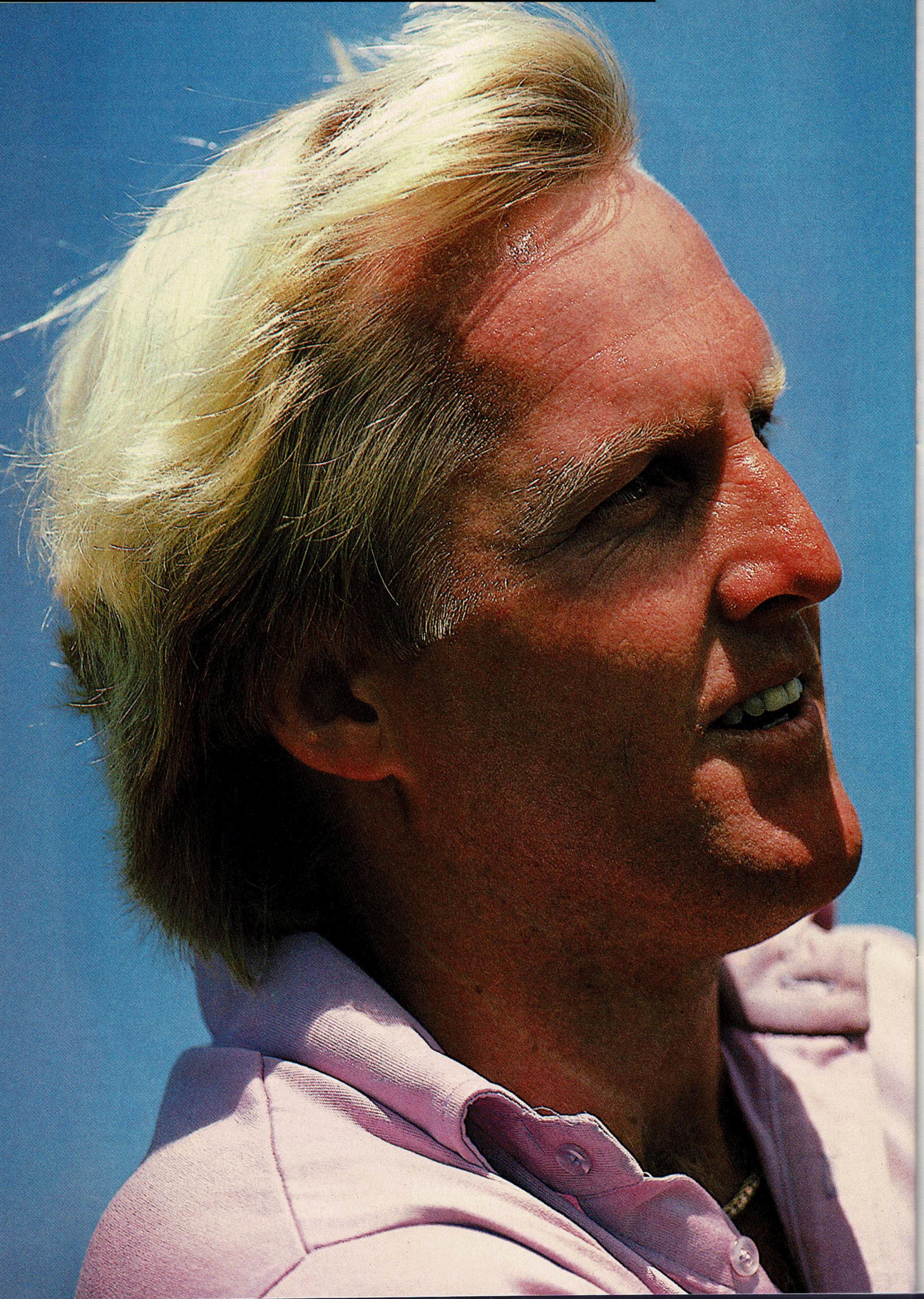
Another recipe from Alex Beaumont — this time a saucy mix especially designed for Australian PLAYBOY.

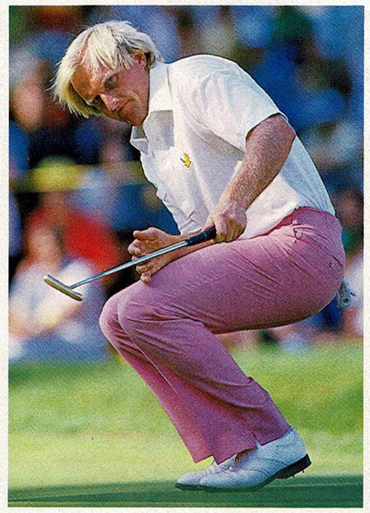
1oz Jack Daniels black label
½oz Galliano
½oz lemon juice
½oz blue curacao
½oz egg white

Shake ingredients, pour over ice, top up with lemonade and serve with garnishes of lemon, fresh mint and cherries.

Note: We have given Imperial units for all recipes as this form of measurement is still widely used among bartenders. For the metric purists, the conversion is 30ml to 1oz.

"No thanks, Colin; if it's all the same to you, I've been sitting all day."





THE GREAT WHITE SHARK IS HUNGRY

Greg Norman is already one of the world's greatest, highest paid golfers — now all he has to do is win a couple of major tournaments.

Sport by **BOB CRESTA**

You imagine the Greg Norman profile might have been chiselled out of the sandstone of Ayers Rock. The hawklike nose, the bronze complexion and the eyes of blue steel denote strength. And then there is the platinum hair, so unique that it makes him the most recognisable golfer on the world's tournament trail.

All this makes him highly marketable. Red-hot property for the International Management Group, run by superagent Mark McCormack. They should know. They also have Muhammad Ali and the Pope on their books.

Greg Norman, 29 years of age and with the golf world at his spiked shoes, is a dinky-di Australian sporting superstar.

In America, where his future is so spectacularly secure, he is The Great White Shark, or The Shark or just plain Sharky. He squirms a little in embarrassment over the colorful sobriquet (though his agents and bank manager have no complaint), which was inspired because he allegedly went out in youthful days and shot sharks. Indeed, to give the nickname some authenticity, Norman is reported to have taken a boat out to Moreton Bay on a recent visit home and drilled a couple of luckless would-be maneaters.

Not all that far from the lights of Broadway, at the famed Winged Foot Golf Club in the New York suburb of Mamaroneck last June, the Norman name shone as he stormed home to tie Fuzzy Zoeller in the United States Open Championship. He lost the subsequent play-off.

He had cruised into New York a spectacular winner of the Kemper Open at Congressional just a week earlier and a short time afterwards he added the Canadian Open to a scalp now boasting 31 tournament victories.

Like any self-respecting great white shark, Norman is showing a voracious appetite. His tournament winnings are huge but they are being outstripped by his endorsement earnings which now embrace golf equipment, motor cars and airlines. He is already a millionaire, though his mission in life is not to accumulate great wealth. As he puts it, he doesn't crave to be the richest man in the world.

"I'm not out there to make million upon million," says Norman. "I want to be happy and well off. Not a millionaire and unhappy. More money, more headaches, they say. I want my family to be secure if I die in a plane crash."

He has won in Sydney, Scotland and Scandinavia, Melbourne and Maui, France and Fiji, Brisbane, Adelaide, England and, of course, in the United States, where it matters most.

We have had other distinguished Australian golfers, champions like Peter Thomson, Ossie Pickworth, Norman von Nida and Graham Marsh who failed to climax their careers with American successes. America is the crunch test, the red meat. The rest are hors-d'oeuvre.

At Winged Foot, the US Golf Association announcer at the first tee welcomed Norman, introducing him from Orlando, Florida. Very galling for Aussie supporters who made the trip.

It's true Florida these days is Norman's base. He has built a stylish home alongside Arnold Palmer's Bay Hill course and he is seeking the green card that will give him residential status in America. But he is adamant he won't seek American citizenship. He cares too much for Australia. Indeed, he would cheerfully make Australia his HQ, but *(continued on page 112)*

Forget about that flashy horserace. There are more compelling reasons for the nation to turn its eyes to Melbourne this month than the running of the Melbourne Cup. Ten reasons, in fact, in our salute to The Girls of Melbourne.

Earlier this year Australian PLAYBOY ran a series of ads in Melbourne newspapers inviting interested candidates to come to a two-day photo audition at The Regency Hotel in Melbourne. It was a mad 48 hours enlivened by considerable press interest.

A total of 223 young women turned up to audition for photographer Rennie Ellis who described the assignment as "mind-boggling" but managed to retain his customary good humor throughout.

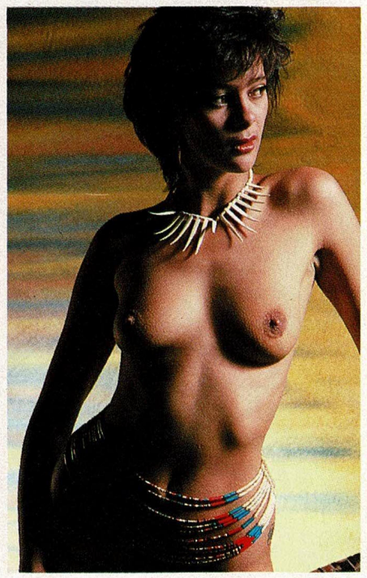
"By the time you've photographed girl number 99 the names start to blur but I remember the bodies. . . I remember the bodies all right," commented Ellis.

From those 223 candidates we selected nine, including three potential centrefolds to watch out for in future issues. So enjoy this Australian PLAYBOY special, it may just replace the Melbourne Cup as official notice that the Aussie spring has sprung. The running of the Cup may bring the nation to a halt but The Girls Of Melbourne are just the ticket to get it moving again.

The Girls Of MELBOURNE

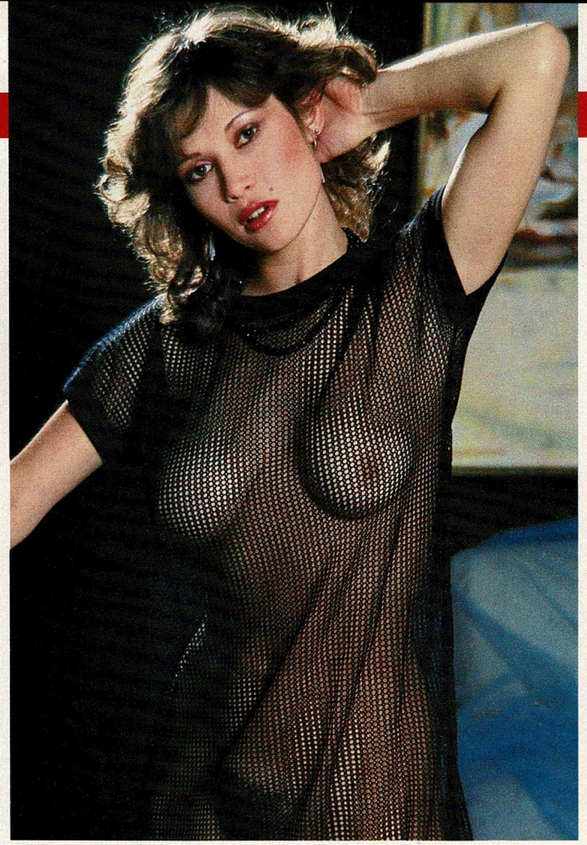
Sultry Susie Croucher, 23, (above and below) sells jeans in a Melbourne store, keeping trim with regular aerobic and gym classes.

THE GIRLS OF MELBOURNE



Ashley Phillips (left and below) admits that there are times her feet aren't firmly on the ground. A parachutist with 15 jumps to her credit, she dropped in on Australian PLAYBOY to fulfil a fantasy she's nurtured for years. If you're up in the clouds about Ashley, spare a thought for flower seller Angel Kennedy (above and right). Born in New Zealand under the sign of Aquarius, she calls herself a water baby, who comes and goes like the tide. Angel loves the sea and her favorite pastimes include walking and riding her bike along the beach.

T

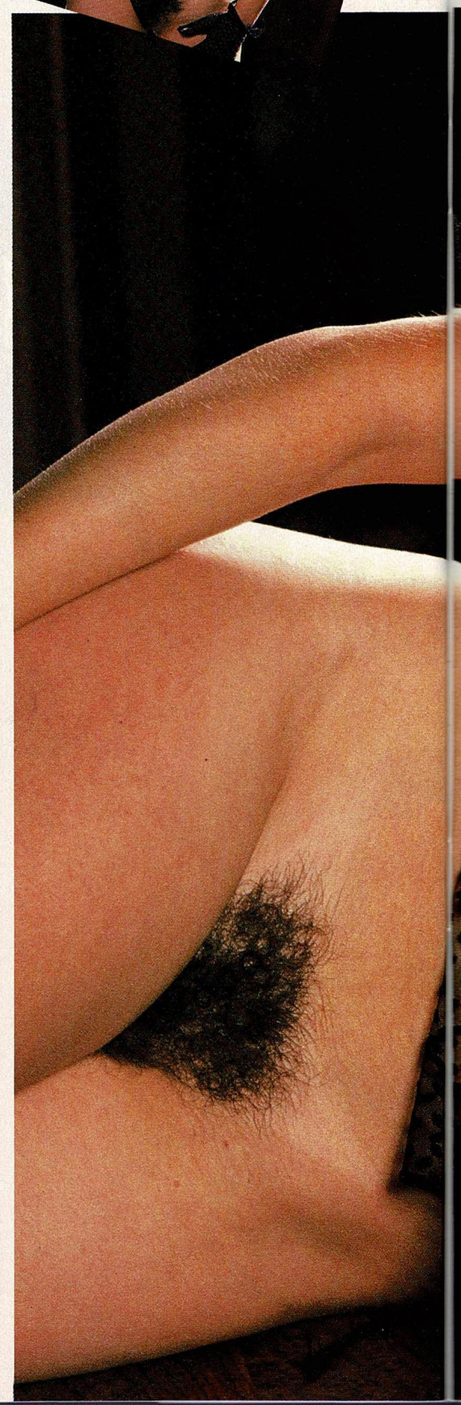


MELBOURNE

Brigita Manukis (left and right) knows Melbourne like...well, the back of her hand. She's a city courier. Her spare time is spent water skiing, roller skating and horse riding. Yvonne Braumann, 21, (above and below) is a scuba diver and wants to get into acting and modelling. Originally a country girl, Yvonne is new to Melbourne, works as a chauffeur, is keen on netball, tennis and aerobics, and says life is full of possibilities so she's keeping her options open.

THE GIRLS OF MELBOURNE

You might recall Maxine Fensom's face (below) from various bit parts she's played in television shows such as *Carson's Law, Special Squad* and *Cop Shop*. The big screen is next, with an appearance in *Melvin, Son Of Alvin*, and while acting keeps 25-year-old Maxine busy, she also finds time for jazz ballet and designing clothes. The rag trade is big business in Melbourne and 23-year-old Pauline Kruiter (left) is heavily into it. She manages a boutique and is keen to get into clothes design to establish her career in the fashion world.



THE

LBOURNE

Eighteen-year-old Courtney Roberts (left and below) balances a city modelling career with a love of the country. She has her own horse called Captain and on weekends you might see them both swimming in the ocean at one of Melbourne's outlying beaches. If that isn't active enough for you, then how about skiing, body building, tennis and parachuting? Twenty-two-year-old Caroline Murias (above and right) has tried the lot. A model for a Melbourne fashion house, her philosophy is "If you've got it, flaunt it!"

Now, Melbourne isn't such a stuffy town after all, is it?

SURVIVING (continued from page 46)

Don't reply if someone abuses or provokes you in the street.

happened!" He knows a farmer with an Armalite, a laborer with a shotgun and a lawyer with a pistol, all for protection. "Some lads I know drive around with an iron bar in their van, in case of trouble," he added.

Three months ago, Mark, a Sydney executive in his early thirties, bought a Winchester 12-gauge pump-action shotgun. But not for sport. "About a year ago, when I was away," he said, "someone tried to break into my home. My wife was alone, and that disturbed me. Then, within several months, we had a spate of incidents where our home was broken into while we were both away, my car was forcibly entered and robbed and my wallet was stolen. What really heightened the feeling that I had to do something to protect myself was the inability of the police either to catch the thieves or recover our things. Their only suggestion was that we should turn our home into some kind of fortress, which made me angry. I realised then that I was on my own, so I bought this gun. I don't know if I'll ever use it, but if someone menaced me or my family I don't think I'd have any difficulty pulling that trigger and I'd feel justified doing it."

Mark never thought he'd buy a gun to protect his home and family. "I still think it's an extreme step to take because I think of myself as a fairly civilised man, but when I see these bastards breaking in and robbing people without much interference from anyone, I get enraged. I'm beginning to wonder if we're going back to the times before we had an organised police force, when men armed themselves with staves and swords!"

If, like Mark, you're considering arming yourself to avoid becoming a crime victim, you should be aware of the dangers too. You may unwittingly increase the criminals' armory because if they break in during your absence, they'll steal your gun as well. The main problem is that since you're probably inexperienced and totally untrained in its use, your firearm is most likely to be used against you. A report presented to the American Public Health Association in 1973 concluded that a gun kept for protection is six times more likely to kill or injure the owner or his family than the intruder. As well, guns left lying around often find their way into the curious fingers of young children, with tragic results.

NSW's Crime Prevention Unit offers a different solution. Its offices display an array of security equipment straight out of *Brave New World*. When you see it, you *know* it's 1984! Worth $90,000, it includes ultrasonic and infra-red motion detectors, Peeping Tom electronic eyes, security alarm cases and boxes, drilling and explosive-proof safes, security doors no one can force, break or hacksaw, and centrally monitored alarm systems. Once, criminals were locked away from society, but today it's clear that society is doing its best to lock itself away from the criminals.

Sergeant Irene Juergens, who's in charge of the unit, denies that the police are encouraging people to turn their homes into fortresses. "We're simply urging the public to update and improve their security, just as they'd update antiquated or inadequate plumbing or wiring. Obviously, whatever man makes, man can also break, and nothing will keep out the determined burglar, but most of them only break into homes if they can get in within a few minutes. So why not make it hard for them?"

You can install a basic do-it-yourself alarm system for around $500, though naturally the more sophisticated systems cost more. Maybe you feel you can't afford it. But can you afford to be robbed? If you can, your insurance company will insist that you install some form of security before insuring you again, and your premium will probably go up. That's just the financial side; the emotional aspect of burglary is far more traumatic than most people realise. As one Sydney journalist put it after finding his Paddington terrace burgled and vandalised in his absence: "It's the closest thing to rape I've experienced."

If you do put in an alarm, ask your neighbors to contact the police when they hear it, or you're wasting money. If you decide to fix window bars around your premises, use some common sense. There's no point putting grilles on the front windows alone. Unless you secure every door and window, you're wasting your time.

If you live in rented premises, you may not be prepared to invest in expensive security, but a thief doesn't know which premises are rented and which are not. Last year a dwelling was burgled every four minutes in Sydney, and every seven minutes in Melbourne — all, of course, without any prior consultation with the occupants! Still, your solution may be simpler and less costly than you think. Dr Mukherjee, who has conducted an in-depth survey into burglary in the Sydney area, was shocked at the carelessness of most of the householders who were burgled. "In two out of three cases," he said, "the most sophisticated tool that the burglar had to use was a jemmy! In one out of three homes, the door had been left unlocked."

One senior NSW police officer added that nine out of every 10 homes were fitted with locks that an amateur could open with a credit card. According to Sgt Juergens, double cylinder deadlocks on all external doors and key-operated locks on all windows should make forced entry into your home too time-consuming for most burglars. There are crime prevention units in every state, and they offer the public an advisory service about home security, free of charge. Call them and find out how best to improve yours.

Of course the best electronic gadgets and security equipment won't help if you let the burglar in yourself. Many do. Don't fall for any hard luck stories strangers tell you at the door, no matter how pleasant they seem. One elderly Sydney woman in Strathfield opened her door to two plausible fellows who asked if they could search for their budgie in her back garden. While one kept her talking, the other went round the side passage to the back. Puzzled by his long absence, she went inside the house just in time to find that he'd let himself into the dining room through a window and was busily stuffing her silver into his bag. In another incident, a middle-aged Sydney man looked through the peephole of his Bellevue Hill duplex to see a young woman and child standing there. Her car had broken down just outside, she said. Could she use the phone to call her husband? But when he unlatched the door, the woman and child had vanished. Instead, two burly thugs knocked him to the floor, bound and gagged him and left half an hour later with his cash and his wife's jewellery.

But if, in spite of all your precautions, burglars do get in, make it hard for them to take away your valuables by keeping them in a safe or an alarm box that will sound a siren when disturbed. Make it harder for them to dispose of your TV and VCR by recording their serial numbers, and engraving them with your licence number.

According to a report issued by the NSW Police Department, each weekend in Sydney around 80 people are the victims of serious assaults ranging from being knocked to the ground and having a bag, wallet or attache case snatched, to being kicked or stabbed. Even a minor street attack is a terrifying experience and possibly the hardest to prevent. Police advice here consists of avoidance tactics: don't walk alone in dark streets, don't carry briefcases, keep away from known trouble areas at night, don't reply if someone abuses or provokes you in the street.

Of course your best protection in case of assault is a sound knowledge of a martial art. If you don't know how to defend yourself, join a class and learn judo, karate or kung fu. It could save your life as it did Tom's, a well-built man of 40, who was walking toward his car in a quiet beach-side street one evening when three thugs armed with a knife and knuckle dusters grabbed him. Ten minutes later, they left him broken and bleeding on the footpath. "I was a mess. My

START TALKING DIRTY TO YOUR MECHANIC AND YOU COULD FINISH UP IN HONG KONG

DON'T POUR CLEAN OIL INTO A DIRTY ENGINE.

Talk to your mechanic about oil. He'll tell you that pouring clean oil into a dirty engine can be a problem.
Solution? New Wynn's X-Tend Oil System Cleaner and Conditioner helps dissolve and remove the deposits and sludge that would otherwise stay behind to contaminate your fresh, new oil.
X-Tend Oil System Cleaner conditions metal parts and improves engine cleanliness.
So why put clean oil into a dirty engine.
Talk to your mechanic about that trip to Hong Kong. He'll tell you how you can get there.
Talking dirty does have its benefits.

wynn's XTEND
Oil System Cleaner and Conditioner.

skull was broken, there was a deep gash in my leg and I had broken ribs, but if I hadn't known karate and managed to kick that knife out of one fellow's hand, he'd have slit my gut open and killed me for sure," he said.

There's a limit to what individuals can do to avoid becoming victims. According to Justice Lee of the NSW Supreme Court, we will soon have to isolate ourselves behind moats and drawbridges if the crime wave continues to rise. But NSW Police Minister Peter Anderson has said that preventing crime is just as much a matter for the whole community as for the police. Bill Clifford, former director of the Australian Institute of Criminology, agrees: "A community has as much crime as it will allow," he says. It's another way of saying that if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Police and criminologists believe that criminals flourish because urban dwellers have isolated themselves from their neighbors. Thieves other and become actively involved in their own protection, and could be one case where it does pay to become your brother's keeper. If you'd like to form such a group contact your local police.

Or you could pressure your local council to form a Ranger Patrol, like the one started by Alderman Ted Mack of the North Sydney Council earlier this year. Two canary yellow cars equipped with flashing lights and a radio telephone for prompt police contact patrol the streets of this municipality in two shifts, seven days a have removed the entire contents of a house while neighbors watched because they had no idea whether their next-door neighbors were moving house or not!

"I believe that our best chance of creating safer communities is to be good neighbors," says David Biles, assistant director of the Australian Institute of Criminology. Victoria has the lead in setting up a Neighborhood Watch program. Supervised by the Police Department, its aim is to educate people about crime prevention by organising them in small groups of about 600 dwellings. Under the leadership of an area co-ordinator, regular meetings are held at which people are informed about crime in their community and they are shown how they can co-operate with their neighbors and the police to avoid crime. Participants display Neighborhood Watch signs and stickers on streets and houses and engrave their possessions for easier identification.

Launching the program, Victoria's chief commissioner of police described it as the most dramatic and innovative crime prevention initiative ever undertaken in Victoria, and the public's only real hope of fighting burglary. A similar program will soon be established in NSW under the newly formed Community Relations Bureau of the Police Department. Although specifically aimed at reducing burglary through vigilance, this program will probably help to reduce other crimes as well. It makes citizens co-operate with each week. "Our Ranger Patrol was a response to the residents' concern about safety in our streets and parks," the council's administrative officer, Tony Allen, said. "Theft, mugging and burglary were increasing, and this will make people feel more secure."

Suppose all your efforts to avoid becoming a victim fail, and you're suddenly confronted with a determined criminal. How can you minimise the danger to yourself? In an armed hold-up you should co-operate with the bandit, but observe him closely so that you can describe any of his idiosyncrasies to the police. When former federal minister Dr Malcolm Mackay was recently held up at his Melbourne home, he helped the robbers to find something to tie him up with when the string they were using kept breaking. "I suggested using my necktie in case they got desperate and did something that would really silence me," he said. The robbers escaped with money and jewellery but at least Dr Mackay and his family were unhurt.

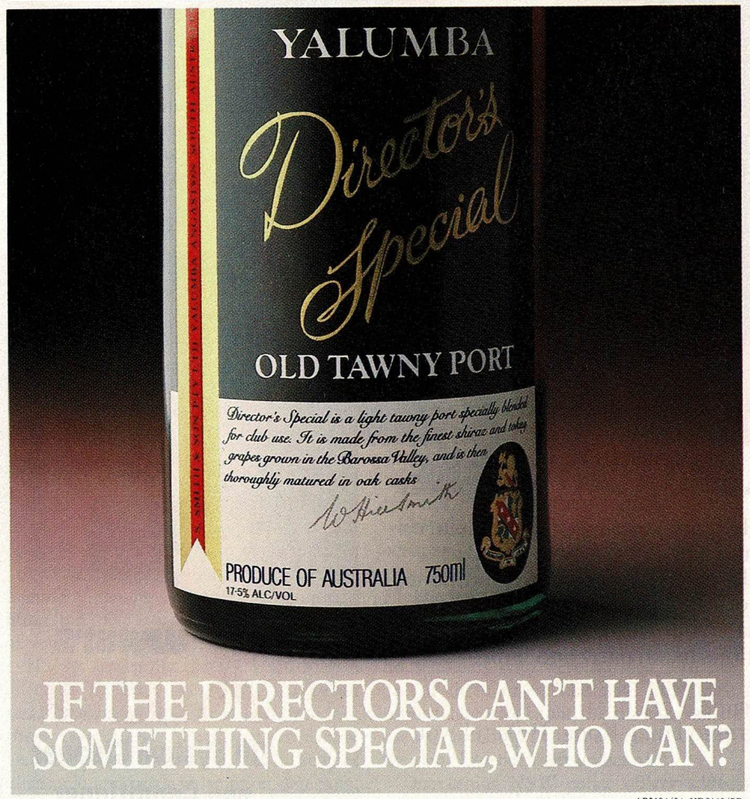
But the best authority on how to minimise the risk to yourself during confrontation with a burglar or bandit is the criminal. Here's some advice from a group of men currently serving sentences in Sydney's Long Bay Jail for armed robbery and breaking and entering.

Jim, a muscular thick-set fellow, is serving a sentence for armed robbery. "There are two types of armed robber," he said, "and they both mean business. You've got to realise that if the fellow's got a knife or sawn-off shotgun, he'll use it if he thinks he has to. It's up to you to make sure he doesn't. Secondly, he's more scared of what you might do, because he's got more to lose, so don't make him nervous. Stay calm, don't shout, don't act smart, don't be the amateur psychologist and, above all, don't make any sudden movements that might look to him as if you're reaching for a panic button or a weapon.

"Your second group are the junkies and they're jumpy as hell, unstable, likely to panic and too irrational to think straight. They'll shoot you because they're desperate. Don't tempt them," he added.

At least 75 percent of male and female prisoners have been convicted for drug-related crimes. Geoff is one of them. A tall, intelligent guy of 29, he held up banks, TABs, real estate offices and building societies to finance his heroin habit which cost him $300 a day. He's pleasant and likeable, but if you got between him and his payroll, he'd shoot you. "I've never hurt anyone, but there were times when I needed to score badly and if anyone had made me panic then I might have used the shotgun or knocked them out with it."

All the armed robbers could recall incidents where heroic attempts nearly ended in disaster for those who tried to resist. "I was holding up a TAB disguised in my balaclava and I had the staff and customers down on the floor, pointing my shotgun at them when two smart alec new



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Australians started rushing toward me," one recalled. "One threw a punch. I hit him across the face with the butt and knocked him senseless, but the other one kept coming, so I fired into the ceiling, sending a huge slab of plaster down. It's a wonder that never damaged anyone. The next shot will be for you, I warned him, and I meant it. He was lucky I wasn't a druggie or an amateur, or both might have been killed."

Another prisoner recalled an incident which illustrated the danger to victims when they are held up by amateurs. "I agreed to join a group I didn't know to hold up a bank," he said. "The robbery had gone well and I was covering the door as the others were running out with the dough when a gent in a grey suit walked into the bank. I had him covered when for some reason this guy moved his hand up to his lapel. One of the gang, a young kid, shot him dead. I was disgusted. I would have yelled at the guy to keep still, but the kid panicked. That's the trouble with amateurs."

Bob, who's got a 12-year record of breaking, entering and stealing, advises people to leave their home quickly if they surprise a burglar. "If it's me, the chances are I'll drop everything and run as soon as you do. It's especially important for women to get out fast, or the robbery could turn into a rape. But if you can't get away, stay calm. Your burglar is unlikely to carry a gun, but he probably has a screwdriver and a jemmy, and maybe a knife. Don't forget, he's more upset than you are because you've complicated the job for him. What was going to be a simple, quick job now carries a big risk that he'll get caught and, worse still, identified. So if *you're* upset to see him, just imagine how *he* feels!"

What happens in this situation can set off a whole new train of events. A woman arrived at her St Ives home in Sydney one afternoon to find the family pet, a doberman, choking on the front lawn. She rushed the dog to the vet who eventually managed to dislodge the object that was stuck in its windpipe. It was a human finger. Somewhat shaken, she returned home with the dog and found a strange man lying on her bathroom floor, unconscious and bleeding profusely. One finger of his right hand was missing. Some weeks later, she received a letter from a solicitor: the intruder who'd broken into her home was suing the dog's owner for physical damage, medical expenses and loss of livelihood!

An unlikely story? Maybe. But what are your rights if you happen to injure or even kill an intruder?

According to the law, you're entitled to protect yourself and your property provided that you use no more force than is reasonably necessary in the circumstances. That principle sounds simple in theory, but in fact it's very complicated and open to interpretation. "That law is loaded in favor of wrong-doers," said one Sydney solicitor with 30 years' experience. "Obviously if the intruder is running away it's not reasonable to shoot him, but if he threatens you, then it is reasonable. The trouble is, if you grapple with him and injure him, you'll be up on an assault charge and you'll have to hope that the force you used doesn't appear excessive to the court. If you kill him, you're really in a serious situation because no magistrate will dismiss the case, and you'll have to face the trauma and uncertainty of a court case on a manslaughter charge."

In court, you must prove that your level of apprehension was so high, that you felt you were in real danger. But it's always difficult to transfer feelings of panic and terror once a situation is over and you're out of danger. Fortunately for you, a plea of self-defence doesn't have to be proved beyond a reasonable doubt as other offences do, but it is decided on a balance of probabilities. Taking all factors into account, the jury has to decide whether your action seemed reasonable at the time.

If your victim is alive and can testify against you, the outcome will depend on whom the jury believes. That's why some people feel that if you do shoot, it's better to shoot to kill. As one young security guard, pistol bulging in his holster, told me: "I'd aim at their head and chest. I don't want to face an attempted murder charge in which the other guy'll lie and deny he was armed."

A judge of the NSW Supreme Court believes people are misinformed about their situation when it comes to self-defence. "The court won't look at you critically if you take measures to protect yourself against a menacing stranger in your home," he said. "You're entitled to use whatever means seem appropriate to you at the time. After all, you can't assume that an intruder won't hurt you or that he's only bluffing when he threatens you with a knife or gun. Do whatever you feel you need to do to protect yourself and your family because the court will place itself in your position and regard your action sympathetically."

The solicitor has got it all worked out. "Confronted by a threatening intruder, I'd shoot him down first, then fire a warning shot into the ceiling!" he advised.

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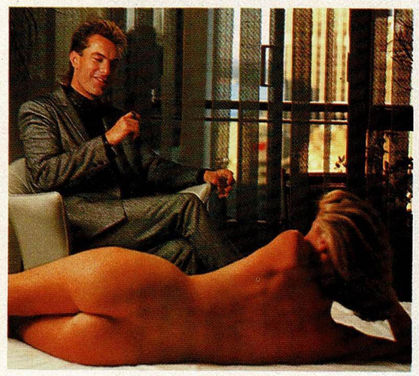
Australian Crawl's front man models The New Elegance.

The Boy Lights Up



James Reyne is the kind of guy who only has to walk down the street to get noticed. It's always been like that. But now he's a star it's even worse: he's been known to cause mob scenes. When it comes to star quality, the front man of Australian Crawl has got it with knobs on. His attitude to fashion is surprisingly blase. "I never really go shopping, I just buy something when it catches my eye, and then only if the feel is right and if it looks good," he says. But impulse buying does have its pitfalls. "I have a wardrobe full of things I really liked when I bought them but I've only worn them once or twice since ."

Despite James's casual attitude to clothes, Australian PLAYBOY Fashion Editor Vitek decided he was just the bloke to represent The New Elegance insinuating its way into Australia. Here are the results — sexy, sophisticated and very seductive when worn in the presence of discerning women. A sort of Noel Coward for the '80s. Oh, and don't forget the roses.

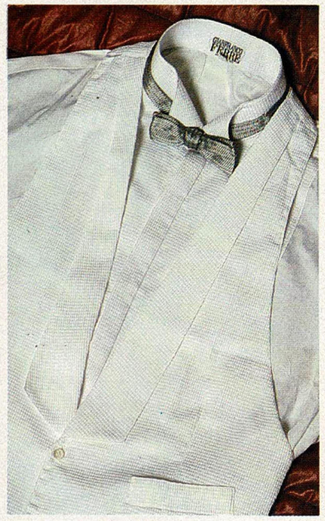
***Fashion by* VITEK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON WADDY

Extremely extravagant: black kid shirt in the softest of leathers ($389). Luxurious quality that speaks for itself worn under a grey double-breasted suit ($268). ***Shirt and suit both from John and Merivale, Pitt Street, Sydney.***

The backdrop is a night-time city skyline and the mood romantic. James wears a pleated, small-collared cream shirt ($90) under a cream suit with a zoot-length coat ($500). For a dazzling evening effect he adds a matching bronze bow-tie ($15) and cummerbund ($40). She is slinky, svelte and all things sexy in a black dress ($66) with a daring, baring back. *Shirt and suit from Clifford Gordon, Royal Arcade, Sydney Hilton Hotel. Mathilde dress from leading boutiques.*

Dapper shirt and bow-tie in identical striped cotton ($105). *Available at Clive Richards, Double Bay and MLC Centre, Sydney.*



White Jose Ferrer shirt features a bent-wing collar and an attached vest ($300). A swish silver-grey silk bow-tie ($35) completes the image. *Shirt and bow-tie both from Five Way Fusion, Paddington, Sydney.*

The immaculate cut of an off-white Valentino jacket ($480) further accentuated by the clean lines of a white bent-wing collared shirt ($50) set off by the dapper touch of a black bow-tie ($15). Loose black Valentino trousers ($120) complete the statement.
Valentino from Clive Richards, Double Bay and MLC Centre, Sydney.

MR. T

(continued from page 57)

"I am the best bodyguard," T says, "because I'll take a bullet, I'll take a stab wound. . ."

iums. They also set up TCB ("taking care of business" in black jive) Enterprises, Inc, a concern that would eventually comprise two restaurants, a liquor store and a car-repair shop. Meanwhile, all three continued to bounce for Briskman at Dingbat's.

"I am the best bodyguard," T says, "because I'll take a bullet, I'll take a stab wound, I'll take a hit upside the head, I'm like a kamikaze pilot, the President got shot because his men relaxed, and anyhow, they was lookin' for a black guy with an army coat on with a natural two feet wide."

And there he might've stayed — human retaining wall for the famous — if Leon Spinks hadn't been so unsurpassably d-u-l-l. In 1978, T became Spinks's duenna throughout a controversial Chicago exhibition. Leon produced such miserable copy (the gap wasn't just between his front teeth) that newsmen, desperate, began concentrating on this bald, gold-plated specimen built like some floor sample from a granite quarry. Great press coverage followed, even one local TV bio. T began to charge $1000, even $5000 per diem — a tremendous rise in the cost of living. But his image wasn't quite barbered yet.

"T felt there were too many bald black men around," Calvin says, "so he decided to go with the mohawk. He let his hair grow out a bit and we put masking tape on his head to get a straight line."

They did everything together, John, Calvin and T. They worked out and hit many handballs. They ate: between them, an average breakfast after work could run $85. Together, they didn't drink or smoke. "If a woman lit up a cigarette, we'd all leave," John says. "None of us drink, though T's on a champagne kick right now. We agreed even on the way we liked our steaks done. We didn't agree on women, though. T likes big, ugly women. He'd say, 'Good-lookin' woman start lookin' worse when she take her clothes off, ugly woman start lookin' *good* when she take her stuff off.' "

In 1978, NBC decided that the ceiling at Dingbat's was too low. Ah? said Briskman. Too low for what? Well, NBC was shooting a segment of *Games People Play* featuring the World's Toughest Bouncer contest, and they needed overhead reach to accommodate their crane, and did Briskman know...?

Did Briskman know? It was a serendipitous moment. Briskman knew this perfect club. He also happened to have the World's Toughest Bouncer working for him. NBC had no entry space left, but since Briskman had been so helpful, they let T in. That contest fit him, ummm, to a T. He threw this 54 kg stunt man five metres which was farther than I would trust him. He jumped a bar and broke through 10 centimetres of door without knocking. Then, as his *coup de* gross, he outboxed his nearest competitor. And he did it again in 1979, when the casting director for *Rocky III* was watching. The rest is Hollywood.

"The reason why I won, you know, and will continue to win whatever I get into, because the cause I represent is far more greater than other guys' causes, see, when I won that contest, I gave that money both times I won to my church, to feed the less fortunate people."

John and Calvin are also devout. Although Catholic, they have often visited T at his place of worship — Cosmopolitan Community Church on south Wabash. Calvin: "It hasn't been, like, maybe five years T got into it. He was going to church, but he wasn't really deeply into it as he is now. We went to his baptism. It was complete immersion. The preacher goes, 'I baptise you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,' and he dunks T under. John and me tap our feet. Been down there an *awful* long time. And the preacher's trying to pull T back up and T is 105 kilos and he can't do it. Had to call some deacons to help bring T up. It was close."

T's devotion to his family — in particular to his mother, who somehow kept one dozen Tureaud children from chilling out on life — is almost obsessive. Mrs T, a religious woman of simple taste, doesn't much concern herself with the entertainment world. When T appeared in his bouncer competition, he had to hump a TV set up 17 flights so Mother could watch him. He has the following agenda: (1) buy a home for his mother; (2) build some sort of community centre to serve less fortunate people; (3) feed 5000, as Jesus did. Right now, Hollywood must seem to him like the miraculous loaves and fishes.

But no matter what he may be earning right now, his quick generosity could be self-destructive.

"T likes to live. He always did know how to spend money," John can remember. "We used to rent a limousine and ride up and down. T would go to his old neighborhood and just give out money. We didn't have money to give, but we'd give what we had. Show the kids there's another way out of the ghetto. Not just by pimping or dope dealing."

For T, that other way involved hard work and a hot cuspidor full of luck. "I had to beat out 1500 black guys for *Rocky III*. Joe Frazier, Earnie Shavers, Ken Norton, Jim Brown, all black, brown, dark-skinned guys — even Puerto Ricans and Jamaicans." After his initial test, T was given a call back. John and Calvin scuffed cash together for his plane fare to LA.

Calvin: "Later, T was working the door at Dingbat's. I went down to check on things, and he said, 'I got it. I got a telegram, I got the part.' And we both started crying like two big babies." Sly Stallone had hung his tripe on the sill for T: a brilliant risk.

What he got was this bizarre and powerful character playing this bizarre and powerful character. I mean, which sounds like the fictitious name, Clubber Lang or Mr T?

Did it work? Does a sheep have pubic hair?

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SHARK (continued from page 89)

Norman has certainly brought under control a hot temper that might otherwise have brought him undone.

as our nomadic golfing pros have learnt to their cost, Australia is isolated from the great world of golf.

The IMG people who now guide Norman's financial destiny are amazed how he has been accepted by American sports fans. IMG has sports champions like Ballesteros and Borg, Navratilova and Jacklin as clients, but all are "foreigners" and have not won over the American fans.

Maybe it's because Norman now lives in Florida, and maybe it's because he has an American wife, but there is no doubting the impact and popularity he has made and gained on the American scene. His wife, Laura, dark-haired, petite and vivacious, is the perfect partner. She walks behind the ropes standing on tip-toe or peering through gaps among spectators to catch a glimpse of Norman's snow-white hair and his dynamic shot-making.

He said after his first American breakthrough in the Kemper that the win had given him more pleasure for his wife than for himself.

"I can control the situation inside the ropes, but she stands outside and suffers. I know what she goes through," he explains.

The Canadian Open at the Glen Abbey course, Toronto, coincided with their wedding anniversary. He asked her what present she would like and she said, "The trophy will do." He obliged, plus a $72,000 first prize cheque!

If the Norman success story is pure saga, his meeting with lovely little Laura is hardly less eventful. He tells in his engaging book, *Greg Norman — My Story*, how their lives came together, believe it or not, on a flight from Detroit to New York in June 1979. Norman, seated beside his manager James Marshall, reflected contentedly on a solid first-up American tournament showing at Inverness. He spotted the stewardess and remarked to his manager: "What a nice-looking girl. I would like to meet her."

The flight was a mere 40 minutes, but Norman welcomed another 40-minute delay as the American Airlines plane circled La Guardia airport amid high traffic congestion. They met and Norman recalls that he had to talk fast. He asked to have dinner with her when the flight landed. "Oh, no. It will be far too late," she said. Norman persisted and eventually Laura changed her mind. It was midnight when Norman booked into his hotel, then received a call from Laura at the airport telling him she was stuck there because New York was in the grip of a petrol shortage and there were no taxis available.

Norman hustled out of his hotel and his worst fears were realised — there wasn't a taxi in sight. When a black limousine pulled up and the passengers alighted, Norman asked to hire it.

"Sure man, jump in," said the driver. Norman recalls he felt like the President of the United States as he sat in the plush leather back-seat, speeding across town to keep a date that was destined to change his life. It was 1am when they rendezvoused. They searched for a restaurant, but at 3am admitted defeat. He dropped Laura back at her hotel determined to see her again. By the time he returned to his hotel the limousine bill was $200.

Pro tour schedules took him to Bermuda, then England and on to Japan but he kept thinking about Laura. From Tokyo he phoned her and said he would change flights to go to London via New York so that he could see her. She was incredulous at his "shuttle courting".

Today the Normans have a beautiful little daughter, Morgan-Leigh, and she is certainly the pride and joy of her muscular father.

At 29, Norman is entering what is generally regarded as peak period for the great players. Certainly there are exceptions, such as gifted golfers like Seve Ballesteros who won major championships at a far earlier age, but the 28-35 year group is considered the most successful and profitable because the golfer is disciplined, matured, knowledgeable and probably settled in his private life.

Norman has certainly brought under control a red-hot temper that might otherwise have brought him undone. He recalls that in youthful years his father, Mervyn, once walked off the course in disgust after a flurry of club-throwing by his son during a relatively unimportant club game at Virginia.

Says Norman: "In my youth I found giving an errant club the good old heave-ho down the fairway a splendidly satisfying method of letting off steam."

His father had told him that if ever he threw another club he would walk away from him. "Son," he said, "I do not believe in that sort of thing. No self-respecting golfer or future professional would think of doing what you did today."

Norman confesses his father's words sank in and he probably hasn't thrown a club since, though he asserts there is no question that the game of golf can tear at the nerve-ends.

He explains: "Certainly I have a temper. Sometimes I think I graduated with straight As in this department, but over the years I have learned to keep it in check. There is a fine line between temper and temperament, and being in control of both these ingredients is an essential prerequisite for success. I am at my angriest on a golf course when I hit a bad shot, because I do not expect to hit bad shots. They upset me. As I am now aware, when I was a kid it got out of control, and I would follow one bad hole with another. Now I am looking for a birdie and expect to get it immediately after I have blundered. I can forget my bad shots a lot more quickly."

Norman came under fierce inspection during the American Open at Winged Foot and he came out of it all with flying colors. His storming finish to tie the Open with Fuzzy Zoeller established him as a new stellar player. And if he was well beaten in the subsequent play-off, well then he lost with grace. No temper, no irritation, no alibis, no excuses.

Greg Norman confesses he had no great appetite for schooling. An alert schoolmaster might well have detected the youngster furtively reading an instructional book by Jack Nicklaus under his desk and practising his golfing grip.

Their paths were to cross in a very short time. Norman became apprenticed to the Royal Queensland professional, Charles Earp, and in 1976 he was a stunning winner in the West Lakes Classic at the Grange Club in Adelaide, defeating a field that included such celebrities as Graham, Marsh, Crampton, Devlin, Shearer and Newton.

With an opening 64, Norman hit the first-day headlines and never looked back. At the conclusion, Peter Thomson wrote these prophetic words: "His rounds of 64, 67, 66, 74 speak for themselves, but the manner of him getting them revealed that here we have a young golfer in the Nicklaus mould — dare I say better? What incredible heights must now be before him. As each generation builds on the previous and seems to earn more, what an income this man will earn by the time he reaches 30. . .

"Nicklaus is something of an idol as he is to every blond teenager with an interest in golf, but the likeness is remarkable. He not only looks like Nicklaus, he goes through the same preparatory motions."

They met a week later at Kensington in Sydney on the eve of the Australian Open. The promoters, with a shrewd eye to a colorful pairing, put young tyro Norman in alongside the Golden Bear.

It was a tough initiation. Norman, overawed, duffed his first tee shot. He never came to grips with his game and probably left Nicklaus with no great impressions.

Norman must have recalled that introduction with a wry smile at Winged Foot this year. Supremely confident, he drove the ball many metres past Nicklaus's best drives and eclipsed the Bear emphatically on the leader boards.

Ballesteros, the handsome, moody Spaniard, probably is Norman's great rival if the blond Queenslander is going to become the world's number-one player.

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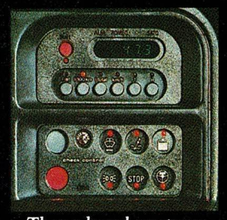

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For a time they never spoke. Ballesteros, ambitious and amazingly talented, seemed to sense he had a challenger. The Spaniard won two Masters championships and the British Open and this achievement and feeling of security proved a thaw. Today the two young lions are good friends.

But Norman is very much his own man. You don't find him socialising in golf clubs, drinking at the bar or swapping stories in the locker-room.

He is stolidly independent and spends all the available time at the practice tee. Nobody since Gary Player attacks practice with such total dedication.

In youthful days at Royal Queensland he would spend from 10am to 2pm on the practice fairway, then go out for 18 holes. It was said that the practice tee looked like a herd of wild pigs had been let loose after the flailing Norman had finished.

The bulk of the man is what first catches the eye. He is tall and his frame is distinguished by a huge pair of steely shoulders tapering down to a boxer-like waist. He picks up a driver as though it is a matchstick and there is a superb rhythmic swing and arc as he moves into the ball. The power of impact and the length of his shot are awesome.

Professionals rate him the longest and straightest driver on the tour. There are others who may occasionally hit it longer, air-mail it as the joke goes, but with the wrong address. Norman has a laser-like accuracy.

His huge driving tends to overshadow other departments of his game which are just as effective.

He can hit approach shots into the green with a silken touch and he is a superb putter. His 40-foot putt down the hill at Winged Foot's last green that tied the Open will go in to history as probably the most sensational pressure putt of all time.

What does Norman think of pressure? He says: "I'm not scared to have a go. Once you are scared you are going to be defensive. Sometimes I wonder if golf fans are genuinely aware of the pressures that go hand in hand with golf at international level. I find there is a tendency for them to invade the privacy of the players at the most inopportune times. When I go to the practice fairway before a round of golf I am going to my office where I want to work and concentrate, to sort out any problems that I might have in my swing. That hour or so before the starter calls me to the tee is vitally important, and not the time for answering questions or signing autographs."

Charles Earp, his one-time boss at Royal Queensland, enthuses about his dedication.

"He is totally competitive and he has the determination and the ambition to be the best player in the world," says Earp.

"If he goes fishing he wants to be the best fisherman, to catch the most fish or the biggest. On the road, he's got to be the fastest driver. It's inbuilt."

In those early trainee days, Earp and Norman had a personality brush or two. Earp once showed him the door. Today, they are firm friends. So much so, Norman sent for Earp to make the trip to New York to caddie for him in the United States Open.

It was a brilliant tactical move that contributed greatly to Norman's sensational showing. Earp enjoyed the reversal of old roles: once the boss, now the caddie. He was able to offer some shrewd advice and his lively, cheerful personality was a neat balance as Norman fought the massive pressures.

Will all this new-found adulation go to Norman's head? Is he boastful?

"No, the other way," Earp says emphatically. "He likes to make people happy. He will give anything if he thinks it's going to help. He doesn't hold a grudge and there is no vindictiveness in him. He will tell you to your face, but he won't hold it against you."

It said something of Norman's growing stature that he walked on to the tee for the US Open play-off at Winged Foot with a telegram from Prime Minister Bob Hawke in his pocket.

He picks up a driver as though it is a matchstick and there is a superb rhythmic swing and arc as he moves into the ball.

Norman was quick to send a telegram of congratulations to Joh Bjelke-Petersen on his knighthood. A proud Queenslander is the Great White Shark.

Norman has long since split with his first manager, James Marshall. His tie-up with International Management Group was inevitable. Mark McCormack has always had a shrewd eye for golf stars he can effectively "sell".

Indeed, McCormack made his own reputation on his highly successful marketing of Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player.

One of the first bonuses Norman received was an endorsement with Jaguar. One of the conditions, however, was he must sell his Rolls and his Ferrari.

His future looks limitless. Besides his great golfing talents, Norman also has the asset of durability. The tour is a long physical grind and this will stand Norman in good stead.

Tournaments stretching to five hours plus hours on the practice tee are a huge drain on a player's powers.

How long will Norman continue to play professional golf? Norman says: "As soon as I lose the competitive edge to win, then I'll quit. But I can't see anything like that stopping me in the future. I could play another five years or another 20 years."

And can he keep on improving? "Yes, I can keep on improving. I can't put a figure on it. I can't say a shot a year, or two shots a year, but I am becoming a better golfer year by year. I 'see' a lot more shots and I try a lot more shots."

He is a man who lives by the goals he sets himself. Mostly he won't discuss or reveal those goals.

"If I do that, they won't be goals any more," he says.

For a time he concentrated his talents in Britain and Europe. He made some handsome pickings and finished up leading money-winner on the European circuit. But he didn't win any friends when he had a cut at the British players for their lack of dedication and ambition. It was typical of his candid nature and he was unconcerned if they were upset.

"So many talented golfers on the British tour have not got the drive, have not got the guts or that inner power that is needed to go on and win when victory is in sight," he commented at that time.

"The desire is there, but the raw courage to turn that desire into a reality is sadly missing. There are too many good-time players in the British tour who would be better off spending their spare time on the practice fairway, honing their skills to the point where they can stand up under pressures that winning a golf tournament demands.

"Nobody can do it for them. They have to do it themselves."

Norman says he found the practice fairways around the British tour very lonely places.

Norman's European appearances from now will be severely rationed and, instead, he will concentrate on the highly lucrative American tour.

He has slotted in easily to the American lifestyle. Indeed, he says the United States is exactly the same as Australia except a little busier.

His long, accurate game is tailor-made for the target golf of American courses and the unremitting grind of tournament play is a steady challenge to his competitive make-up.

His financial future secured, he now looks beyond the tournament prize-money syndrome in search of the prestige that will only come with the game's "Majors", the United States Open, the PGA, the Masters and the British Open.

He knows that until he wins a Major he can never receive true superstar status.

At Winged Foot he came frustratingly close. Probably he drained so much of his concentration and flair in the run-up that he could not reproduce the form the following day and he lost the play-off.

But it was only the start. The man the Americans affectionately call Sharky is hungry for golf's most prestigious prizes.

You two can own a 4WD!

Toyota 4 Runner. Run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

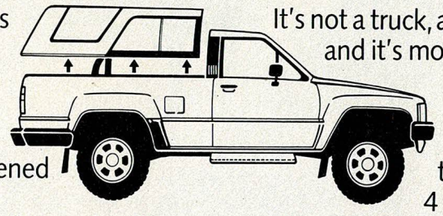
4RUNNER

There is now a 4WD that you the realist can feel comfortable with, and you the escapist can go nuts about.

It's not a weekender, it's a 7-days-a-week vehicle, built to run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

The new Toyota 4 Runner is ***all*** new. Inside, you'll find it's sedan comfort, with good space for five adults, front reclining seats, excellent stereo, power rear window and power steering.

The only clues as to what you do on week-ends are the two gear-sticks and the dashboard altimeter and clinometer that read-off your height and angle of climb. 4 Runner has the Toyota HiLux pedigree of a true 4WD, with a Toyota Super Responsive Engine – petrol or diesel. And the whole back canopy is detachable, for a heightened sense of freedom.



So if you set off to the milk bar and end up at Marble Bar, it isn't because you're lost.

It's because you've found the only vehicle that truly leaves the options up to you.

The 4 Runner won't let you down in public, and won't quit on you in the bush.

It's not a truck, and it's not just a city sedan, and it's more than a 4WD.

The 4 Runner is all of those, in a very individual blend. And incidentally, the escapist won't care, but 4 Runner's price will be of considerable interest to the realist in you!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

OFFICIAL SPONSOR 1984 OLYMPIC TEAM

DFS/TT/253

De Tomaso blasts its car wars rivals.

PACE INVADER

Motoring by ROB LUCK

IF YOU'RE going to pay $75,000 for a motor vehicle it might as well look outrageous. The De Tomaso Pantera GT5 is perhaps the most blatant automotive performance statement known to modern man. It's less a car than a wing with wheels and it looks like it just touched down after a star-blasting mission in the distant asteroids. No one

would be surprised if it humped laser-guns and death-rays and wasted traffic droids that strayed across its hellfire path.

It's equally sensational on board. The rumble in its bowels is like the hollow howl of an interplanetary death star. It thrusts forward as if trying to burst through a time warp and darts nervously as if mobilised to strike. It goes and stops and carves trajectories with such energy that it tries to wrench its occupants from their flight couches.

This is a state-of-the-mind machine that embodies the unreachable concepts of future-think mobility in something that you can readily grasp right now. It is *Battlestar Galactica* in 1984.

It happened almost by accident. There is nothing new about Alejandro De Tomaso's Italian Panther. He dreamed the idea up in 1968, announced it in 1970 and launched it at the New York Motor Show in 1971. Even then, before the bureaucrats had invented "design rules" and emission controls, this was a record development.

It was achieved with considerable assistance from his well-connected American-born wife who helped open the front door to Henry Ford, and to get the machine into Ford showrooms with Ford power in the engine room.

Henry the second wanted the Pantera to continue the muscle image he had built for the "blue oval" with end-to-end victories in Le Mans in '66-'67. But pushy American-style know-how and fragile Italian temperament failed to combine in the automotive blender and the project ran onto the rocks. In the end, Alejandro (pronounced Alessandro) bought back the farm for a pittance. De Tomaso (the car) has lived happily ever after in Modena, Italy.

Since then, De Tomaso (the man) has fobbed off the stinging jabs of international auto-crises and consolidated his financial empire with the acquisition of Italian industrial operations and an automotive octopus including Innocenti and Maserati.

He got up and under the Pantera's skirts and injected her with technology aimed at meeting motoring requirements in the 1980s. And, after several tries with body couturiers, pulled some *pret a porter* sportswear virtually off the shelf to develop a new street style that looks tailor-made as well as future-tech. For the De Tomaso is still an odd conglomeration of svelte Italian curves and clip-on macho flares, skirts and wings.

Australia has also given this thoroughbred lady a few extra years of life, for the powerplant over that past five years has been built in Australia. It's another intriguing chapter in the drama-strewn book of the De Tomaso's life. Local entrepreneur Ken Mathews saw an opening to fit the De Tomaso into Australia's manufacturing plans of the time, swapping import duties in return for the export of Australian-built components. So he sold De Tomaso on equipping all its cars with Aussie Ford 351 (5.8 litre) V8 engines, a well-timed idea, since the international market for these monsters was fast drying up.

Since then, De Tomaso Australia has been acquired by a former computer industry entrepreneur and data-processing head-hunter, Paul Halstead, who should be familiar to readers of this magazine for his significant assistance in the development of Australian PLAYBOY's Muscle Machine, the Ford Bronco convertible, and for his sensational Targa-roofed Lamborghini Countach, which I raced with him in a world-first exercise in the 1981 Wanneroo Three Hour sportscar enduro.

Halstead, who has a balls-and-all approach to anything he tackles, gobbled up every available Ford 351 V8 and is now sitting on a stack of the world's last existing 5.8 litre engines, which should take De Tomaso here and internationally through to early 1986 when the newer model Panteras and their alternative powerplants should come on stream.

In the meantime, Paul Halstead is going for broke with De Tomaso Australia, launching De Tomaso Pantera Group Fives and Longchamp two-door sedan-coupes and convertibles at suitably affluent targets around the country from a glasshouse showroom in the business heart of North Sydney. And he is backing the assault with an imaginative motor racing venture utilising a full (Group C-style) racing Pantera sportscar now nearing completion in his Haberfield workshop under the design scalpel of Barry Lock, the Australian racing design genius who gave the world the Kaditcha.

It's the sort of car that could get to 60km/h from a garage start to the end of a driveway and 160km/h before the end of the cul-de-sac.

This is an important marketing strategy for a marque that offers excellent performance-for-value motoring without the universal identifiability of Ferrari or Lamborghini. After a week inside the De Tomaso it's clear that, far from an acceptance problem, it has an ID crisis. Most people like it, are overpowered or intimidated by its appearance. Few people recognise it, and speaking or spelling out the name rarely helps. In the quest for achieving an exotic status, even this is exclusivity overkill.

For the potential exoticar candidate, it is worth a second look. This car's advantage lies in its extreme appearance and simple gizzards. The chassis and body are all steel and of unitary construction like modern mass-produced cars rather than specialist machines that are usually made from ladder-frame, backbone chassis or space-frame. So it is strong, simple, tough and safe. It is rigid and tight, therefore not prone to noise and vibration, squeaks or rattles. The only plastic body parts are the chinguard, sideskirts and flares. Even the wing is built from light alloy metal. Hence it is 1360kg (3000lb) heavy.

The Ford engine pumps 300 plus of the laziest, easiest horses you can get, so there's no lack of performance and no reliability problem. Many owners go on to extract 400 or more horsepower without engine tantrums.

The ZF transmission could probably do the job for an interstate line-hauler and the suspension is so over-engineered it is unbreakable. The brakes could be taken off and clipped on a Formula One racing car with three times the power and still do the job.

You can't explain the performance — you have to be there. In terms of outright relative performance it has been internationally evaluated on a par with Lambo Countach, Ferrari Boxer and Porsche Turbo, which it beats on most counts. Closer to home, it is the sort of car that could get to 60km/h from a standing garage start to the end of a long driveway (make your own arrangements about stopping) and 160km/h well before the end of the cul-de-sac. It is both anti-suburban and hostile to a boring way of life.

It has, however, some monstrous compromises. You need a shoehorn to put it on and, once cushioned in the Recaro sports seats, you have to adopt the posture of a gorilla, wheel between your knees like a racecar, shoulders hunched, back to the door jamb. The steering wheel, gearshift and pedals are right where you want these tools for the most incisive and vicious application. The rest is a disaster area of outdated switchgear, poorly placed instrumentation and anti-ergonomic equipment.

Up front there is a 180-degree panavision of pinball-parlor action. To the sides and behind there is nothing. If you want to miss something you have to accelerate hard, then move over. Nothing else can move that fast.

It has everything you need, and most of the things you also want (including air-conditioning, and on the test car a state-of-the-art Alpine stereo put there by The Big Black Cadillac stereo house).

When you get your Gucci loafers flat to the floor, it opens a tap in the brain that pumps raw adrenalin straight to the nerve centre. It works for passengers too. No wonder it is nicknamed the Pants-tearer. So potent is the formula that it opens up erotic options even parked at the kerb. Example: a whimsical young lady, barely dressed, saunters up and says, "Can you tell me what planet this thing comes from?"

There are some conservative owners who reckon that dressing up Mercedes with fruit like this is for the birds...

This vehicle was a normal production Mercedes and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

...they're not wrong!

Over the years, a lot of great things have been said about Mercedes . . . except "horny". That's changed since Bob Jane became the distributor for world famous AMG modifications and wheels and the BBS and Centra range of wheels from West Germany.

Benz owners in Australia can now get all the good gear:

BOB JANE T-MARTS SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Superb front and rear spoilers, aerodynamic skirts and sills, suspension kits, magnificent alloy wheels and exactly the right tyres to go with them. They transform a Mercedes-Benz into something quite extraordinary . . . better handling and better riding. Vastly improved aerodynamics also mean they go faster and use less fuel. And they really do look horny!

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (ACT) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

BJ 206

Like it,

or lump it.

A day at the beach can be a pain in the neck. Not to mention every other part of your body that knows how to ache.

You don't need a chiropractor to tell you that beaches weren't designed for bodies, and bodies weren't designed for beaches.

So what do you do about it?

You can pile up the sand into something that looks like a pillow, and pretend that it's comfortable.

Or you can lie on a Sunloafa, the luxury beach towel with its own inflatable pillow.

To make the pillow, you simply fold out Sunloafa's lightweight carry-bag, slip it into the pocket at one end of the towel, and blow it up.

The result feels more like your bed than the beach. It also works wonders by the pool or in your garden.

And when you're drying off, you'll be wrapped in the thick, high quality cotton that Dri-Glo beach towels are famous for.

All in all, it's the best thing to hit the beach since lifesavers.

So use your head this summer, and rest it on a Sunloafa.

Buy Australian

dri·glo
SUNLOAFA

JWT110.P.308

HOLLYWOOD

(continued from page 59)

"I want applause for our films — applause from the bank," says Globus, the money man.

were late with cheques. But we never bankrupted our companies like so many did. In the end, we never left anybody owing him a dollar.")

They also claim a unique financial relationship in which each, without accounting to the other, satisfies his needs from whatever they have in common.

Whatever the truth of personal and corporate finances, said to have produced masterworks of creative accounting, the pair clearly do not account to each other for their opinions, expressing different views while presenting the acceptable face of Cannon, which is television, video, records, almost half of Dutch cinèmas, and production offices in London, Rome and Tel Aviv in addition to the Classic chain and what *California* magazine has called "the once disreputable moviemaking outfit that has suddenly emerged as the state's fastest growing corporation". An insider told me that when one partner feels strongly about something, the other goes along even if he doesn't agree. Thus Golan, a rough slab of a man who has dreamed, written, dubbed, distributed, produced, directed and hawked a stockpile of good films (including the first based on an Isaac Bashevis Singer story) and drivel (*Oi Vey, My Son Is Gay*) for nearly 25 years, does not interrupt his junior's declaration of allegiance to the box office.

"Yes, I want applause for our films — applause from the bank," continues Globus, the money man. "Above all, that's who we're grateful to."

If derision is one's pleasure, the Cannon principals provide as much material as the pioneer founders of the famous Hollywood studios, whom they much more resemble than the studios' present executives. Derision *is* the point of much of the Hollywood talk, even by those who gladly work for this offbeat company that is only making movies — words pronounced with a touch of reverence — *because* it is savage in cutting costs. ("They go through petty cash chits to find one for two Cokes by a person they saw drinking one," said the director of a forthcoming Cannon film. "They still think like small men, survivors — which may be their undoing as they take on big projects.") A Beverly Hills story has a rich Arab asking his children's wishes for their birthday. For the boy who fancies an aeroplane, he buys British Airways. For the one who mentions a boat, he buys Cunard. For the toddler who wants a cowboy outfit, he buys Cannon.

Some of the mockery reveals petty envy, spite and disdain for the cornercutters who are never seen in the right clothes, cars or restaurants, let alone the penthouse hotel suites or the "A" parties. It is mixed with resentment, for Golan-Globus have demonstrated that films can be made for far less than ordinary Hollywood budgets. Their offices in a low-rent high-rise on Sunset Boulevard are utterly functional and very cramped. In place of frills, not to mention glamor, a dog-tired employee eats his lunch of boiled chicken during a "board meeting": the cousins booming ideas to each other through the door of their adjoining offices. The staff, a fraction of what the major studios employ, labor more for less pay than elsewhere, but no one works harder or longer than the president and chairman of the board themselves.

However, some of the scorn is grounded in substance. The partnership's big break, which provided their seed money to buy Cannon, was the international success of the Popsicle series, ghastly teen-dream tales (the first was released in 1978; the sixth is in production) featuring three Israeli boys copulating with a series of improbable blondes. Busy enlarging Cannon's treasury of inane and sleazy exploitation flicks, Golan-Globus this year will add such rubbish as *Up Your Anchor (Lemon Popsicle VI), Space Vampires, Hot Resort, Exterminator 2, Death Wish III* and *Ninja III, The Domination.* Several of the studio's most successful films feature tits and bums, cost $1,600,000, and enhance the pair's *schlockmeister* reputation. Some of the stories about them also reflect reality, including those about their horror of any expense — such as the traditional limousines — not seen on the screen or useful for selling tickets. Last year, a young woman in the London office was instructed to take the underground to Heathrow to meet an American megastar arriving to shoot her Cannon film.

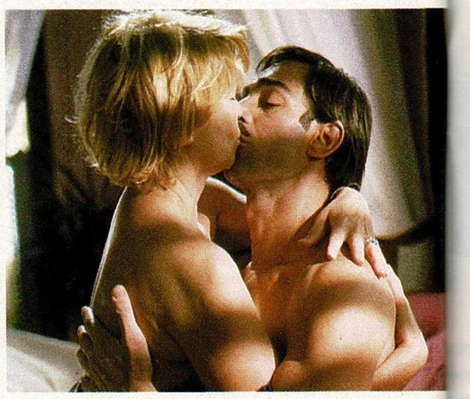
"Still, I'll need some money for lunch," she said. Experienced in films but new to the office, she was dumbfounded by Cannon's notions of transport.

"It's a nice trip out there, why don't you take along some sandwiches to eat on the train?"

The creator of the special effects for a Cannon film being shot in Avignon last year complained: "They'll save 50 cents on a flashlight battery if they can make you buy it for them. In all my previous film work, I got fair treatment on a handshake. But Cannon get you to where you walk away to save your self-respect, then they make a deal. And your contract had better be airtight because they're not finished looking for every conceivable loophole, trying to push you in every imaginable and unimaginable way."

Dwelling on such petty Cannon doings may be fitting, for film-making, as everyone in the game knows, is largely about raising and saving money. Moreover, Golan-Globus established their headquarters in America five years ago with what they believe is a revolutionary approach, based on these two activities and a commitment to break Hollywood rules. "Philosophically and practically, artistically and commercially, we believe we are new kinds of movie-makers here," says Golan. They are not merely upstarts, but upstarts with a mission, which is not easily understandable outside the context of their origins and odyssey.

Menahem Golan was born Menahem



Globus in 1929 in Tiberias, a town of two synagogues and two cinemas on the desolate Sea of Galilee. His parents were Polish immigrants. His window on the world was Hollywood films, tickets for which the tough lad used his fists on Saturday evenings. "Like for millions in other countries, those movies provided something beyond everyday life. They gave us kids our music, our haircuts, our dreams," he says.

He was 18 years old during the 1948 War of Independence. Responding to Ben-Gurion's call to take Biblical names to help create a nation, he thought of the nearby heights and became the first of a horde of Golans. Next, he was one of Israel's first military pilots, dropping hand grenades from a Piper Cub and writing for an infant air force magazine. Three years later, he was at London's Old Vic studying theatrical directing under the likes of Tyrone Guthrie and Laurence Olivier. Returning to Israel as the youngest director of its National Theatre, the 23-year-old introduced American drama such as *Tobacco Road* and *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

Bored with the theatre, Golan studied film-making in New York while running the Israeli embassy's radio, television and film department. Roger Corman, a celebrated maker of B pictures, hired him to join Francis Coppola and Robert Towne as a grip-apprentice, after which Golan returned to Israel in 1962 to direct his first feature. The screenplay was his own; the star, a young actor he discovered named Topol. Two years later, Golan produced *Sallah,* one of four G-G efforts — a record, as one of them manages to mention every few hours — nominated for best foreign film Oscars, including *Operation Thunderbolt,* an account of the Entebbe raid, also directed by Golan.

By this time, Menahem had been joined by Yoram Globus, who had been working in the Haifa cinema of his father, a brother of Golan's father, from the age of seven. Fresh from business school and the army, young Globus had little artistic flair — some say he never acquired more — but an extraordinary way with figures and deals. He became the business brain of Noah Films, the Golan-Globus company. Noah's 40 shoe-string films went on to dominate the tiny Israeli industry without providing the smallest foothold in the international audience of which the inventive partners dreamed. "How could we conceive of competing with the American movies to which the mass audience streamed? Sometimes a Swedish, French or Japanese film won an artistic reputation, but for *the market place,* American productions were so far advanced we didn't have a chance."

Nor had they a chance to *show* American films, almost all being distributed by local affiliates of the six major studios, run on order from Hollywood headquarters. Still hocking their apartments to make their films, Golan-Globus joined the twilight world of independent distributors.

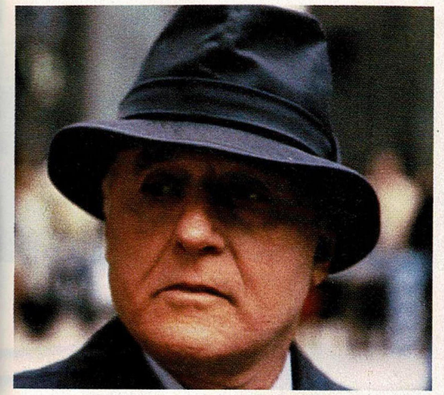
"I knew them when their arse was hanging out of their trousers," says a collaborator who fought with them, reconciled, and fought again. "Above all, they were fighters — and fearless, or daft. They put everything on the line for their passion and, when they went broke, knew only one way out: to make yet another film."

The one for which the pair risked everything in 1968 was *Tevye And His Seven Daughters,* their most expensive effort and first attempt to reach an international market. When it was chosen as the first Israeli film to be shown at Cannes, the partnership borrowed every last shekel for do-or-die publicity. The day before its scheduled showing, "revolutionary" students closed the festival and a devastated Golan saved his reels from their threatened burning by shoving them under his coat and running. Noah Films seemed utterly ruined — until saved by the cheque of an English film buff, Jack Fishman, who happened to see *Tevye,* which later became a hit.

"I knew them when they'd spent everything for that dream that crashed in Cannes," said Fishman, "and I believe they can't be understood *without* knowing their setbacks, sacrifices and slights. You've got to be exceedingly careful when you do business with them, but because they want to make money for more films, not because they're your movie egomaniacs trying to swagger and dominate."

The year after the Cannes disaster, the partnership flew to New York on December 31 with $160 in pocket and the reels of a new film to peddle. Globus sneaked up the stairway to the single seedy room Golan had rented. At midnight among the celebrants in a frigid Times Square, they promised each other that "the '70s will be better." They sometimes were, but interspersed with more last-minute escapes.

The first years at Cannon were also dicey. The tottering Hollywood studio had produced the Happy Hooker series, and had a library of other *schlock* that would become known as "the Golan depths". The pair's 1979 purchase of the debt-ridden company was the realisation of their old dream to



Cannon films in the can. Clockwise from right: Nastassia Kinski and John Savage in a tender moment from Maria's Lovers; an apprehensive Roger Moore in The Naked Face; Elliott Gould, The Naked Face; Katharine Hepburn under siege in The Ultimate Solution Of Grace Quigley; Robert Mitchum in The Ambassador; Ellen Burstyn and Fabio Testi locked in a passionate embrace on the set of The Ambassador; Rod Steiger in The Ambassador.

New V8 Holden Loses by 0.6 sec.

Commodore SS. Wins by $38,000.

To measure the performance of the new Holden Commodore SS V8, compare it with the well bred Porsche 911 Carrera.

Both cars accelerate from rest to 100Ks in under 7 secs. The Carrera in 6.1 secs, the SS in 6.7 secs.

Over 400 metres, there's nothing in it: 14.3 secs for the Carrera, vs. 14.9 for V8 Commodore SS.

Not only does the SS go like a Carrera, it stops brilliantly too, with big discs all round.

The V8 Commodore SS handling is also preferred over many of Europe's finest. Designed by Peter Brock himself the V8 Commodore SS is based on his experience of seven wins at Bathurst.

Brock has included a limited slip differential, a blueprinted ignition system, and HDT high performance cylinder heads with large inlet and exhaust valves. He has also added a refined inlet manifold with improved inlet passages and free flow extractor exhaust system. Power steering, HDT gas rear suspension, 15" HDT alloy wheels and low-profile Uniroyals provide an outstanding ride with precise handling.

V8 Commodore SS

Apart from beating a lot of classy cars at their own high performance game, the 5.0 litre V8 powered Commodore SS can do practical things such as towing boats, floats and caravans, and comfortably accommodate 5 people and their luggage.

Inside, the SS gives you the driving aids you need — full instrumentation, including tacho, Momo steering wheel, plus a state-of-the-art electronic tune AM/FM stereo radio cassette system and sports Scheel seats.

At over $56,000, the Porsche 911 costs about three times more than the V8 Commodore SS — a difference of over $38,000.

The Peter Brock V8 Commodore SS Group 3 with even more refinements, in design, appearance, performance, ride, handling and luxury appointments is also available.

Your local Holden dealer has full details and specifications for both these exciting V8 Commodore SS models.

Prepare yourself for your first drive of an SS, and the exciting revelation that, yes, V8 Commodore SS really is up there in world class as a high performance car.

Body by Holden. Soul by Brock.

Holden: Australia's Driving Future.

The SS rear spoiler and side skirts are optional at extra cost.

GMCO0155

make movies with the coveted "American look". "We were tired of going to the majors with our hats in our hands, looking for money or distribution deals. We gambled on setting up in our Mecca, lost millions taking the advice of its experts, and on sleepless nights wondered whether it was too tough here, whether we should go back to Israel."

Finally, they fell back on their own instincts and experience, which, they confess, is the explanation of their success and source of the 10 principles — wags call them Ten Commandments — of their "revolution".

"I will tell you all 10," says Golan, warming to his thoughts. "But first, I will tell you that the main difference is mentality. We're movie-makers, not heads of studios who came to their plush offices from law firms or talent agencies or business schools. Our school was the school of smacks in the face and getting up to *make more films*, understand? When we came to Hollywood five years ago, we found a closed society in which deal-making is more important than movie-making. For them, it's 10 percent making movies and 90 percent talk — on their tennis courts, in the Polo Lounge [of the Beverly Hills Hotel] and at parties where a certain kind of cigarette is smoked. We have nothing to do with that, and we're buying no tennis racquets. What we are doing is going to the top — because we started at the bottom. You start at the top and expenses mean little. So a picture costs another million dollars, so what? That's not our philosophy, 'so what?' The hard way is staying alive by selling a black-and-white Hebrew-speaking picture to Japan. That's how we've done it. We appreciate every dime."

Cannon saves enough dimes to hold the average cost of its films at $5 million, less than half Hollywood's average as a whole; and very few come in late or over budget. Predictably, most of the 10 principles are a guide to shaving costs, especially for ego-nourishing luxuries "which the majors spend most of their money on: frills never seen on screen". With a mere hundred salaries to pay, its overheads are extremely low. "If I told you the majors have thousands of people to make fewer films, I'd be exaggerating on the conservative side," Golan preens.

Cannon saves, too, by using non-union labor and Golan-Globus's rich experience of where and how to shoot and edit most cheaply; and by acquiring rights and signing stars on a deal for far less — often a fraction — than the ordinary sums. Earlier this year, the company achieved what *The Hollywood Reporter* called a "landmark labor deal . . . which could restructure relations between organised labor and non-union independent production companies": the Directors Guild of America agreed to accept only half their minimum fees on low-budget films until they reached their break-even point in receipts.

"We don't want to take money from our directors. We want them — and all our people — to share in our successes, *if* we make them. Everybody knows that restrictive union rules have swollen budgets into killing burdens. The Directors Guild understood that and, for the first time in the history of the American cinema, it made two contracts, one for Cannon, one for all the others. Ours follows *our* way of working, the kibbutz way of everybody pulling together for a common goal — and it achieved a complete revolution in Hollywood."

Their way of raising money is even more interesting. They now finance their ambitious production schedule largely with advances from video outlets and foreign distributors in exchange for rights to show the finished product. "Our financial secret is such a secret that I'm going to tell you about it. You think we put our hands in our pockets and pull out the $5 million for our pictures? No, we put a little seed money into a screenplay or book rights, interest some talent, and take the idea to our partners all over the world, the little distributors who know and trust us as people who came up like they did. And they're happy to contribute, especially because we don't shoot for the moon. They know we'll deliver. Their risk is small."

Golan enthuses that the sum of his "solid gold" advance contracts usually puts their projects in profit before they start filming. "We couldn't do it with $12 million movies . . . [the average cost of the majors' films] that's too risky. But we *totally cover* our $5 million budget, which gives us the same writing and directing talent, same star power, same production values. We usually pre-license for $7 million, giving us $2 million to play with."

Even discounting Go-Go hype, this approach makes sense; why don't other studios use it? Some try, but less successfully than the masters of presale with their knowledge of which distributors want what and their ability to do deals at the Cannes Festival and elsewhere faster than most Hollywood executives order breakfast. Golan's larger reason rests on the rigidity of the majors' managers. Just as they usually fail, he says, because they quest in the supremely unpredictable business for non-existent certain blockbusters, they are wedded to the old system of distribution through studio affiliates, which is as outdated as empires.

"It isn't easy for them to give up their empire mentality. They still get their money from the ticket-buyer, when and *if* he buys, instead of getting it *in advance* to make their product. They still rely on their hierarchy of salaried officials in various countries, while *our* partners are local independents who know their market much better and put their own money on their choices. We dream as much as them that our next picture will make a magic $100 million, but meanwhile we cover our costs. And the

(continued on page 136)

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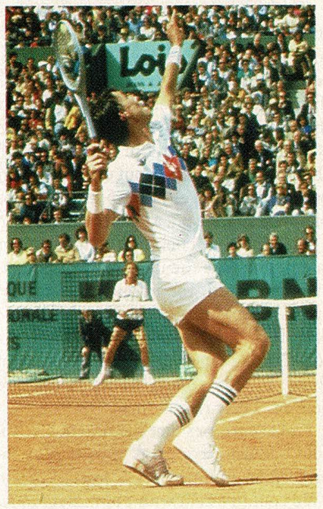

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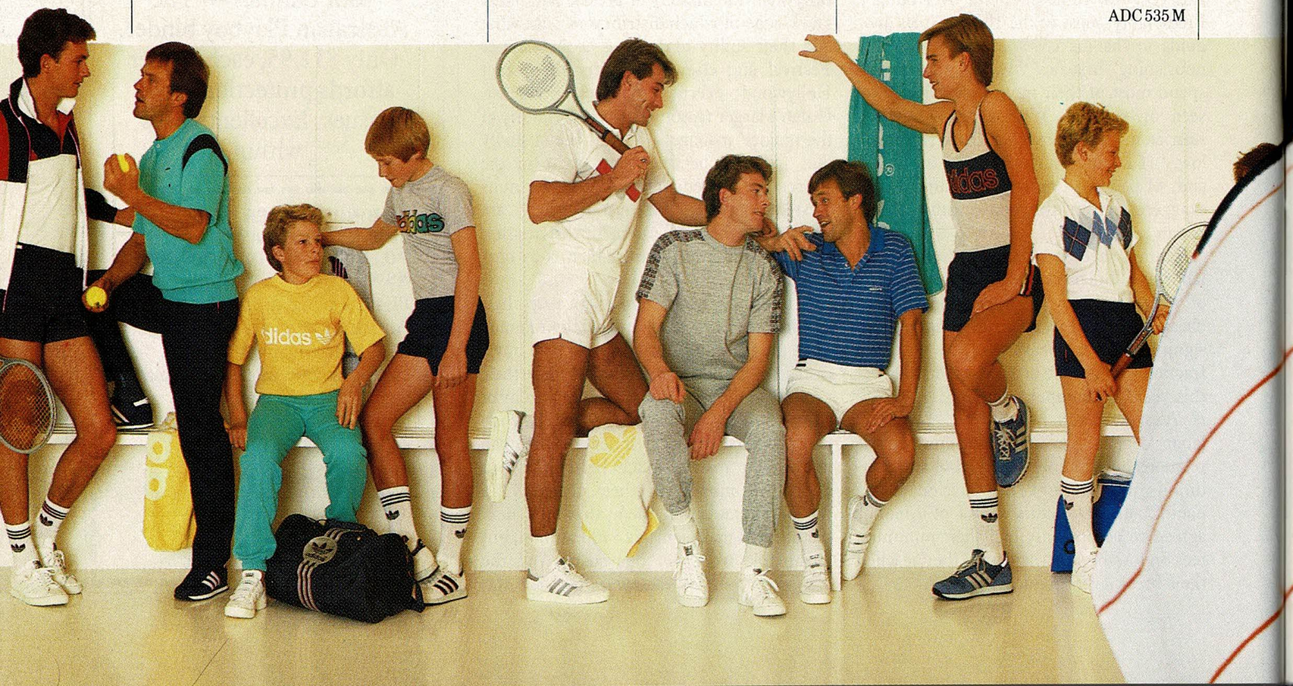

PETER McNAMARA winner
German Open 1979 & 1980.
Belgium Open 1983.
Wimbledon Doubles 1980 & 1982.

LOOKING GOOD

Treat your body nicely. Give it time to recover from training or effort: you'll not only feel better generally but probably will keep fit longer.

In the midst of the contemporary fitness craze, most people tend to forget that rest is equally as important as hard work in training. In our obsession to get fit, stay fit, or possibly improve and become even fitter, we often fail to realise that without rest and recovery, the human body is more likely to deteriorate and break down than it is to improve.

Exercise is normally beneficial but it can become harmful if overdone. Overstress from pushing oneself in the process of getting fit or staying that way is not uncommon. Dr George Sheehan, the philosophical guru of American jogging and fun running, once said he believed that at any one time, two out of three runners were suffering from injury, aches or pains of one kind of another, mostly caused by overstress along with muscular and skeletal imbalances.

Attending functions linked to the Wang Australian Marathon earlier this year, I was made strongly aware of the incidence of overstress injuries among runners. The 50-year-old coach of one of Australia's greatest long-distance runners limped every time he took a step, a legacy of many years of racing and training. One of the doyens of the running movement in Australia and the driving force behind a leading distance-running club seldom even jogs today because of his overuse injury problems. At 61, with perhaps another two decades of life ahead of him, this running fanatic is essentially limited to walking, and mostly slowly at that, because of too much running in the past.

I often have difficulty walking for the first 15 minutes or more after waking up or even just after resting for a while. When I raced in sprint events one hundred or more times a season, no one knew how important rest was to athletes in training. Then we believed that sleep was all we needed rather than actual rest from the stresses of hard physical work.

Today the signals of overstress can be clearly identified. It would benefit most fitness fanatics to recognise them and take appropriate action to avoid becoming like so many crocks who thought that their fitness and high levels of achievement would overcome everything, even overuse and overstress injuries or problems. Professor Hans Selye, the man who first applied the term "stress", proved the importance of rest after stress by experimenting with rats in his laboratory in 1936. Using three groups of similar rats, Dr Selye left one group virtually alone, the second he put through constant exercise on specially designed treadmills with no rest, and for the final group he alternated hard physical exercise with adequate rest periods.

Healthy bodies need rest as well as activity.

The results set Selye on his way to becoming the world's leading authority on stress. The rats which did nothing but live normally remained as they were — normal, mildly active but not improving. Those that were trained constantly showed initial improvements in their fitness and ability to tolerate extra effort but gradually deteriorated, becoming weaker and many of them dying from overstress. The rats which were trained but then given adequate periods of rest to recover before training again became much stronger and healthier than either of the other two groups.

Humans react to physical (or mental) effort in exactly the same manner as those rats. We must learn to alternate exercise with rest or we, too, will deteriorate eventually, no matter how fit we may feel initially.

The first sign of overstress is muscular stiffness or soreness. Not the kind you get when you've only just begun a training program, but stiffness or soreness which persists for a week or longer. Your body is simply saying it needs rest; give it some and it will bounce right back better than ever.

Another almost certain sign of overstress is being prone to colds, influenza or other similar infections. Most knowledgeable physicians agree that such bugs as the cold virus can be picked up at any time but people who come down with them are those whose resistance is lowest. If your body is overstressed from too much training and other pressures or activities, then it might be unable to cope with colds and other viruses.

There are also other symptoms of impending overstress which you should note. Headaches, loss of appetite, change of bowel habits, constant fatigue or loss of weight for unexplained reasons could all be overstress indications. If you are in training and suffer from any of these, give yourself a few days off, doing little or nothing physical, and see what happens. Such symptoms usually will disappear. When they do, your body is ready to resume training activities again, but only lightly at first.

There could also be emotional symptoms indicative of overstress — such as being depressed for no reason or constantly anxious. If you're unable to relax then that could also indicate your need for regular rest and relief from fitness training.

Many fitness fanatics ignore or else don't know these symptoms of overstress and some even try to train harder to overcome them. That could be a contributing factor to apparently fit and healthy men in their twenties to forties suddenly dropping dead from heart attacks. Most have no previous history of coronary heart disease or other life-risking ailments, yet such sudden deaths do occur among some fit and actively healthy people. It might well be the final stage of this unrelieved overstress. Rest and recuperation might be one possible solution for avoiding such risk.

So if you're into fitness and exercise, feeling and looking good, be sure to keep alert for any symptoms of overstress. If it occurs, be sensible; listen to your own body and don't try to fight it. Simply rest, take your time, let your body recover and it will come through stronger and fitter than ever before.

Remember, the aim is to get fit and keep that way all your life, not to kill yourself proving that you can beat Mother Nature by ignoring her indications that rest is equally as necessary as activity.

If you are one of those super fit people, addicted to regular, hard exercise, then you need to take heed of recent research overseas on the subject of rest and recuperation after training or competing in sports and games. It shows that in the majority of adults, it takes up to about 36 hours for full recovery to occur and suggests the alternation of hard days of exercise with either much easier days or no exercise at all to avoid the risks of doing too much too often.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

UNDER INDULGENCE

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SEX • BETTINA ARNDT

I am writing to find out whether or not it is possible to increase the size of the penis by surgery. If so could you please advise where such an operation could be undertaken. If possible I would like an estimate of the cost, how difficult or dangerous the surgery could be and what is involved.

— L.P., SA.

As far as I'm aware there is no surgical operation available to increase the size of the penis. However, the American sex therapists Donna and Alan Brauer do claim to have developed exercises which may increase penis size and these are outlined in their new book, *ESO* (Horwitz/Grahame). The aim is to increase the strength and flexibility of the male pelvic muscles, so it may be worth trying those exercises to see if they work for you. Even if they do nothing for your dimensions, they may well increase your arousal and help you learn to have multiple orgasms. And by reading the book I'm sure you will find out a great deal about how to give pleasure to your partner. Any man who is prepared to put the effort into acquiring the skills the Brauers' book describes is far more likely to be a great lover than his well-equipped mates who rest on their laurels, however huge those may be.

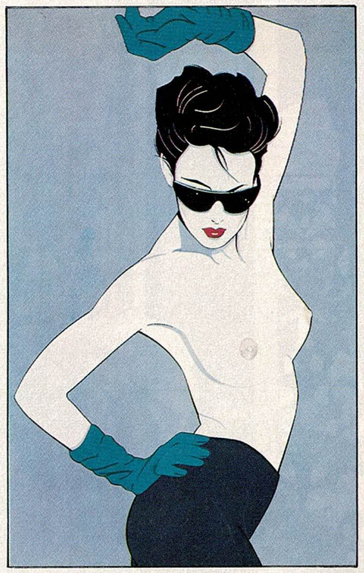
My problem is that I never reach a climax. I am 23 and my boyfriend is 30. Although we have tried a lot of different positions I don't have an orgasm even when we have oral sex, although I do get very excited. My boyfriend asks me to tell him what I want but I find it very hard to talk about sex with him. I have tried masturbating but still can't climax. I enjoy sex a lot and wonder if orgasm is much different to what I feel during sex. Could you give me some advice, please?

— S.L., NSW.

There is an excellent book just made for women in your situation. *Becoming Orgasmic* by Julia Heiman, Leslie Lo Piccolo and Joseph Lo Piccolo (Prentice Hall Inc) was written as a self-help program for women experiencing difficulty reaching orgasm.

It contains many detailed exercises you can follow to help you increase your arousal and communicate your desires to your partner, I suggest you purchase the book (any large bookshop will order it for you) and then read it with your boyfriend. You will find many of your feelings of frustration and disappointment are described in the book and it will certainly help your boyfriend understand how you feel.

One suggestion made in the book involves the use of an electric vibrator to provide the extra stimulation you need to overcome the anxiety that is inhibiting your response. A vibrator can be an excellent means of reaching orgasm for the first time and, once you have overcome that initial hurdle, it will be easier for you to learn to relax and climax with your partner. A large body massager such as Breville's Pifco is ideal for clitoral stimulation. The Pifco is available in the



Male rape leaves the victims scared stiff.

electrical departments of most large stores.

SCARED STIFF

It started off as a game. The young medical student was dating an older, sexually experienced woman. When she suggested a game of bondage he leapt at the chance of being tied to the bed for some fun and frolics. But then the evening quickly took on a sinister quality. The woman relished her role as dominatrice. The victim's fear was real. He panicked and tried to call the game off. The woman demanded he satisfy her and to prove her point, waved a scalpel at his genitals. Much to his horror, his penis easily grew erect; and he ejaculated almost immediately.

An X-rated video sex fantasy? No, a true story. A case history presented at a recent meeting of the American sexologists' organisation, The American Association Of Sex Educators, Counsellors And Therapists (AASECT). This horror story was one of a number of cases of male rape presented by Dr William Masters (of Masters and Johnson fame) and Dr Phillip Sarrel, a psychiatrist in charge of the Yale University sexuality program.

The sex researchers had looked into all reported cases of men who had been sexually assaulted in an attempt to explain how it is possible for men to perform in such circumstances. Can men really be raped? It's hard to imagine, isn't it? A knife at your throat, a scalpel held against your genitals . . . would you be able to get an erection?

Well, the evidence is that erection *can* occur in situations where the male is under threat. Dr Sarrel first became interested in investigating male rape when the young medical student mentioned herein came to see him and told his story. Sarrel was amazed that the student could respond in such circumstances and so he decided to search for other examples of male rape and found many intriguing stories.

In 1952, *The Journal Of Sex Education* described the misadventure of Everett A. Amaral, a "handsome youth of 21", who one day set out for some "peaceful" fishing. Amaral's plans took a sudden turn when he offered a ride to three female teenage hitch-hikers. When he slowed down to let them out, one drew a long-bladed knife and ordered him into the back seat. Then another girl took over the wheel and drove off to a lonely side road. There he was molested "most vilely" by one girl while her two companions held the knife "in threatening proximity of the young man's throat". Eventually, he escaped.

In 1977, there was the notorious case of the Manacled Mormon. Joyce McKinney, 29, abducted Kirk Anderson, 21, a Mormon missionary. She imprisoned Anderson in a remote country cottage where she chained him to a bed and ordered him to have sex with her for three days. Eventually, Anderson bargained for his release by promising to marry her.

Sarrel then discovered the case of a 17-year-old boy who went on a picnic with an older woman and two married couples. After some drinking, the husbands and wives proceeded to make love openly. The boy, whose sexual experience had been limited to masturbation and petting, was painfully embarrassed. When his female companion tried to seduce him, he couldn't get an erection. Laughing, she called over the others to help her teach him how. The group threatened to beat him up if he tried to get away. They stripped off his clothes and then the women took turns masturbating and fellating him. During the sexual attacks, which didn't include intercourse, he erected and ejaculated three times. But he didn't have another erection for the next three years. Finally, at the age of 26, he sought sex therapy.

Like female rape victims, males who have been sexually assaulted are often reluctant to report the crime. They are afraid of being laughed at or disbelieved. Can you imagine the reaction if a male was to turn up at the pub claiming he'd been raped? Or even to seek help from his doctor?

Other examples of male rape victims are found in a book called *Men Who Rape* by Dr Nicholas Groth, director of the Sex Offender Program for the Connecticut Department of Corrective Services. In a chapter on female offenders, Groth reports a steady trickle of American cases of sexual assault on males:

In Los Angeles, a man met a woman at a singles bar and went to the apartment of two of her women friends. A game of strip poker developed, during which the man was ultimately tricked into wearing handcuffs. Then he was sexually abused.

In Massachusetts, two women picked up male hitch-hikers and, at knifepoint, robbed them and demanded that they perform oral sex. The police said that the defendants were charged only with armed robbery and assault because the lawyer felt they could never convince a jury that a sexual offence had been committed.

In Dallas, two women kidnapped a 37-year-old man at gunpoint and forced him to perform oral sex.

Well, it obviously can and does happen but how is it possible? Sarrel and Masters have produced an intriguing theory to explain just how these males are scared stiff. They went back to Kinsey's research of the late '40s and found Kinsey reported young males, aged 10 to 12, frequently had erections under the most unlikely circumstances: for example, when being chased by police, reciting before a class, receiving a report card, hearing a revolver shot, when near accidents or setting a field alight.

Kinsey suggested that, in young boys, the sexual response of erection can occur as a response to any emotion whatsoever — fear, anxiety, anger or pain — as well as sexual stimulation. Boys react indiscriminately to a whole range of emotional situations whether they are sexual or non-sexual. Kinsey found that by the time a boy reached mid-teens, he is so conditioned that he rarely responds with erection to anything except direct physical stimulation of the genitals or a specific sexual situation.

Sarrel and Masters argue that in sexual assault situations the level of emotional stress is so high that the male could regress to this pre-adolescent stage and erect in response to fear. It is known that

New research into female wet dreams.

grown men can erect and ejaculate in response to a sudden fright or trauma such as in war, when a shell goes off.

So there it is — an interesting explanation of how men can be scared stiff and evidence that male rape isn't just a joke, particularly for the victims.

OVERNIGHT SENSATIONS

When it comes to studying sex, traditionally it's been the male of the species who has received the most attention. There are many areas of sex research where we know much more about the male reaction than the female equivalent. Some aspects of female sexuality are ignored because we don't believe they exist. Lesbianism, for instance, was never made illegal simply because Queen Victoria refused to believe that women did that sort of thing.

The same ignorance applies to nocturnal orgasms (or "wet dreams", to use the more colloquial, male-orientated expression). Everyone knows men have wet dreams, particularly during adolescence. Often a wet dream will be the male's first experience of orgasm and the sticky patch on the bed a sure sign that he has entered puberty. Many men continue to have wet dreams throughout their lives, although perhaps with less frequency as they grow older. And it's not a sign that he's not getting enough. Even well satisfied men sometimes find a particularly sexy dream will trigger a night-time orgasm. Dreamtime is out of our control and if our subconscious chooses to indulge in erotic midnight frolics, there's not much we can do about it.

There's interesting new research to show that the female erotic imagination can produce equally sexual night-time adventures. Thirty percent of a group of female college students surveyed in America reported experiencing nocturnal orgasm within the year the research was conducted. Nocturnal orgasms were more likely to occur when the women were sleeping alone and feeling sexually frustrated before going to sleep. But the women experiencing night-time orgasms tended also to be the sexiest women in the group. They had sex more often and masturbated to orgasm more often. Their night-time orgasms tended to occur when they had been sexually aroused during the day, had thought about sex a lot and were looking forward to a sexual encounter.

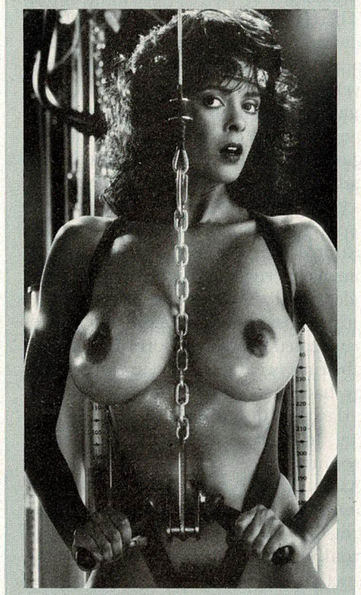
As you can see, we aren't so different from males after all; although our erotic night-time dreams aren't quite as wet. Actually that raises another question. Now that there is new research showing some women ejaculate spurts of fluid at orgasm, perhaps there are women who have wet dreams? What do you think? I'd love to hear from women who may have had the experience of waking up in their own wet patch or perhaps from males who have observed this happen to their partners.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes all inquiries but regrets she cannot always reply to each reader individually.

NEXT MONTH

VIV RICHARDS: THE CALYPSO KING OF CRICKET TELLS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE BEST NATURAL CRICKETER IN THE WORLD TODAY IN AN EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW.

AUSSIE WAR TOYS: WE TAKE THE WRAPS OFF OUR LATEST DOOMSDAY MACHINES AND DISCOVER THAT THE AUSSIE WEAPONS INDUSTRY IS DOING VERY NICELY THANK YOU.



MOVE OVER, DOLLY PARTON — ROBERTA VASQUEZ STRETCHES THE IMAGINATION.

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COOLANGATTA GOLD: MICHAEL EDGLEY BROUGHT THE MIDAS TOUCH TO AUSSIE MOVIES. WE PROFILE THE YOUNGEST TYCOON.

HOLLYWOOD

(continued from page 129)

Globus: "We're determined to keep our overheads low, to work in Hollywood without falling into its traps."

independents are queueing like in barber shops for American movies because we make them, not the majors."

The "Nosh brothers" claim their method works so well that they will recoup their entire investment in current productions even before "the gravy" of their North American release — through MGM/UA Entertainment, in a new deal signifying acceptance by the majors. This, they say, is also what allows them to undertake prestigious projects shunned by the majors.

For they have recently released several high-minded movies, including John Cassavetes's *Love Streams*, winner of the Berlin Festival's Golden Bear this year. Ambitious *Love Streams*, Cassavetes's best artistic and commercial work in some time, traces the unlikely union of a writer of best-selling trash, based on his investigation of sexual habits, and an emotionally erratic housewife laid low by a divorce and a custody struggle. The screenplay is by Cassavetes and Ted Allen, who wrote the play. Jason Miller's Pulitzer Prize-winning play is the basis for one of Cannon's best "serious" films. *That Championship Season*, written and directed by Jason Miller, recounts the reunion of four middle-aged men with the basketball coach who had taken them to glory, now long threadbare.

Cannon has adapted yet another play, Tom Kempinski's *Duet For One*, first staged in London in 1981. Faye Dunaway plays the crippled violinist struggling to find herself. And Katharine Hepburn plays an old lady who teams up with a hit man in *The Ultimate Solution Of Grace Quigley*, a black comedy that Miss Hepburn has wanted to do since the screenwriter threw his script over her garden fence 10 years ago.

Potentially good films starring James Mason, Elliott Gould, Shelley Winters and Robert Mitchum will also soon be released, some directed by Golan. "Just because we're so well protected commercially, we can afford to take on creative challenges — which is why we've picked up fine scripts that have been lying around for a dozen years," he says. "We're no gutless executives safeguarding our jobs by saying no. We're no lawyers or financiers. As *film-makers*, we take risks for serious projects — and give artists a freedom to work they never had in Hollywood. Why do you think we're the first to present 'a film by John Cassavetes' in the European way, not just 'directed by', as guild rules require? Because we know films are the creation of artists and that's how we work — ask them."

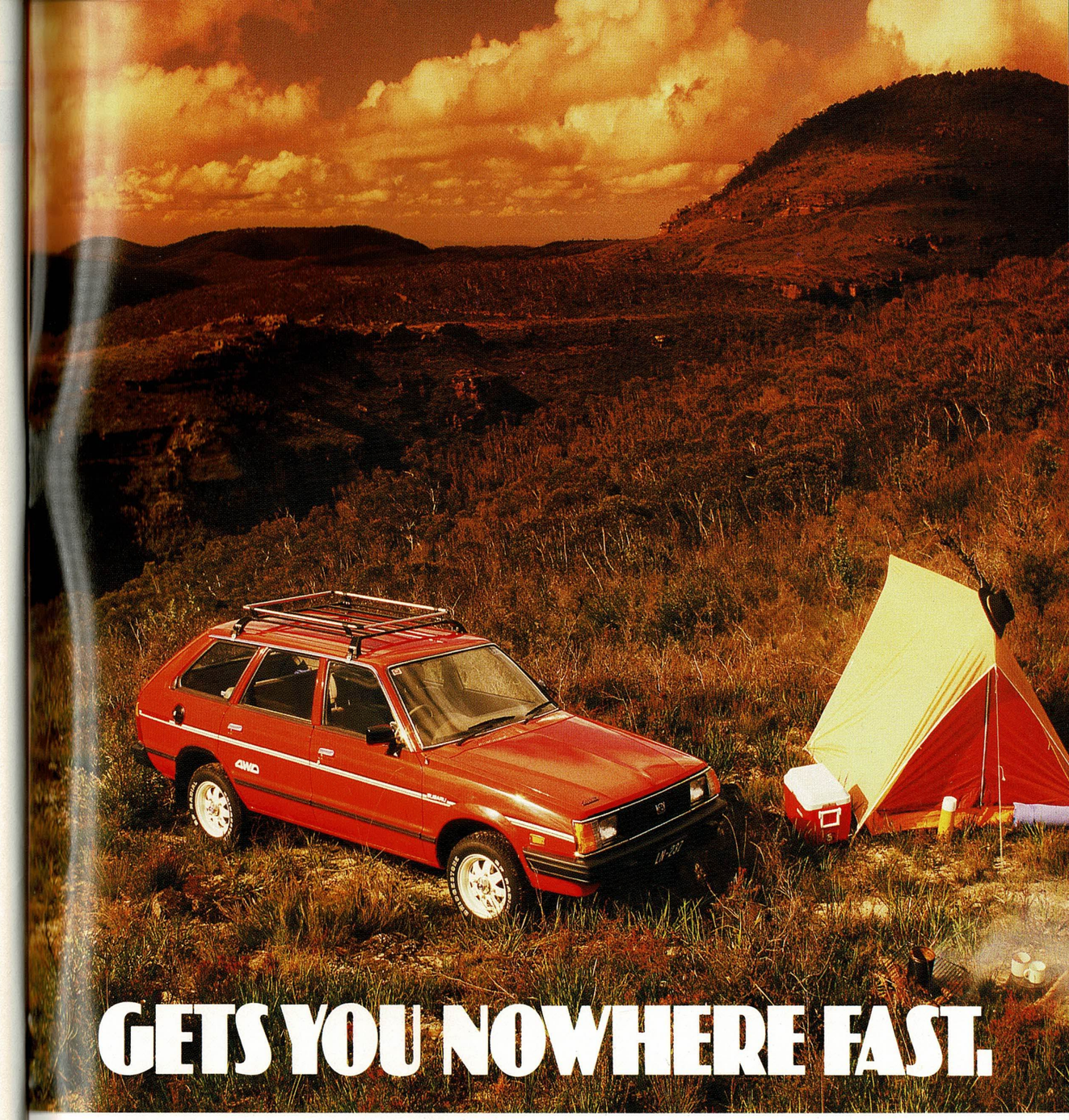
Jason Miller told me that "no one else would have made *That Championship Season*, no one had the courage. But those two picked up the script in New York on a Friday evening and called Saturday morning from Los Angeles with a deal. We were shooting six months later, and they were on the money, and ethical, every time. All the bad-mouthing you hear is the reverse of my experience with them. They took a big risk with me, then left me alone except when I asked for help."

The bad-mouthing continues to enliven tennis and dinner parties elsewhere in Los Angeles. With Cannon stock soaring (from 1.5 early in 1982 to over 20 two years later) and the studio "the major of the independents", as Golan likes to call it, some of it is less snide; serious observers speculate whether Cannon can succeed with its growing list of more ambitious films, having hired impressive talent without, so far, supporting it with quality stories or productions. "They're like poor men grabbing ketchup sacks in McDonald's," said one director, "when they should be eating in the Ritz. If they do eat in the Ritz, it will be after making a deal — no bad thing — to cut the hotel's inflated prices. But they may go bust — no good thing — before making the truly big pictures they dream of."

Golan's own last words seemed free of pretence or hype. "We're still in the process of changing from exploitation movies. We're determined to keep our overheads *low*, to work in Hollywood without falling into its traps. With all respect for the unpredictability of this business, we believe we can make some movies that will pack theatres, which we love doing, and others that may win Oscars.

"The truth is that movie-makers cannot survive without the applause Yoram likes from the banks. But four of our films were nominated for Oscars, and of course we now also want to do better films — more challenging, higher quality, better scripts. I walk a razor's edge between artistic value and commercial flops, not to mention the question of being true to myself and the matter of our ruining our family life for our 'hobby'. We've sometimes been ruthless to others, always been ruthless to ourselves, and like everybody who rushed forward so fast, we left some good things behind — but can't go back."

From the volume of Cannon talk, one comment spoke as loudly as this. "Their greatest knack is for sensing what will appeal to the public and producing it at a price that makes the project work. Unlike most executives in this business, they know their trade."



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